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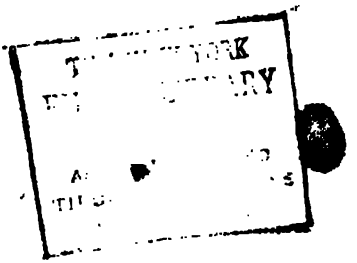

Bishop of Llandaff

FLOWERS

OF

LITERATURE;

FOR 1804:

OR

CHARACTERISTIC SKETCHES OF HUMAN NATURE AND MODERN MANNERS.

To which are added,

A general View of Literature

DURING THAT PERIOD;

PORTRAITS AND BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES

Of Eminent Literary Characters,

WITH NOTES,

Historical, Critical, and Explanatory.

By FRANCIS WILLIAM BLAGDON, Esq.

Author of the imperial folio History of India, (published under the Patronage of his Majesty,) &c. &c.

To be continued annually.

" Lectorem delectando, pariterque monendo." HORACE.

" Mixing together profit and delight." ROSCOMMON.

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PREFACE.

It had been suggested to us, that a book consisting principally of select passages from modern literature, arranged under proper heads, might afford much useful amusement to those readers who have neither time nor inclination to labour through a multitude of uninteresting pages, purchased at a great price, for the sake of a few entertaining paragraphs. Approving of this idea, from a conviction of its propriety, and encouraged by the flattering reception which several of our former publications had met with, we again stept forward in the path of polite literature, in the hope of experiencing the same indulgence and candour as we had already enjoyed, and we have not been disappointed. The encouragement which has been given to our two first volumes has induced us to continue our exertions; and though, from a variety of unforeseen circumstances, the present edition must be very far from that perfection which we wished it to attain; yet, we feel confident, that it will admit of no disparagement, even by minute comparison, with those by which it has been preceded.

The success which has attended our publication has been very great, and this must certainly be attributed, in a considerable degree, to the conveniency of its form, as well as its adaptation to the present taste of the social world. Its miscellaneous arrangement is certainly well calculated to relieve that frequent *ennui* which prevails, even in the most accomplished families, when, from a want of subjects for conversation, those who are together may be literally said to be alone. It is in such situations that scandalous anecdotes are expanded, and trivial news re-echoed, which cannot fail to generate habits of petty malice and frivolity. The introduction of books is, of course, the best antidote for such listlessness; but the ordinary rubbish of circulating libraries too often affords an aggravation rather than a cure. We have frequently had opportunities of condemning the pernicious sentiments of modern novels, with which such libraries abound; and of holding up to admiration those few which are excellent in their principles, and elegant in their style; but even the best of these publications do not answer the wished-for purpose. They are begun, but they cannot be continued, because different engagements intervene; while such a volume as we annually present, by its division, as it were, into sittings, and by including many dis-

tinct wholes, each proper for an evening's amusement, seems to be considered as the best expedient for filling up a vacant hour.

But amidst our pride and gratitude for the approbation we have received, there is a circumstance on which we pique ourselves in no trivial degree. We have always resisted, with persevering firmness, every temptation with which we have been assailed by the lax morality of novelists, the pretended philanthropy of modern politicians, and the sophisticated reasonings of some recent sentimentalists, to adopt in our volumes indelicate paragraphs, party absurdities, or disloyal inuendoes. By such firmness, instead of having excited the censure of those tremendous potentates, the Reviewers, whose condemnation the most spirited writer cannot withstand, we have received their unqualified praise for our honest endeavours in support of the altar and the throne, of pure morality and refined taste. The Monthly, the Anti-Jacobin, the British Critic, and the Critical Reviews; the Monthly Mirror, the Literary Journal, the Gentleman's and the European Magazines, have all spoken of our exertions in the most flattering terms*. Api-

* The satisfaction we felt on observing the esteem in which our production was held by all the independent and unprejudiced critics above mentioned, was considerably heightened

mated, therefore, by such general encouragement, and confident that we shall always deserve the good opinion of the public, we have continued our *excerpta literaria*, and have brought forward our third volume, or that for the year 1804.

It remains, however, for us to say a few words on the circumstances which have protracted the publication of this volume till the present period. We had faithfully promised that it should appear at Christmas last, and for a long time we saw no reason to apprehend that our promise would be forfeited. Besides several delays too trivial to mention, a considerable part of the volume had been printed, before we could succeed in obtaining correct portraits for the engraver, of the celebrated characters given in the plate; but this object being accomplished, *a serious and almost irre-*

---

by the scurrility which two venal and unprincipled scribblers poured upon us at the same time: one in a ponderous volume ycleped the *Annual Review;* and another in an obscure publication, so little known, that to name it would only be to bring ignorance into notice. The abuse of such writers, (who, till lately, have been stigmatized by the name of *Jacobins*, the word being now little used,) forms the proudest laurels we can obtain, and which we shall always endeavour to deserve.

> "On us, when dunces are satyric,
> We take it for a panegyric:
> Hated by *fools*, and fools to hate,
> Be that our motto and our fate." SWIFT.

rievable accident occurred, which, by retarding the publication from week to week, and from month to month, gave rise to an opinion that it would appear no more*. A large parcel of manuscript, containing nearly the whole of the introductory matter, together with the concluding part of the volume, was lost in its conveyance to the printer; and, before the accident was discovered, the editors had destroyed their notes, from which it had been made. The irksome task of re-perusing the various works being of necessity resorted to, amidst the pressure of other important and various occupations, is the real and only reason which has thus protracted the appearance of our volume; a reason which, while it will excite the regret of the reader for the trouble it must have occasioned, will plead in excuse for our trivial faults, and even inconsistencies, if any should be found, in the present publication.

It is also necessary to state, that the Rev. Mr. PREVOST, the respectable colleague of the

* In order to show the futility of this idea, and to convince the public how anxious we are that our exertions should be equal to their encouragement, we have only to observe, as a proof of the success which has attended our publication, that so few copies now remain of the two first volumes, of each of which three thousand were printed, and such their present demand with the public, that we shall be obliged to commit them again to the press to effect a second edition.

present editor, finding the attention which this publication required, to be incompatible with his more important occupations and engagements, has lately resigned any future concern in its literary management; and as the introductory and other parts have been committed to the press without the opportunity of submitting them to his perusal, his name has been, by his own desire, omitted in the title-page. The work will, therefore, in future, be continued solely by Mr. BLAGDON, who, by his rigid perseverance in the same principles which he has manifested on every occasion, will endeavour to deserve a continuance of that patronage with which his various productions have already been honoured.

The fourth volume of this work, for 1805, will be ready for delivery by Christmas next.

April 15, 1805.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE manuscript of W. CARRY, esq. did not come to hand till the compiled part of the volume had been printed; it will appear in our next. In answer to several letters respecting original communications, we have generally to observe, that a portion of the volume is set apart for their insertion, subject to the approval and revision of the editor.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

OF THE

LITERARY CHARACTERS

WHOSE

Portraits are given with this Volume.

Dr. WATSON,

LORD BISHOP OF LANDAFF.

Richard Watson, the present venerable Bishop of Landaff, was born in the year 1737. The village of Evesham, situated about five miles from Kendal, in the county of Westmoreland, has the honour of being his birth-place.

Paternal instruction, where the father is competent to such a task, must ever prove of the greatest utility, in developing the early movements of the infant mind. The "young idea" is thus carefully taught to "shoot" in the most proper direction; the tender buddings of genius are facilitated in their expansion; and the surest foundation is laid for future excellence. Of the advantages of paternal instruction, the subject of this memoir fully availed himself; for, his father being a clergyman, possessed of superior abilities, and master of the Free Grammar School of Kendal, he received the whole of his school education under his immediate care. Having terminated his boyish studies, he looked forward to the University for higher attainments. He accordingly became a member of, we believe, King's College, in the University of Cambridge; a college somewhat notorious for its *reforming* tenets, of the possession of which Dr. Watson has been more than once suspected. However, he entered the college with a respectable

stock of classical learning, acquired and supported by a spirit of persevering industry. He was distinguished for an intense application to study, and was no less noticed for the uniform simplicity, or, as some termed it, singularity of his dress, which consisted of a coarse, mottled, Westmoreland coat, and blue yarn stockings.

Previously to the taking of his degrees, he had distinguished himself in the field of theological controversey; and the tenor of his manners, the strict singularity of his conduct, and the superiority of his talents, procured him, in addition to a fellowship, a college tutorship *.

In an English University, the latter office is at once respectable and useful; and those who are acquainted with Dr. Watson will readily conceive with what unwearied zeal and unbending perseverance he fulfilled the important avocation. The late Mr. Luther, of Ongar, in Essex, was one of his pupils; and, as a splendid tribute of gratitude and friendship, for his attention in directing his youthful studies, at his decease, in the year 1786, he bequeathed him the sum of 20,000l.

Enlightened and honourable minds become attached by modes peculiar to themselves; an instance of which appears in the commencement of Dr. Watson's acquaintance with the Duke of Grafton, which took place about this time. His Grace recommended a candidate, who was warmly opposed by the Doctor; but the opposition was conducted in so honourable and candid a manner, that, instead of producing acrimony on either side, it laid the foundation of a friendship which has been matured and consolidated by the hand of time.

About the year 1766, Dr. Watson was elected Public Professor of Chemistry, in the University of Cambridge. At that time he was but little conversant even in the first principles

* On the former occasion, he was opposed by Mr. Postletwhaite, who was deeply versed in mathematics, but knew nothing of the world. Poor Postletwhaite, with all his skill, could *demonstrate* himself fit only for a small country living; while Watson made his way to a professorship and a mitre.

the science; but, by diligence and study, he resolved to supply the want of previous acquirements. Feeling his duty to the public, and the necessity which there was that he should not appear incompetent to the task which had devolved upon him, he passed whole days, and sometimes nights, in the laboratory. His assistant on these occasions was a gentleman of some practical knowledge in the art, of the name of Hoffman. In their earlier experiments, however, it appears that their success bore but a faint proportion to their disappointments; for they destroyed several retorts, impaired their health, endangered their lives, and at length blew themselves and their workshop up.

But perseverance and industry are capable of surmounting almost every obstacle; and, as Dr. Watson possessed these virtues in an eminent degree, he succeeded in establishing his character as a chemist; his public lectures were attended by crowded audiences; and his reputation advanced to an exalted height.

Fortunately for the interests of science, his talents were not confined to his lecture-room, or to the note-books of his pupils; for he committed the results of his studies to paper in a regular form, and presented them to the world.

The subjects of Dr. Watson's *Essays on Chemistry* are multifarious, interesting, and useful; but, as most of our scientific readers must be acquainted with their contents, it is not requisite to describe them in detail. They are dedicated to the Duke of Rutland, with whose education Dr. Watson had been intrusted; and it may be remarked, their chief excellence consists in their popular and perspicuous explication, a merit that their author displays on every occasion.

On the decease of the learned Dr. Rutherforth, in 1771, Dr. Watson was advanced to the Regius Professorship of Divinity; and, about the same period, he entered into the marriage state.

His politico theological principles early became known, by his standing forward as the advocate of the Dissenters. He first distinguished himself in this respect, by a sermon which he preached (in the year 1776) before the University, on the anniversary of the Restoration, and which he printed, under the title of *The Principles of the Revolution vindicated.* This attracted consi-

derable attention; and, in the course of the same year, he published another discourse, which had been preached before the University, on the anniversary of the King's Accession. In these sermons, Dr. Watson pleaded the cause of the Dissenters, and recommended a relief from subscription, and a repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts. This brought on a controversy, in which the fallacy of the doctrines of our author were exposed, in a very able and satisfactory manner, by a lay writer, who justly considered them as repugnant to reason, and as opposed to scripture authority. Overpowered by the weight of arguments and authorities brought against him by his opponent, Dr. Watson retired from the contest defeated, but not convinced. Another tract, of some merit, which appeared during this controversy, was *An Heroic Epistle to Dr. Watson*, by the facetious author of *An Epistle to Sir William Chambers*, under the signature of *Macgregor*.

The discussion of the above-mentioned subject had scarcely subsided, when our author stood forth in a more exalted point of view, by the publication of a work, entitled, *An Apology for Christianity, in a Series of Letters, addressed to Edward Gibbon, esq.* This justly increased his fame, both as a controversialist and as a polite writer. Indeed it claimed the thanks of the Christian world in general; for it pointed out the superiority of our sacred religion, and abashed its foes. Gibbon declined entering into a controversy with Dr. Watson; but a short correspondence took place between them on the subject, which has since been published by Lord Sheffield, in his Life and Correspondence of the historian. The letters alluded to may be considered as displaying the characters of two celebrated men, and, at the same time, exhibiting a specimen of the good effects resulting from that urbanity which should uniformly characterise controversial writings.

In the year 1780, Dr. Watson printed another political sermon, which had been preached before the University of Cambridge, on the 7th of February, the day appointed for a General Fast. This discourse is of the same complexion as those which we have already noticed.

In 1782, on the translation of Bishop Barrington from the

see of Landaff to that of Salisbury, Dr. Watson's merit, supported by the recommendation of the Duke of Rutland, procured him the vacant seat. The bishopric of Landaff, however, not being celebrated either for its extent or its riches, he was permitted to hold with it the archdeaconry of Ely, a rectory in Leicestershire, and the Divinity Professorship, to which is annexed the valuable living of Samesham. These combined advantages produced a handsome income, and rendered the circumstances of his lordship perfectly easy.

The success of his *Chemical Essays*, the first volume of which he published in 1781, encouraged him to give to the world, at different times, four additional volumes, all of equal merit with the first. In the preface of the last volume, he has these remarkable observations:—"When I was elected Professor of Divinity, in 1777, I determined to abandon for ever the study of chemistry; and I did abandon it for several years; but the *veteris vestigia flammæ* still continued to delight me, and at length seduced me from my purpose.

"When I was made a bishop, in 1782, I again determined to quit my favourite pursuit: the volume which I now offer to the public is a sad proof of the imbecility of my resolution. I have on this day, however, offered a sacrifice to other people's notions, I confess, rather than to my own opinion of *episcopal decorum*—I have destroyed all my chemical manuscripts—a prospect of returning health might have persuaded me to pursue this delightful science; but I have now certainly done with it for ever: at least I have taken the most effectual step I could to wean myself from an attachment to it; for, with the holy zeal of the idolaters of old, who had been addicted to curious arts—'*I have burned my books.*'"

Soon after his elevation to the see of Landaff, he addressed a letter to the archbishop of Canterbury, stating the hardships of the inferior clergy, and the necessity of an equalization of church preferments. Howsoever laudable the intention might be, the attempt was certainly too precipitate. The irregularity of a printed address, from the junior prelate on the bench to the metropolitan, was obvious to every mind; and some severe strictures were passed on the subject by Mr. Cumberland, a writer

to whom the interests of religion and morality are deeply indebted.

The public curiosity was greatly excited, when it was understood that the Bishop of Landaff was appointed to preach before the Lords, on the 30th of January, 1783. His discourses at Cambridge were still fresh in every person's remembrance, and therefore, something unusual was expected on this occasion; but the bishop conducted himself with extreme caution, and delivered a sermon admirable in its composition, and very temperate in its sentiments.

At Cambridge, in 1786, his lordship published *A Collection of Theological Tracts*, in six volumes, octavo, designed entirely for the use of students in divinity. This collection consists of pieces on the most interesting subjects in sacred literature, by different writers, many of which were become exceedingly scarce. It is remarkable, however, that the greater part of them are written by Dissenters.

The French revolution, which has been the parent of so many monsters, could not fail of arresting the attention of his lordship. Accordingly, in June 1791, in delivering a charge to his clergy, he offered some pointed remarks on the subject, adverting to the state of things in our own country.

In 1796, his most useful and important work appeared. This was his *Apology for the Bible, in a series of Letters, addressed to the Author of "The Age of Reason."* Paine's publication demanded an answer; not for the learning which it displayed, or for the arguments which it produced; but that its specious, though shallow plausibility, so peculiarly adapted to impose on the weak minds of the vulgar, should be exposed and counteracted. To men of talent and education, Paine's "*Age of Reason*" appeared, what it unquestionably was, the effusion of ignorance, impudence, and self-conceited sophistry. It was, nevertheless, a powerful weapon in the hands of jacobinical infidels, who were labouring hard to overturn both church and state; for they knew, as well as Paine, that the ignorant and the undiscriminating formed the great mass of the community; and that, to gain the great mass of the people on their side, was, in a principal degree, to accomplish their

views. The man, therefore, who would undeceive the ignorant, who would unmask the flimsy pretexts of imposture, and thus promote the preservation of religion, morality, and order, deserved the best thanks of his country. To these thanks is the Bishop of Landaff most justly entitled. Not that the sacred bulwarks of the Bible would have fallen by the feeble artillery of Paine's reasoning; for, as the bishop observes, they had withstood the "learning of Porphyry, and the power of Julian,"—"the genius of Bollingbroke, and the wit of Voltaire;" but the mind of the public might have been corrupted, our hallowed temples might have been defiled, and a revolution, the grand aim of the jacobins, might have been produced. This dreadful prospect, the laudable exertions of the bishop in a great degree tended to dissipate.

An Address to the People of Great Britain, relative to the state of public affiairs, issued from his lordship's pen, in the year 1798. Here, again, he stood upon the high ground, waving every enquiry as to the justice or injustice of the war itself, he only contended, that we were then in a most perilous situation; a situation which demanded all our energies, all our exertions; a situation which left no man at liberty to say, "*I am not wanted!*" His grand aim was, to insist upon the necessity of great sacrifices on the part of the public, in order that the contest might be vigorously prosecuted, and gloriously terminated.

The last work which his lordship published, we believe, was, *The Substance of a Speech, intended to have been spoken in the House of Lords, November* 22, 1803. Of this intended speech, it may be said, that it contains some good matter, some that is bad, and some that is indifferent. The reason which his lordship assigns for preferring to appear before the public, in the character of an author, to delivering those sentiments in parliament, which he deemed of such consequence, that he resolved to circulate them through the kingdom; is, that he felt himself unable to comprehend all that he wished to say in a short speech, and that he was unwilling to take up the time of the house with his speculations. His lordship has, indeed, been suspected of having a secret reason for declining to obtrude himself on the attention of parliament; but, be

this as it may, the exordium of his intended speech is highly animated, and contains a strong appeal to the loyalty and patriotism of the country; with a brief, but forcible exposition of the blessings which even the poorest subject of these realms enjoys, and for the preservation of which it is equally his duty and interest to fight. His lordship then energetically descants on the pusillanimous conduct of the infatuated powers of the continent, on the slavery of the French, and the ambitious projects of Buonaparte; objects to which his remarks now apply with equal effect as at the moment in which they were written. After this he contends for the necessity of making Great Britain, in some degree, a military country, by teaching a given proportion of her inhabitants the use of arms, so as, in the course of six years, to have a permanent, well-disciplined body of three hundred thousand men. How far this idea has been carried into effect, by the volunteer system, we leave our readers to judge.—The annihilation of the national debt next claims his lordship's attention. This he considers to be, "not only possible, but easily practicable," by the levying of a tax, somewhat similar in principle to that which now operates on income. He does not absolutely propose any proportion of contribution; yet he says,—"A man of ten pounds a year is as able to pay (I mean with as little privation of *his* comforts) ten shillings annually, as a man of five hundred a year is to pay five hundred shillings." Such a position requires no *argument* to refute it; but we shall take the liberty of observing, that had his lordship ever been at the pains of calculating, or had he ever been reduced to the necessity of existing on ten, twenty, thirty, forty, fifty, or sixty pounds a year, he would have been fully satisfied, that he could *not* spare ten, twenty, thirty, forty, fifty, or sixty shillings, out of such incomes, with as little difficulty, as a man may spare five hundred shillings out of the same number of pounds. Indeed, the grand defect of the income, or property tax is, not that it operates on *small* incomes, but that it operates in an *equal* proportion on small incomes, above a certain amount, as on large ones.

In this intended speech, his lordship appears as the advocate for Catholic emancipation. Our limits will not permit us to

enter into an examination of his arguments on this subject; but we cannot refrain from saying, that, howsoever good his intentions may be, many of his observations are of a nature and tendency highly improper to have issued from the pen of a clergyman of the established church. His lordship again defends the Dissenters, and again brings forward his exploded arguments for a repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts.

Exclusively of the above-mentioned intended speech, and of the works which we had previously noticed, his lordship has published the following:—"*Richardi Watson, A. M. Col. Sacr. Sanctæ. Trin. Sor. et Chemia Professoris in Academia Cantabrigensi Institutionum Chemicarum in prelectionibus Academis explicatum Pars Metallurgica*, 8vo. 1766."—"*An Essay on the Subject of Chemistry, and their general Divisions.*"—"*A Defence of revealed Religion; in two Sermons, preached in the Cathedral Church of Landaff.*"—"*A Charge to the Clergy of that Diocese, in June* 1795."—"*Sermons and Tracts,*" in one vol. 8vo.—and "*A Charge to his Clergy, in* 1790."

Of his lordship's merit, as a writer, it may be observed, that his periods are full, manly, and decisive; and that his style, though plain, is neat, pure, nervous, argumentative, and perspicuous. As a public speaker, his delivery is chaste and correct, his action is graceful, his voice full and harmonious.

His lordship's principal seat is at Calgarth Park, which is delightfully situated near the lakes of his native country; where, blessed with a numerous family, he chiefly resides.

WILLIAM HAYLEY, Esq.

The respectable subject of these memoirs, William Hayley, who may justly be considered as a poet, a critic, and a biographer, was born at Chichester, in the month of October, 1745. Of his parents we learn, that these were Thomas, the only son of Thomas Hayley, dean of Chichester, and Mary, daughter of Colonel Yates, who represented that city in parliament. Before

dotes of his conversation, his habits, or opinions, in circu among his admirers.

Mr. Hayley's publication has supplied this deficiency, a Memoirs give us an interesting picture of the femine de and purity of Cowper's mind. He received, at Eartham, from that friend, to whom he was so endeared by the sim of their taste and pursuits. His biography is well written, tively compiled, and calculated to excite the best feelings human heart: it has every poetical grace, excepting measur fiction.

Among his other publications, which also reflect honour genius and activity, and which he accomplished, notwithsta the repeated attacks of disease, are an Elegy on Sir W Jones, and the biography of the immortal bard, Milton; in he has repelled the shafts of malignity, presented by another h pher. On the whole, if we consider who the men were wh came the subjects of his attention, his writings acquire an tional merit in the eyes of men of learning.

With respect to some other performances, which have attributed to Mr. Hayley, though by him they never were av we notice the novel of the Young Widows—the Essay o Maids—and the Elegy on the Greek Model.

We understand that there are many interesting particul lative to this gentleman contained in Hay's History of Ch ter; but we have been assured, that, from an unconquerabl we think injudicious, modesty, he has always refused to co nicate, for publication, any circumstances relative to himse even to permit his most intimate friends to do him, in tha the justice to which he is entitled. The deficiency of the p memoir must, therefore, be attributed to the want of suf materials.

Mrs. PARSONS.

Mrs. Parsons was the only daughter of Mr. Phelp, a wine merchant, in Plymouth, Devonshire. At an early age she married Mr. Parsons, a turpentine merchant, at Stonehouse, near Plymouth, by whom she had a numerous family; and, until the breaking out of the American war, lived in happiness and affluence. Mr. Parsons at that time had contracts with government for naval stores, and had ships in America to be loaded when the disturbances broke out; two were detained in the country, two sent home in ballast; and this great loss and disappointment was the first blow to their prosperity; being compelled to resort to the London markets to fulfil the contracts, at considerable loss and disadvantage. In consequence of these unpleasant circumstances, Mr. Parsons thought it most advisable to remove his family from Stonehouse to the neighbourhood of London, near Bow Bridge, to the house formerly known as the Bow China House. At this place he built warehouses, small dwellings for workmen, erected stills, and other expensive works, nearly to the amount of his remaining fortune; and, for three years, had every prospect of success. About the expiration of that time, in the year 1782, a dreadful fire broke out in the still-house, then filled with spirits of turpentine, tar, and pitch, which soon destroyed all the buildings and their contents; and unfortunately communicated to a large quantity of stores, rolled out from distant warehouses, for the purpose of being shipped the next tide, and entirely consumed them; and, in all probability, the town of Bow was saved from the conflagration, by the orders Mrs. Parsons gave to pull down the workmen's houses, and stifle the fire. Mr. Parsons happened to be in town, and returned only to witness his entire ruin—for, unhappily, the still-houses and annexed buildings, and the stores drawn round them for convenience of being shipped in a few hours, had no claims on the insurers, only the warehouses and goods in them being insured. This dreadful blow, and a combination of unpleasant events attached to

it, compelled Mr. Parsons to relinquish business; and having, a few months previous to this accident, had the misfortune to lose their eldest son in Jamaica, who had been just made a captain of marines, a most amiable young man, eighteen years of age, domestic sorrows, added to the loss of his remaining property, had an effect upon the spirits of Mr. Parsons, which he never recovered. He obtained a place at St. James's, in the Lord Chamberlain's department, and soon after, through the favour of the Marchioness of Salisbury, Mrs. Parsons had also a small place in the same department. But the health of Mr. Parsons visibly declined; the total loss of a handsome fortune, his anxiety for the provision of eight children, born to happier prospects, and a consciousness of his broken constitution, and inability to leave any thing for his family, altogether occasioned a depression of spirits, which brought on a paralytic affection, under which he languished nearly three years, when a second stroke terminated his existence; by which Mrs. Parsons was left with her young family, wholly unprovided for, and dependent on her exertions alone for their future subsistence. In circumstances like these, involved in pecuniary difficulties, she had no resources but to become a candidate for public favour as an author. It was imperious necessity, not inclination, or vanity, that led Mrs. Parsons to take up the pen; and the liberal indulgence she met with from her friends and the public encouraged her to proceed in her employment, while struggling with many sorrows and heavy afflictions. In the beginning of this war she lost a very promising youth by the yellow fever, off St. Domingo; two years since, a most amiable daughter, wife of an eminent surgeon; and last year, her only surviving son, a brave and deserving young officer, just appointed to the command of his Majesty's gun vessel, the Hecate, who unhappily perished in a gale of wind, off Whitstable Bay, greatly and deservedly lamented by all who knew him. Mrs. Parsons has, at present four daughters, all married, one to a Norwegian merchant, another to a merchant in London, a third to an officer in the garrison at Gibraltar, and a fourth recently married to a gentleman of rank and fortune in Copenhagen.

A LIST OF MRS. PARSONS'S PUBLICATIONS.

First.		Vols.
1791.	Memoirs of Miss Meredith	2
	The Errors of Education	3
	The Castle of Wolfenbach	2
	Ellen and Julia	2
	Lucy	3
	The Voluntary Exile	5
	Woman as she should be	4
	The Girl of the Mountains	4
	Women as they are	4
	The Mysterious Warning	4
	An old Friend with a new Face	3
	Anecdotes of two well known Families	3
	The Valley of St. Gothard	3
	The Miser and his Family	4
	The Peasant of Ardenne Forest	4
	The Mysterious Visits	4
	Murray House	3
		57 vols

Besides—Intrigues of a Morning, an After Piece, altered from Moliere, and performed for the benefit of Mrs. Mattocks and of Mr. Hull, at Covent Garden Theatre—and a work, now in the press—a translation from Augustus Lafontaine—entitled, "Love and Gratitude; or, Traits of the Human Heart," in three volumes.—We believe, but on this point we cannot be certain, that Mrs. Parsons has written "The Wise-ones Bubbled; or, Lovers Triumphant," in two volumes, duodecimo—and another novel, intitled "Rosetta."

ROBERT CHARLES DALLAS, Esq.

When we have found our knowledge extended, our virtues strengthened, or our leisure rationally amused by the perusal of an author's works, we wish to know something of the author himself; and this natural desire, with the reciprocal ad-

vantages gained by the gratification of it, is the best defence of that imperfect biography that precedes the termination of life. To heighten the pleasure of those who read, and to give new weight to the already deservedly-acquired influence of an author, as well as to preserve some memorials of him, are the objects of our biographical sketches; and we could not read Mr. Dallas's works, without designing, as soon as it should be in our power, to give our readers some account of him. As we have extracted from his own publications considerable information, corroborated and augmented by gentlemen acquainted with him, we can depend upon the accuracy of this memoir.

Robert Charles Dallas was born in Jamaica. He is the son of Dr. Dallas, a physician of Kingston, in that island; who was lineally descended from the Dallases of St. Martyn, in Scotland, and who practiced his profession with such ability and success, that he acquired a large fortune: which, however, he afterwards injured by political contentions, and speculations in colonial property. Mr. Dallas was sent from the West Indies at a very early period of his life, and received the rudiments of education at Musselburgh, in Scotland, whence he was removed to England, and placed with his brother at Kensington, under the tuition of Mr. Elphinston, who is known to the public as a scholar, as the friend of Dr. Johnson, and as an indefatigable labourer at a vain attempt to alter the whole orthography of the English language. While here, and very young, he lost his father, whose estate, we learn from Mr. Dallas himself, in one of his early publications, was left encumbered with a debt; which, though small at first, was suffered to accumulate, by negligence and mismanagement, to a ruinous degree. On leaving school, Mr. Dallas, mixing in the world with gay companions, was led to decide on a military life, from which, however, he was soon diverted by disappointment. Having lodged money with an agent, for the purchase of a commission, he was persuaded to forego his choice of a regiment in which there was a vacancy, to wait for one in another corps, promised by the lieut.-colonel of it. After some time the vacancy occurred, which was filled with

another name, by superior interest, and he was requested to wait for the next. Disappointed both of the commission promised, and of that which had been at his option, he was disgusted, he relinquished his intention, and soon after entered his name in the society of the Inner Temple, as a student for the bar.

Supplied with money, left to his own direction, and still deluded by the prospect of affluence, it might be easily suspected, from the event, and from the style of Mr. Dallas's writings, that, like many others, he devoted more of his hours to the belles lettres than to law cases, even if he had not told us so in his beautiful translation of Boileau's Epistle to *M. de Guilleragues*, on true happiness, in which he deviates a little from the original, to apply some lines to himself:

"Mon pere, soixante ans au travail appliqué,
En mourant me laissa, pour rouler et pour vivre,
Un revenu léger, et son exemple à suivre.
Mais bien-tôt amoureux d'un plus noble métier,
Fils, frere, oncle, cousin, beau-frere de greffier,
Pouvant charger mon bras d'une utile liasse,
J'allai loin du Palais errer sur le Parnasse.
La famille en pâlit, et vit en frémissant,
Dans le poudre du greffe un poëte naissant.
On vit avec horreur une muse effrénée,
Dormir chez un greffier la grasse matinée."

A life of energy and study o'er,
Death call'd my father to a brighter shore;
He left for those behind a world of cares;
Example active, but confus'd affairs.
Soon then, aspiring to a noble trade,
I wish'd, to grace my hat, a smart cockade;
I glow'd with heroes to enrol my name,
Till disappointment quenched the martial flame.
Then to the bar I'm urg'd, the bar I shun,
To wander near the streams of Helicon.

My friends alarm'd, turn pale, and groaning see,
A love of rhyming shooting out in me:
With horror view the muse at madding sports,
Or slumbering over statutes and reports."

And, in the beginning of the same epistle:

"Que mes cheveux plus noirs ombrageoient mon visage.
Maintenant que le tems a mûri mes désirs,
Que mon âge, amoureux de plus sages plaisirs,
Bien-tôt s'en va frapper à son neuvieme lustre;
J'aime mieux mon repos qu'un embarras illustre."

"Though still my youthful hairs unchang'd remain,
And show no signs of age's coming reign;
Though, in my life, I scarce have dropp'd the boy,
Enamour'd more I grow of sapient joy;
Three years 'bove twenty, I prefer my ease
To all the glory of difficulties."

By the foregoing passages, we find that Mr. Dallas had relinquished all thoughts of the army, had determined to study the law, and was, at three-and-twenty, a votary of the muses. The choice of this epistle of Boileau's, at so early an age, the animation with which it is given in its English dress, and the self-application of some of the lines, show Mr. Dallas's mind to have received, in the spring of life, those seeds of *rational* philosophy, the fruits of which the public are now enjoying.

About the time he came of age, he made his first voyage to Jamaica, and here again we trace him, from himself, in the publication we first alluded to. He embarked at Falmouth, on board of one of the West India packets, which, in those days, touched at Madeira, and afterwards at all the British windward islands, before they proceeded to Jamaica. His first observations are made at Barbadoes; where the civilities he received could not suppress his feelings, on seeing a negro struck by his master at the breakfast table, for suffering a fly to escape his brush, and alight on the butter. "This," says

he, "was the first living picture I had of slavery. No offence was meant to me: but, recently from England, conscious what was due to one's company, not to say full of the ideas of liberty, my blood rebelled against the blow. I felt an affection for the poor negro, and an instant detestation of his master." At St. Vincent Mr. Dallas saw a sailor carried away by an enormous shark; an account of which he gives in the vivid colouring of a painter; we see the men sporting in the sea round the packet, we see the monster darting in amongst them, we see the poor victim borne off through the translucent fluid.

In Jamaica, we find Mr. Dallas's sentiments often in opposition to his interest: though a West Indian, and deriving his support from the labour of negroes, his feelings were forever at variance with the scenes of slavery that presented themselves to his view. Of his first visit to the family estate, he thus expresses his thoughts: "*Os homini sublime dedit*—two hundred beings of this description have been at my feet, in spite of all my efforts to restrain them from humbling themselves so low. Are you not our master? Are you not our old master's son? We belong to you; we are your negroes; we are your poor faithful slaves. They kissed my shoes again and again, and sung and showed extravagant joy. They all remained about the house the rest of the day. I made it a point to talk to every one of them by turns, at which they were delighted, and threw out expressions, as if they esteemed me a being of a superior order. When retired to my room, I could not help reflecting on the group I had left, in their relative situation to me, as master and slave. These men and women are mine:—what a reflection! and I, had some misfortune thrown me on the coast of Barbary, might have been the property of a Musulman."—With such sentiments, he was not very likely to prefer a colonial life; but, being appointed to a lucrative office on the north side of the island, and forming friendships there, he remained two or three years in Jamaica.

On his return to England, he does not appear to have resumed the study of the law. Soon after his arrival, he married Miss Harding, the third daughter of Benjamin Harding, esq. of Hacton-house, near Hornchurch, in Essex. After the

enjoyment of a few years in England, he was under the necessity of again crossing the Atlantic; previous to which, he completed his terms at the Temple, and was called to the bar. He met in Jamaica a flattering reception from the governor, General Clarke, and appeared several times at the Jamaica bar; but very soon left it, and returned to private life. His repugnance to living in the West Indies was encreased by the distress of seeing Mrs. Dallas lose her health; and, after spending two years more in Jamaica, he came to the resolution of quitting it for ever. His predecessor in the office which he held having been permitted to nominate *him* to succeed, he flattered himself that he should be able to obtain the like permission; but he was mistaken. Some of his friends interested themselves in vain, the minister was inexorable; and he was left to the alternative of living in the West Indies, or of losing his office. We presume it is to this circumstance Mr. Dallas alludes in the passage of the History of the Maroons, where, after a panegyric on Mr. Pitt, he evinces his sincerity, by saying, that *individually*, he had considered him as the cause of a calamity.

He then lived for some years on the continent, which was rendered doubly agreeable to him, by the residence of his sister at Chantilly, where he used to visit her and the amiable and distinguished officer* whom she had married while he was in the West Indies. Being at Paris, in the year 1789, he witnessed the principal occurences at the commencement of the French Revolution. The effect of that great event on his sentiments we learn in the preface to his History of the Maroons: "It is well known to my friends that I early professed my abhorrence of the cruelties attendant on the state of slavery, and of slavery itself, as it appeared to me in my youth. Lest

* Captain George Byron, son of the late admiral. Both Captain and Mrs. Byron died at an early period of life, and within a few months of each other. Mr. Dallas has a dedicated paper in his *Miscellaneous Writings* to their memory, the part of which, relative to Captain Byron, was copied into the Naval Chronicle, Vol. vi. No. 32.

the tendency of my sentiments, in these volumes, should expose me to the charge of inconsistency, I beg leave to observe, that it is not my opinions, but things that are changed; I am still an enemy to cruelty. Previous to the French revolution, I was an enthusiast for freedom; but I very soon after learned to substitute the words *happiness* and *order* for *liberty* and *right*. The former are unequivocal, and proceed from God; the latter are ambiguous, and too often become means in the hands of the devil and his agents."

Driven from France by the increasing enormities of the French insanity, he sought, and found a retreat for his family in the county of Suffolk, where, for some years, he devoted himself to the education of his children. His family increasing, and growing up, he was tempted, by the deceitful reports of the paradisical state of America, to pay a visit to his brother, who was settled at Philadelphia. His voyage served but to confirm his early and constant prepossessions in favour of England, whither he returned, to enter upon a literary career, in which the palm, due to extensive knowledge, fertile imagination, elegance of style, impartial politics, pure morals, and exalted piety, has been conferred upon his works, by a discerning and candid public. They appeared in the following order:

In 1797, *Miscellaneous Writings, consisting of Poems, &c.* —1801, *Percival; or, Nature vindicated.*—1802, *Elements of Self-knowledge.*—1803, *The History of the Maroons.*—1804, *Aubrey.*

Besides these works, Mr. Dallas has very largely contributed to the gratification of the public by translations. Mallet-du-Pan's political and historical work, called the *British Mercury;* published every fortnight, was regularly given to the English reader by his pen; which, at the same time, gave us the valuable *Annals of the French Revolution, by M. Bertrand de Moleville*; the original of which was not published in England, but has since come from a Parisian press. He translated *Clery's* affecting *Journal* of the sufferings of the Royal Family of France, in the Temple; and the *Abbé Ordinaire's* ingenious and amusing *Natural History of Volcanoes.* Mr. Dallas's translations have all been either concurrent with the publication of

the originals, or prior to them: and, where he became a translator, he generally formed a friendship. Poor Mallet-du-Pan, who fell a victim to exertion, was delighted to find such a co-adjutor, in his attacks on Jacobinism, and the desolators of Europe; and M. Bertrand's attachment drew the dedication of Aubrey.

We have yet to mention another work of Mr. Dallas's, which we have cited in this memoir more than once; but, as it was published without a name many years prior to his other works, as great alterations have taken place (according to his own account) in the system he reprobated twenty years ago, as it is out of print, and as he has repeatedly declined the republication of it, we shall only say, that the *Short Journey in the West Indies*, written as a kind of apology to his own mind, for the bold resolution of facing any fate in this country, rather than spend his life in the West Indies, contains the effusions of a young, ardent mind, bordering upon Quixotism: it gratified the *professional philanthropists*, and offended some of the West Indians. Mr. Dallas's opinions on liberty and on slavery have been moderated by time and experience.

In the *Short Journey*, descriptive of scenes viewed a quarter of a century ago, he thought that there could be no happiness without freedom; in the *History of the Maroons*, he thinks that regulated, mild, religious subjection, may afford more genuine content than savage liberty.

Mr. Dallas's sentiments and character appear throughout his writings. In his dedication of *Percival* alone, short as it is, we see the affectionate husband, the tender father, and the friend of order and society. The description of the death of Cowper's daughter, in the third volume of Aubrey, is said to be the exact narrative of his own loss: a narrative, not to be read without a tear. This dreadful misfortune happened to him about two years and half ago, since which he has mixed very little in society, but divides his time between his own studies and the education of his remaining children.

RICHARD CUMBERLAND, Esq.

In surveying the extensive range of literary talents, it is impossible to overlook those of this gentleman, whom we may consider as a dramatist, as a novelist, as a critic, and as a poet. He is the son of the late Dr. Denison, bishop of Kilmore, in Ireland, whose merits, in that country, were deemed so great, that, as a tribute of grateful acknowledgment, the corporation of Dublin presented him with the freedom of that city; an honour which, till then, had never been conferred on any personage whatever below the dignity of Lord Lieutenant. His great grandfather, likewise a learned bishop, wrote several pieces, among which was that, entitled, "De Legibus Naturæ." His mother was Joanna, daughter of Dr. Bentley, master of Trinity College; Byron, in his Idyll, "My time O ye Muses," has transmitted her name to future ages.

The first place of public instruction to which he resorted was Bury school, where he was placed under the care of the Rev. Arthur Kinsman; but, on the retirement of that gentleman from that post, he proceeded to Westminster, and thence to Trinity College, at the early period of fourteen years. While a very young man, Mr. Cumberland, like Mr. Hayley, wrote some verses on the birth-day of the Prince of Wales. During his station of an under-graduate, his attention was directed entirely to the more abstruse studies, so that he was called up to dispute before he had even commenced his course of Euclid. But when the mathematics once became the object of his study, he pursued it with such rapidity of genius, and acquired such celebrity for his profound knowledge, that, when he entered the lists, crowds attended, who listened with admiration to the astonishing youth. Nor were his labours left unrewarded by the University, who honoured him with the first academical dignity, at the time that he received his degree of bachelor of arts. In addition to this, he was also chosen a fellow of the college, at the age of nineteen, with this distinction, that the appointment took place a year before

the customary time. In the sequel, his prospects in life taking another direction than that which his forefathers had followed, the election as one of the two lay-fellows of that college fell upon him, as an inducement for him not to quit the academic life. By the friendship of the late Lord Sackville, better known by the title of Lord George Germaine, he was introduced to the office of trade and plantations, where he succeeded the late Mr. Pownal, as secretary, in which post he continued till the suppression of that appointment by Mr. Burke's bill, when he retired on a pension.

During a period of twenty years, he was connected with the late Earl of Halifax; and, on his present Majesty's accession to the throne, he attended that nobleman, on his appointment to the honour of lord lieutenant of Ireland, to that country, in the capacity of under secretary. Of his self-denial and disinterestedness we have a striking proof in his refusal of a baronetcy offered him by his patron, and in his soliciting the bishopric of Clonfert for his father.

With respect to his family, we learn that he married Elizabeth, the daughter of George Ridge, by whom he had eight children, four sons and four daughters. The former all followed the honourable profession of arms, two engaging themselves in the army, and the other two preferring the navy; a singular circumstance here is, that in each line, one has paid the debt of nature, and in each one yet survives. One of his daughters died at a very early period of life, two are married, and the fourth is still unmarried. The last was born in Madrid, whither Mr. Cumberland was sent in the year 1780, on some important national charge, but without appearing in a public character.

A fatality not uncommon to patriots even of the greatest integrity, befel Mr. Cumberland in this mission, by the cruel and treacherous conduct of his superiors at home. Whatever its actual nature, and the motives may have been from which it originated, it would be futile here to pretend to unravel, all being idle conjecture, and Mr. Cumberland himself having always been extremely reserved on this point. At this time the unfortunate riots of London commenced, which at once frus-

trated all his labours in the execution of his mission, in the very moment when the most sanguine success seemed on the point of crowning his exertions.

During his residence in that country, his health was most sensibly impaired, partly by the climate and partly by too close an application to his duties, exclusive of the impression which the ungeneruos proceeding abovementioned must have left upon his mind. In addition to these distresses, he experienced the loss of his situation as secretary to the Board of Trade, on the suppression of that commission in consequence of Mr. Burke's bill, as before mentioned.

Few men have experienced a more singular combination of untoward scenes, some of which singly were sufficient to have borne down many by their weight. His sufferings seem to have been poured down in full measure; but there was still another draught to be taken from the bitter cup, and one which, in its effects, could not fail to increase the afflictions of his body and mind. A person advanced in years, with whom he was connected only by the tie of relationship, but without any particular intimacy farther, presented him with the deeds of his estates, with the injunction, that he should cause a transfer to be made to him of whatever he might be possessed at the time of his death. But here Mr. Cumberland gave another proof of the most disinterested generosity, by his refusal of this offer, unless it were made on the express condition, that it should always be optional with the donor to reclaim his gift at any future period. After a lapse of ten years, during which their friendship had existed unalloyed, his relation suddenly thought proper, from private motives, to reclaim his donation and papers, with which our author immediately complied, to the great injury of his own fortune.

Thus deprived of his situation in his official capacity, and of the prospect of an easy, independent fortune, he now appears to have applied himself entirely to those literary pursuits, from which the republic of letters have derived such considerable advantage. In the year 1782, he published "Anecdotes of Eminent Painters in Spain, during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries;" for an account of which see the Monthly

Review, vol. lxvii. p. 50. If we consider the various matters treated of by him in the course of his literary career, his publications of "The Observer," his novels, dramatic and poetical works, particularly his *chef d'œuvre*, his epic poem, denominated "Calvary *," we are almost at a loss which to admire most, whether the diversity or fertility of his genius, in which he has been equalled but by few, and surpassed scarcely by any author in so short a space. With respect to his dramatic writings, of which we already have nearly forty, we observe that, considering their number, merits, and exquisite execution, Mr. Cumberland certainly ranks high as a dramatic author. As a proof of the favourable reception they have met with from the public, it is necessary to remark, that of this number, the comedy of "The Dependant" is reported to be the only exception which experienced total censure from a British audience.

It is but natural to suppose, that such a continual flow of public applause should attract the jaundiced eye of invidiousness, an occurrence by no means rare in the republic of letters; thus we find him occasionally charged with a certain degree of haste and inattention in his writings. To this it may be replied, that if an opinion be formed of their merit merely from the great rapidity in their succession, compared with the tardy productions of many authors, without examining them closely, and without considering the fertility of his genius, there might appear to be some foundation for the charge. But of any precipitation, in fact, no one can decide, except those who were in the habits of the closest intimacy with him, and who are, therefore, the best judges of the labour which he bestowed on his performances. Like many other men of great talents, he has frequently been severely handled by illiberal criticism, and borne it with manly patience, and without expressing any resentment. The best opinion may be formed of his character from the following passage in his "Observers," where, in speaking of himself, he says,

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* Vide Notices, p. 449.

"I have passed a life of many labours, and now being near its end, have little to boast but of an inherent good-will towards mankind, which disappointments, injuries, and age itself, have not been able to diminish. It has been the chief aim of all my attempts to reconcile and endear man to man; I love my country and contemporaries to a degree of enthusiasm, that I am not sure is perfectly defensible; though, to do them justice, each in their turns have taken some pains to cure me of my partiality. It is, however, one of those stubborn habits which people are apt to excuse in themselves, by calling it a *second nature*."

Of his writings, the greater part of which are dramatic, the following will be found a correct list.

Summer's Tale, a musical comedy, acted at Covent Garden.

Brothers, one of the most sterling comedies on the English stage, acted at ditto.

West Indian, a comedy, acted at Drury Lane, in 1771, at that time reconciled him with Garrick.

Fashionable Lover, a comedy, at ditto, in 1772.

Amelia, a musical entertainment, altered.

Choleric Man, a comedy, at ditto, in 1775, bearing some affinity to Richard Steele's *Tender Husband*.

Note of Hand, or a Trip to Newmarket, a farce, at ditto, in 1774.

Timon of Athens, altered from Shakespeare, at ditto.

A volume of odes, in 4to. published in 1776.

Banishment of Cicero, in 4to. published in the year 1761. This piece was refused to be brought on the stage by Garrick, being rather a dramatic poem than a tragedy.

Battle of Hastings, a tragedy, at Drury Lane.

The Duke of Milan, a tragedy, altered.

Calypso, an opera, the music by Butler, at Covent Garden.

The Bondman, a tragedy, altered.

The Widow of Delphi, a comic opera, at ditto.

The Walloons, a comedy, at ditto.

The Mysterious Husband, a tragedy, in prose, at ditto, in the year 1783.

The Carmelite, a tragedy, at Drury Lane, in 1785.

The Natural Son, a comedy, at Drury Lane, published in 1785.

In the same year, Mr. Cumberland published a character of his deceased friend, Lord Viscount Sackville.

The School for Widows, a comedy, at Covent Garden.

The Country Attorney, a comedy, at the Haymarket.

The Armourer, a comic opera, at Covent Garden, in 1793.

The Arab, a tragedy, acted for the benefit of Mr. Henderson.

The Jew, a comedy, at Drury Lane, in 1794, most deservedly esteemed; being written with the laudable design of removing the stigma which accompanies that most persecuted people.

The Wheel of Fortune, a comedy, at ditto, in 1795.

First Love, a comedy, at ditto, in 1795.

The Dependant, a comedy, at ditto.

The Duke of York, a play, in three acts, at Covent Garden, published in 1796.

Don Pedro, a play, at the Haymarket.

The Last of the Family, a comedy, at Drury Lane, published in 1797.

The Impostor.

The Spanish Painters, with an accurate descriptive catalogue of the paintings in the king of Spain's palace at Madrid, 2 vols. published in 1787.

Arundel, in 2 vols. published in 1787. He is accused, but on very slight foundation, as seeming to palliate, in this novel, adultery and duelling.

Henry, in 4 vols. 1795.

Calvary, an epic poem, 1 vol. in 4to. published in 1792; but lately republished in a portable size, with beautiful engravings.

The Box Lobby Challenge, published in 1794.

Various tracts, controversial and political, with some few poems, mostly juvenile.

Prologues, Epilogues, &c. &c. pretty numerous.

We believe he has written one or two pieces between the last mentioned period, and 1804, when he produced the *Sailor's Daughter*; but we cannot recal them to our remembrance.

The Observer, first published in 1785, in 5 vols. These essays abound with pleasing and instructive information, and dis-

ver extensive reading. On mentioning this performance, the amed author of the *Pursuits of Literature*, observes,

"Richard Cumberland, esq. is an author of various talents, nd of considerable learning. It is scarcely necessary to enu- nerate his compositions, in particular his dramatic works, vhich have received the sanction of public esteem. In my pinion he has done very great service to the cause of morality nd of literature. He is author of a work called "The Obser- ver," and from the translations in that work of the fragments of the Greek comic writers, I believe all learned readers will gree, that he is the only man in the kingdom (with whom we re publicly acquainted) equal to the translation of Aristo- phanes. I wish it were to be the amusement of his retired ours. I shall never think he has been "public too long," but s he has quitted the stage, (as he affirms himself,) such a tran- lation would be an easy, yet an adequate and honourable em- ployment for a man of unquestionable genius, versatility of alents, knowledge of the world, and a *consummate master* of he poetical language of our best ancient dramatic writers. Let us hope that Aristophanes may yet be our own."

The portrait which is given of Mr. Cumberland, in our frontispiece, may be relied on as a most correct likeness, it having been copied from a drawing in the possession of an in- timate friend, to whom it was not long since presented.

INTRODUCTION.

CONTAINING A GENERAL AND RAPID VIEW

OF THE

STATE AND PROGRESS OF

Literature,

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC.

For 1803—1804.

For some time previous to the appearance of our last volume, it will be recollected, that a general stagnation had occurred in trade, from the agitation of the public mind, and the ardour that prevailed throughout our favoured empire, indignantly to resist the menaces of an implacable enemy, whose boundless ambition forcing him with increased rapidity through his insolent and unopposed career, induced him to conceive that he might, by a successful invasion of Britain, violate with impunity every sacred principle of the civilised world. The ebullition of patriotism which arose in this country from his reiterated threats had a material effect upon literary pursuits: there were few purchasers for books, because few had time to read them; the loveliest part of the creation, residing at a distance from the metropolis, who had long beguiled the tedium of the winter's evenings with the rational intelligence afforded by reading, had exchanged their favourite amusement for that of preparing gorgeous colours and military ornaments for their brave relatives; who, by volunteering in their country's cause, had manifested their resolution to abandon, for a time, every domestic comfort by which they were surrounded. On the publication, however, of our volume for 1803, the military enthusiasm to

which we allude, had in a great degree subsided; and peaceful occupations were approximating to their usual standard: the demand for books was renewed, and the numerous and respectable characters, who, either from choice or necessity make literature a profession, had fresh opportunities of exerting their talents for the entertainment and edification of the social world. The consequences of this happy change, which we anticipated in the commencement of our former Introductory View, have been attained; and an abundance of literary productions, engendered by genius and fostered by art, have, during the last eighteen months, burst upon us with the impetuosity of a torrent, that, after a long detention has forced away the banks by which it was confined. Hence, surrounded as we have been by such a variety of beauties, we have felt no small embarrassment in our choice of fragments, to compose a garland, which should not merely equal, but even excel our former attempts: and when the abundance of materials are considered, together with the contracted limits which we are allowed, a retention of every flower it must appear would have been impossible.—But still we feel proud to know, that with what we have collected, no taste can be displeased.

In order to preserve the uniformity which we have already adopted, it will be proper to intimate, that a number of interesting fragments in the present volume have been culled from the productions of

NOVELISTS;

for the mania amongst this class of writers seems by no means to be on the wane; and it is with much pleasure we observe, that, considering them *en masse*, their writings are by no means of that baleful class which, a few years ago, so materially tended to contaminate the virtuous minds of youth, by the introduction of immoral and irreligious principles. When we consider the influence of works of fancy, so widely circulated, and so extensively perused, this appears to be a subject of no small gratification; for, while we observe that certain

riters of celebrity who, in late revolutionary times, xcited the contempt and pity of moralists, on account f their new-fangled sophistry, have seen their error, ıd atoned for it by the production of works which do redit to their genius, and will prove of service to man-ind; we also perceive that even the minor novelists, vhose volumes fill the shelves of the circulating libra-ies, have, in their late productions (speaking generally) ıbandoned that affected cant and sentimentality which ɔnce formed so extensive a portion of their component parts.

This change, which we hope will become still more extensive, is an event of no trivial importance, because modern novels have hitherto been found to contain mostly extravagant representations, though offered to the world as a picture of real life; the result of which is, that when foreigners form their opinion of our national character from such works, they have good grounds for their satire; while such a caricature, as is thus afforded, may some time excite the astonishment of posterity at the absurdities of the eighteenth century.

Another class of novel-writers, who sought for materials in the fabulous events of early ages, have also in a great degree disappeared; and we are no longer inundated with terrific tales of castles, ghosts, and caverns; these flights of the imagination have given place to the more rational subjects of *love* and *courtship*, ending like all modern comedies, in the holy state of *matrimony:* so that the great majority of our lately-published novels may be said to have for their motto the following old couplet:

> "There *once* did live a lady fair,
> And she was in love with a *gentleman*."

But descending from general opinions to particular elucidations, we shall, by passing over such as are harmless in their nature and ordinary in their execution, leave ourselves room to specify a few which deserve to hold a distinguished rank in the repositories of fiction.

The active pen of MADAME DE GENLIS, whose successful efforts to ridicule that propensity for the hor-

rific, we noticed in our last introduction, (p. xl\
in her novel called *The Depraved Husband*, gi\
hope, the death-blow to these disorganising pr
of the French philosophers, which threatened t
asunder the bonds of morality and piety, thr
the civilised world. In the present instance, he
has been to expose the depravity and licentiou
such writers, by the introduction, with the l
effect, of many of their most obnoxious passage
their authors evidently intended to apply to r
In short, we have met with no production of t
more capable of rendering service to the world
exposure of false principles, if we except MISS I
TON'S "*Modern Philosophers.*"

We are sorry, however, that we cannot besto
praise upon a subsequent work of MADAME DE C
"*The Duchess of La Valliere**;" which, thoug
hibits the sufferings arising to such votaries of
have not become callous to virtue, yet it may
bad effect in its ultimate operation, by inculca
idea that the crime of adultery is diminished, th
the rank of the parties who commit it. The
of the indefatigable author was, however, indi
good, and hence censure would be unjustifiable

Amongst the fair novelists of our own countr
LE NOIR holds a very distinguished rank. H
entitled, "*Village Anecdotes*†," is a very interest
duction, wherein every incident has the stronge
to probability; and, notwithstanding an apol
numerous errata, he must be indeed fastidio
could peruse it without uncommon satisfacti
translations of French poetry in this novel, al
an additional proof of her refined taste and abil

MRS. HUNTER, in a novel, entitled "*Lett
Mrs. Palmerston to her Daughter*, has displayed
of observation on men and manners, which conf
her no small credit; while the virtuous tendenc
work cannot fail to afford many useful lesson

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* Vide Notices, p. 456. † Vide Notices

juvenile reader. The tale of the mother-in-law is particularly praise-worthy.

The unknown author of "*St. Clair; or, the Heiress of Desmond**, whom we take to be a female is likewise a writer of no common stamp: her work is replete with passages of the purest taste and most refined sensibility; and, though the rigid moralists might consider its plot to be of a dangerous tendency, yet it too plainly exposes the consequence of allowing sentiment to gain the ascendency over reason, even in vulgar or untutored minds.

MRS. THOMPSON, who is well known to novel-readers, and whose writings are distinguished by just and probable characters, has added to her reputation by her late novel of "*The Pride of Ancestry*†; the style and incidents of which are easy and natural, while its object is the amusement of fancy and the improvement of life.

Reverting to the principal novel-writers of the other sex, we have no hesitation of classing in the foremost rank, MR. DALLAS, whose novel of "*Percival*" we criticised in our first volume, p. 455. This gentleman has since published another, under the title of "*Aubrey*," which, though we have not yet been able to do justice to it, in the way of extracts, we have no hesitation in saying is far, very far superior to most of such productions; as it not only has an unequivocal moral tendency, but abounds in the most interesting situations and adventures.

A new candidate for literary fame, as a novel writer, has started in the person of MR. H. SIDDONS, the object of whose production‡ is to inculcate a strict regard for virtuous conduct, in the various relations of life; as a first attempt, it is entitled to considerable praise, though the author is not very happy in his imitation of the manner of Fielding.

The anonymous author of "*The Swiss Emigrants*," advantageously exhibits the happiness derivable from

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* Vide Notices, p. 463.
† Vide Notices, 461.
‡ Vide Notices, 467.

beneficence, even in obscure stations, and gives such a picture of the miseries of continental war as must make us truly enviable of our insulated situation.

We must here remark that, except those already mentioned, a great portion of the novels which have been published since our last volume made its appearance, are foreign sprigs, transplanted and naturalised in our own soil. We have always been adverse to exuberances of the imagination, of *exotic* growth; but either the French or German literati have become more partial to morality, or our own *doers* into English have been more choice in their selection. We have seen a work of the jacobin and athiest, BARON GOETHE, author of "*The Sorrows of Werter*," entitled, "*Heliodora**; which, to our surprise, we found free from the gross immorality and scepticism that disgraced his former productions, the present tale being, with very few exceptions, interesting and harmless.

LAFONTAINE, another German writer of celebrity, and of less equivocal principles than his countryman the Baron, has also contributed abundantly to the stock of our libraries. His "*Henrietta Bellman*†" is a very interesting publication, calculated to please every taste and of a good moral tendency; while his "*Lobenstein Village*," also translated within the last year, abounds in strong and just satire, combined with such attractive incidents, and happy moral reflections, as must place it very high in the class to which it belongs.

But as perfection cannot be either attained or expected, we find a few passages in this work which contain principles only calculated for the meridian of Paris a circumstance the more to be regretted, as the continuance of such productions as the one before us would soon recover this class of literature from the disrepute into which it has fallen; and thus leave but little room for the censure of the moralist against novels in general.

Another German, of considerable talent, M. KARAMSIN, has, in his tales, betrayed evident marks of genius, and shown much feeling and humanity in his

* Vide Notices, 454. † Vide Table of Contents,

"*Russian Tales*." If they exhibit a true picture of human nature in Russia, it is evident that the hardy Russian breast contains a very warm and susceptible heart. He has recorded in them the benevolent virtue of a Russian peasant, which deserves to live in history*.

We shall conclude this article with lamenting the wretched state in which foreign novels appear, when clothed in an English dress; from the ignorance of most of the translators, and the rapidity with which they are obliged to perform their task. We do not mean to make any particular allusion to the translators of the works above-mentioned, who are, on the whole, rather an exception to the stigma; but we must reprobate the practice of *translating from a translation*; most of the works which we have from the German being translated from *French editions;* the latter of which are, at best, but miserable and mutilated performances.

DRAMATISTS.

If it be admitted, and we think the point will not allow of two opinions, that novels and romances, though sometimes over-strained, are yet correct pictures of the manners of the age in which they are produced; it will be also granted, that the drama reflects those manners in a still more powerful degree; because, in order to adapt them for scenic representation, they must receive additional colouring, by the process called caricature. But this process, by frequently exaggerating the subject beyond probability, gives to foreigners an erroneous opinion of our national character.

The exaggeration of which we complain has been of late years unlimited; and, should it continue, the stage will shortly reflect nothing but the distorted imaginations of writers, whose taste is perverted, and whose

* Vide Table of Contents.

only justification is, that the public are best pleased with buffoonery, and have no relish for pictures of rea life. Such an argument, however, carries with it it own refutation; because we have very recent instance to prove that even those who are not capable of ap preciating dramatic merits, are as well, if not bette pleased with the old comedies of sterling merit, an with such few of modern origin as bid fair to outliv their authors; as they are with those that abound i nothing but wooden witticisms and ridiculous ribaldry

In our last volume, we drew the attention of ou readers to the excellent play of "*John Bull,*" as an en viable example for modern dramatists, by interestin the feelings from the most simple materials:—it seem to have excited a praise-worthy emulation, and Mr CHERRY, though in his first attempt, has produced comedy, which has the merit of interesting an audienc by a luxuriance of domestic sorrows, greater than ha been witnessed in the majority of our acting dramas fo the last fifty years. The writer's great defect has been t make his characters "speak, instead of making them act." They describe, indeed, what is perfectly under stood; but an English audience would have been bet ter pleased to have seen the thing *done* than to hear i related.

The morality of this play, however, is unobjection able, both in occasional sentiment, and in its great ad monition, which exposes to contempt and horror th monstrous consequences to virtue and to social happi ness, arising from the passion of avarice.

MR. T. DIBDIN, the fertility of whose genius is as tonishing, and which, by operating like a hot-bed, i continually productive, has furnished the public wit a vast fund of amusement, in comedy, opera, and farce His "*Guilty or not Guilty**," abounds in flashes o merriment, and excites a continued interest, whic causes a few points in the plot, not altogether proba ble, to be entirely overlooked.

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* Performed last summer at the Haymarket, with unbound ed applause. Vide Notices, p. 454.

He has also produced a play*, which, as an extemporaneous composition, should not be judged by the strict rules of criticism; though it is, perhaps, inferior to none of his other writings, if we except that just mentioned, which we understand he considers as his first attempt at regular comedy. In operas, which *we* never considered in any other light than as mere vehicles for music, this young writer has also been eminently successful; the "*English Fleet*," produced since our last volume, will long be a source of attraction to the theatre, and of profit to the manager.

MR. ALLINGHAM, also mentioned in our last volume, has since made an unsuccessful attempt, in a piece called "*Hearts of Oak*," performed in November, 1803, at Drury Lane; but as it is gone to "the tomb of the Capulets," we shall not disturb its manes.

The respectable veteran, MR. CUMBERLAND, in his publication of the "*Sailor's Daughter*," chagrined at the reception which it met with, has appealed to the present generation and to posterity, to arrest the dramas of the present age from the fate which seems to hang over them. The great objection against this piece, and which caused its damnation, is the want of novelty in the characters; and, as we have observed in our Notices, the suddenness of the incidents. It, however, contains many fine sentiments, which render it worthy of being rescued from oblivion.

In our account of *new farces*, we shall be very brief, MR. HOARE'S "*Paragraph*," and MR. ARNOLD'S "*Foul Deeds will Rise*," we consider as very insipid, yet the buffoonery of the actors in the one, and the effects of the music in the other, prolonged their existence "for a little season." MR. COLMAN'S "*Gay Deceivers*" is very ludicrous, but we think that it is beneath his talents.

"*The Hunter of the Alps*," the production of MR. DIAMOND, jun. is also composed of very simple materials, but much *sentimentality*; and is not totally un-

* "*The Will for the Deed*," performed for the first time for Mr. Lewis's benefit.

objectionable in its moral; the music, by KELLY, afforded it great assistance. Perhaps the best piece of this description, is the "*Counterfeit*," by MR. FRANKLIN, the characters being grounded with much discrimination, and the *eclaircissement* managed in a simple and natural manner.

The interval between the period at which our volume closes (September, 1804,) and that at which this Introduction is written, (April, 1805,) has been unusually fertile in dramatic productions; to which we shall pay due attention in our next: we even hope to encroach upon the period above-mentioned, and by seizing literature by the forelock, to be enabled to bring our account of new productions down to a few weeks before the time of our publication.

BIOGRAPHERS AND WRITERS OF MEMOIRS.

AMONGST the foremost in the list of authors whose exertions are employed in immortalising the posthumous talents of eminent characters, we have again to notice MR. HAYLEY, who, since our last, has favoured the world with the third volume of his "*Life of Cowper*;" and, though the preceding parts appeared of themselves complete, yet the present edition more fully delineates the mildness of disposition and domestic virtues of the deceased bard. His correspondence must have afforded a fund of entertainment to those who had the happiness of his acquaintance; and, as his *forte* was letter-writing, he has, perhaps, more than any other man of letters, provided his biographer with interesting materials. Mr. H. has arranged these materials in regular order, and interspersed them with many judicious remarks, from which, we understand, he thought it his duty to suppress several letters and papers which related only to certain feminine discords in his party at Olney. We think so too; and, as we consider Cowper as a poet to be little inferior to SHAKESPEARE or MILTON, we are happy that, in a friend, he has found a biographer to do justice to his talents, without that disgust-

ing partiality, so often to be perceived in similar attempts.

An extraordinary kind of biography has lately attracted the notice of the public:—we allude to MR. GODWIN'S "*Life and Age of Chaucer, the early English Poet:*" this work is particularly interesting, inasmuch as it includes the history of all the principal characters who flourished in the fourteenth century.

Such a work required no ordinary talents; and a person accustomed only to superficial research, either could not have undertaken it, or he must have failed in the attempt. But though Mr. G. modestly says, that he can pretend to have written but a superficial work; yet he has produced not only a work of a new species, but one which will tend more to perpetuate his name than all the *philosophical* ravings which his mistaken zeal could have produced in a century. His pictures of the manners of the middle ages are highly interesting; and, lest our readers should suspect us of partiality, we will beg them to peruse the unqualified opinions which certain publications have given of this work, whose principles have hitherto been as opposite to those of MR. GODWIN as fire is to water: let them peruse even the "*Anti-Jacobin Review,*" whose editors surely cannot be suspected of *partiality* to the author in question; and observe with what joy they hail his return to *good sense* and *reason!* WE have also read this book from beginning to end, and been charmed with it, as a whole, without considering it as *unobjectionable;* for we could not fail to observe certain traits of the author's former principles, occasionally flashing like expiring embers!

The character of that celebrated luminary of science, SIR WILLIAM JONES, is ably portrayed by LORD TEIGNMOUTH; and, after its perusal, no one can regret that the revered subject of the memoir was not placed during his early years in a more enviable situation than that of a private tutor; because, to the ultimate consequences of such patronage as he thereby enjoyed, the world must consider itself indebted for the valuable investigations to which he afterwards applied himself. His noble biographer has shown that his pedigree has been traced to the ancient princes and chiefs

of Wales; and, though the execution of the memoir display considerable merit, it is not altogether blameless, on account of the reserve respecting the political principles of the revered subject.

Far different from the jacobinical biographers, who, in the early part of the French revolution, published, in two volumes, a tissue of falsehoods, and the result of the grossest ignorance; professing to contain the lives of the founders of the republic; who were lavished with the most fulsome adulation:—the late *biographer** of the French Imperial Court, directed by a sacred respect for truth, and furnished with copious and authentic sources of information, has contributed to strip off the mask, which interest and fellow-feeling had combined to give to the heroes of the French usurpation; and to exhibit their profligate characters, their conduct and their crimes, which human nature shudders to contemplate, in a narrative undisguised by the varnish of adulation. Thus he has rendered an important service to the cause of virtue and of truth.

The author of the life of BOCCACIO †, and who is likewise the learned translator of pieces from Bion and Moschus, published a few years since under the title of the "*Wreath*," has drawn many of his materials from VILLANI TIRABOSCHI, BAYLE, WHARTON, &c.; the best sources of correct information and critical knowledge, and displayed, in this biography, considerable diligence in research and skill in application.

MR. MASON GOOD, in his "*Life of Geddes*," has given a just character of his friend, in a way that reflects much credit on his taste and judgment; he has displayed a great share of biblical knowledge, and the narrative parts add much to the interest of the publication. It is, however, to be regretted, that there is too much extract, which, by enhancing the price, must check the circulation of any literary undertaking.

On reverting to general biography, and considering it in the light of detached history, there is no person

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* The author of the "*Revolutionary Plutarch*," Vide Notices, p. 462.

† Prefixed to the "*Decameron*," Vide Notices, p. 451.

who will not perceive its importance. Nothing is better calculated for the instruction of youth; and it is to be regretted how little has yet been performed in so useful a branch of literature. How praiseworthy, then, is the attempt of Miss BETHAM, the fair compiler of the "*Dictionary of celebrated Women**," who has skilfully collected a ponderous volume of interesting anecdotes, from sources generally unattainable; as is evident by her quotations of the books from which she has procured her materials, none of which are liable to any important objection.

HISTORIANS.

THE number of candidates for public favour, as writers of history, have, during the last two years, been so numerous, as to excite a momentary astonishment, till we reflect on the perseverance of British literati, and the magnitude of the events that they have had to record. At the time of our last publication, the histories of DR. BISSET and MR. ADOLPHUS †, had not long issued from the press: since that period, however, we have had the works of STEPHENS, COOTE, CARD, PLOWDEN, &c. all of which bear evident marks of the urgency of the occasion which caused them to be written; and the result is, that they are all more or less loaded with bombastic words and inflated phrases, without a sufficiency of detail to illustrate such occurrences as form the main substance of history in general; so that the reader rises from his table dissatisfied and perplexed.

MR. STEVENS has chiefly confined himself to the military transactions of the late war, so that it includes all the operations of the continental powers; yet, though complete in itself, it is deficient as a history; because it does not satisfactorily trace events to their

* Vide Notices, p. 451.

† Vide "*Flowers of Literature*," for 1803, pp. lxvii. and 448.

causes; but more particularly, because it does not pay sufficient attention to the naval actions, in which the heroism of our countrymen has always been predominant.

MR. W. STEWART ROSE, a young author of great promise, seems, however, to have taken up the pen expressly to supply this deficiency; for he has published the first volume of a work, entitled "*The Naval History of the late War;*" but still we have no complete or combined account of the events of that momentous interval between the French revolution and the truce of Amiens.

The volume by MR. CARD should be considered as an industrious compilation, rather than a proper history, since he acknowledges that he found his materials in the works of Tooke, Levesque, and other writers. We do not perceive how such a way of composing a book differs from taking a large work, and reducing it (by abridgment) into a small compass, except that the trouble in the former case may be greater than in the latter. This plan, however, when properly executed, possesses great advantages; and we have more than once shown that "*a great book is a great evil,*" while we have had the satisfaction of knowing that our readers are of the same opinion.

Hence Mr. Card has performed an essential service to the majority of readers, by combining, in comparatively a small compass, the leading facts of Russian history, through eight different revolutions; besides which, the narrative is judiciously relieved by sketches of the manners and customs of the country. From this statement it is evident, that nothing can be farther from our intention, than to censure such a production: we only say, that it would be a misnomer to call it a legitimate or regular history.

With MR. PLOWDEN we shall be less courteous; and state in a few words, the nature of *his* history. He undertook, at the request of the late ministry, to write a *correct* and *impartial* account of the present state of Ireland, for which he was not only to receive a certain stipend, but was to be furnished with various official documents. But Mr. P. was a prejudiced *whig*, and

though *pretending* to soften the asperities of the Irish towards the country with which they have been united; he every where labours to prevent conciliation and advantage, and incessantly brings forward every circumstance which can keep up the animosity of the unfortunate Irish. Every act of the English government towards Ireland is represented as treacherous and tyrannical; while the Irish are held up as the most *peaceable* and loyal subjects upon earth. There is no Englishman who is more attached to the Irish nation than ourselves, or perhaps few who know more of their real character, their virtues, and their defects; but any reader who should form his opinion of them from this miserable publication, would indeed be woefully misled. It is one of the most dull, partial, and incorrect compilations we have ever met with.

In concluding this article, we shall call the attention of the public to what is, perhaps, the most splendid volume ever brought forward in this or any other country. We allude to the "*Brief History of Ancient and Modern India**;" with engravings from R. Chase, esq. pictures, and Col. Wood and Lieut. Hunter's views in the Mysore, a work, which though it have no literary pretensions, is, to accord with the wishes of its royal and noble patrons, brought forward with all the most sumptuous efforts of art. Every beauty which can be derived from paper, printing, engraving, and colouring, has been called in to its aid; and the numerous folio plates, which form the bulk of the work, have so much the appearance of original drawings, as to deceive even artists themselves. Such a publication is a striking instance of the taste and opulence of the British nation, and its list of subscribers will be a lasting proof of the liberality of the great, in their patronage to men of genius.

* Vide Notices, p. 455.

TOURISTS.

For the amusement of a leisure hour, or for the s perior purpose of acquiring local information, there scarcely any class of literature more valuable than t which is composed of the labours of tourists. Writ of this description seldom fatigue us with abstruse r soning, or profound dissertation; yet, if possessed talent, they have the means of exciting much pleasu and of imparting much information. We accomp them in their rambles, we enter into their views, we participate in their acquisitions, without the trou of quitting our own parlour, or of retiring from the cial hearth of domestic happiness.

British literature possesses much standard excelk in this department. JOHNSON's "*Tour through Hebrides*," notwithstanding the prejudices by whic is in some parts disfigured, will ever be read with spect, attention, and pleasure; BRYDONE's "*T through Sicily and Malta*" exhibits a fund of rich terials, alike gratifying to the antiquarian, the histo and the philosopher; and a variety of other w might be mentioned, which confer credit on the wri and reflect honour on the country.

The last year, indeed, cannot be said to have furn ed us with any very important addition to our stoc tours; yet it has not been wholly destitute of s performances whose durability will be more ephemeral.

The REV. JOHN EVANS, who, at a former period, lished an interesting description of North Wales, ha performing the "*Tour through South Wales**," now c pleted his account of the principality. It is pleasin mark an increase of merit; and it would be inju in us not to mention, that, though MR. EVANS's mer publication was entitled to much praise, the pr is far superior.

Notwithstanding the number of *Welch Tours* w had appeared, there was still an ample field for in

* Vide Notices, p. 456.

tigation; and the botanical, antiquarian, historical, and miscellaneous observations of this gentleman will be found well deserving of attention.

His style is correct and pleasing, his observations are acute and sensible, and the genuine spirit of Christianity which pervades the work, materially exalts the author in our estimation.

SEMPLE'S "*Walks and Sketches at the Cape of Good Hope*" may more properly be classed with *Tours* than with *Travels*, though the work does not strictly belong to either. Mr. Semple, possessed of feeling, piety, and benevolence, is a disciple of the Shandean school; and occasionally endeavours to sketch characters and scenery with the free and playful pencil of the inimitable Sterne. His description of the *Table Mountain* is sublimely interesting, and inspires the most pious sensations. His reflections on the *Slaves* at the *Cape* are animated and pathetic, but partake too much of that sentimental whine which, of late years, has been so much the fashion, when treating on subjects of this nature. It must, however, be admitted, that the poor Hottentots, who are under the control of the Dutch boors at the Cape, are dreadfully circumstanced.

Those who possess the best means of information know, that the slaves of the British merchants, in the West Indies, are better provided for than the peasantry of any country in Europe; but the unfortunate Hottentots are subjected to the lash of animals as ignorant as themselves, and infinitely more brutal. But, "let the *galled* jade wince, *our* withers are unwrung."

Mr. Semple's relation of the mode of travelling, living, and hunting, at the Cape and its vicinity, though not new, is amusing. Some occasional inaccuracies of style, however, obtrude themselves; and it must be objected, that, throughout the work, there is too much of what may be termed *sentimentality*.

The HON. MRS. MURRAY, of Kensington, has presented the public with the second volume of her "*Companion and useful Guide to the Beauties in the Western Highlands of Scotland, and in the Hebrides**." This

* Vide Notices, p. 450.

lady appears to be of a most intrepid spirit, possessed of a superior, and even masculine intellect, and capable of contemplating nature in its wildest forms. We have perused her description of Fingal's Cave, and of the Isle of Staffa, an island which was not visited by Dr. Johnson, though he passed near to it, in his way from Ulva to Jona, with sentiments of admiration, scarcely inferior to those which the fair author appears to have felt on first viewing them. The description is, in the highest degree, picturesque and sublime. To every reader who is capable of appreciating the wild beauties of nature, the perusal of Mrs. Murray's book must afford a most exalted pleasure; and, to those who follow her in her tour, it must prove invaluable. Were we at all disposed to find fault, we should remark, that a redundancy of description sometimes prevails, and that the fair author has not always been sufficiently select in the anecdotes which she has inserted. On one of these, however, which will be found in the present volume, Mr. Holcroft has constructed a *melo drame*, called "*The Lady of the Rock*," which has been repeatedly performed at one of our winter theatres.

Of a nature very different from any that we have yet noticed, is Colonel Thornton's "*Sporting Tour through the Northern Parts of England**," &c. The eccentric author of this tour, who certainly possesses a most competent knowledge of all that relates to hunting, hawking, fishing, &c. &c. affects to offer remarks on English and Scottish landscape, and to present observations on the state of society and manners. The sporting Colonel does, indeed, present us with an account of the characteristic scenery of the Highlands, and with some botanical remarks; but, as these were *quite out of his way, they are borrowed from another person!* The Colonel has been charged with the most outrageous egotism; but our readers may depend upon it, that he is a hearty, good-natured fellow, excellently well pleased with himself, and willing to be pleased with others; and, for our own part, we should like vastly to taste his venison and his claret at Thornville Royal.

* Vide Notices, p. 463.

ıer eccentric work, but infinitely less amusing, :e pernicious than COLONEL THORNTON'S, is D's "*Pedestrian Tour through Part of the High- Scotland**." It would scarcely be accredited, ɔ young men, as MR. BRISTED, represents him- his fellow-traveller, DR. COWAN, to be, should from Edinburgh, in the tattered garb of Ame- ıilors, "because they conceived that no other ould afford them so good an opportunity of sur- the beauties of the country, or give so great a of seeing and investigating the manners of the unvarnished by courtesy, and undisguised by ." This, however, is stated to be the fact. They early in the morning, in the dress above-men- MR. BRISTED wearing spectacles, a very usual ıge, probably, of an American sailor! At ıs might naturally have been expected, they be- e theme of ridicule and laughter from the fish- watermen, and porters. The ardour of *philo-* is not, however, to be damped by trifles, and on ɔceeded. But, unfortunate disaster! a disaster which their *philosophy* was scarcely able to bear ɔ, on the *last* day of their journey, they expend- *last* shilling, on a wretched dinner at Carn- "We limped off from the house," exclaims ɔrn pedestrian, "without receiving a single single look of compassion, a single wish ex- for our welfare, from any one *human* being in :e. *A little spotted black and white spaniel seem- ty us*, [sagacious and philanthropic brute!] *for hed at our feet, wagged his tail, and looked up ı in our faces; for which deed of kindness, the ed hostess* [elegant expression!] *gave him a ter- k, that made the poor creature cry out and howl erably*."

loctor was very bad, shockingly debilitated, and tarved, yet he contrived to crawl back to Edin- but poor Mr. Bristed was much worse, for he ɾery, *very* bad, so *very* shockingly debilitated,

* Vide Notices, p 464.

and so *more* than almost starved, that he was compelled to pass the night in the fields, where he had some hair-breadth escapes from men and brutes. *Risum teneatis amici!*

Had Mr. Bristed's book been absurd only, we should scarcely have honoured him thus far; but, as we consider it to be a mischievous publication, it is our duty to point it out as such, lest it may fall into the hands of youth and innocence. This "Tour," with "*Critical and Philosophical Essays*,"—"*Anthropaideia*," and "*The Adviser*," all mischievous and *philosophistical* works, are all from the same pens; *viz.* those of Messrs. Bristed and Cowan; and one of the views, in publishing the Tour, was unquestionably that of *puffing* the latter performances. Another grand object was, to misrepresent the state of society in Scotland, to exhibit the lower classes there as in the worst state of misery from oppression; and, consequently to create discontent, and to exalt the laws and government of America, at the expence of those, not only of this, but of every other country in the world. We shall only add, that the adventures which Mr. Bristed has recorded, are related in a vulgar, nauseating style, abounding in filthy images and descriptions.

TRAVELLERS.

There is nothing that contributes so much to the increase of knowledge, and to the promotion of science, as the researches of able and learned men in remote regions. By them we become acquainted with foreign manners and customs; by them we learn to appreciate the merits, and to meliorate the defects of our own institutions; and thus a higher degree of civilization is obtained, and the happiness of man is increased.

At an early period of our labours*, we had the pleasure of noticing Mr. Barrow, as an author to whom

* Vide Introduction to Vol. I. of the "*Flowers of Literature.*"

England was much indebted, for his researches in the interior of Southern Africa. It is with much satisfaction that we now record the appearance of a second volume of those interesting and valuable travels *. This relates principally to the colony of the Cape of Good Hope, and the circumstances and character of the colonists. Mr. Barrow is a staunch and able advocate for our holding possession of the Cape; and, as but few men have had equal opportunities of forming an opinion on the subject, his arguments must be allowed to possess commensurate weight.

CAPTAIN PERCIVAL'S "*Account of the Cape of Good Hope* †," contains an historical view of its original settlement by the Dutch, its capture by the British, in 1795, and the different policy which has been pursued there by the Dutch and British governments. Unlike Mr. Barrow, however, he does not enter into a description of the interior parts of the country, but confines himself to an account of the manners, customs, disposition, and policy, of the inhabitants of Cape Town and its immediate vicinity. The importance of the Cape, considered in a commercial, military, and political point of view, is fully discussed; a sketch of its geography, productions, &c. is presented; and, on the whole, the work is extremely interesting.

This gentleman (Capt. P.) had previously acquired considerable celebrity as a writer, by his "*Account of the Island of Ceylon* ‡." He had resided three years in that island; and, by having particularly directed his attention to the best means of acquiring information, was enabled to present a very elaborate and interesting description thereof. His account includes the history of the island, natural and civil; describes its geographical boundaries; expatiates on its military, political, and commercial importance; and exhibits a view of the manners and customs of its various inhabitants.

To Mr. Barrow, who acted as private secretary to the Earl of Macartney, during his embassy to the Emperor of China, the public are also indebted for some

* Vide Notices, p. 465.
† Vide Notices, p. 447. ‡ Vide the Vol. for 1802-3.

interesting remarks on that country *. The late Sir GEORGE STAUNTON presented the world with the more prominent particulars of his lordship's embassy; but Mr. B. has furnished us with a variety of new and important facts, which were foreign from the plan and views of the former writer, to whose splendid work the present may be considered as a valuable supplement. Their jealousy of foreigners, and the high opinion which they entertain of their own consequence, have uniformly induced the Chinese to avoid all intercourse with other nations, so that their country has not been, to this day, fully explored; consequently, though Mr. Barrow's situation enabled him to perform much, it has not been in his power to exhibit so full and correct information respecting China as we possess of almost every other country. He has, however, corrected many errors, and exploded many fallacies of former writers, and has materially increased our previous stock of knowledge. Among other gratifying circumstances, it is fully established, in contradiction to some former statements, that the British embassy was honoured with more respect and attention than were ever paid by the Chinese to any foreign nation.

A translation, at a very moderate price, from the German, of PALLAS's "*Travels through the Southern Provinces of the Russian Empire* †," has been given to the British public. PALLAS's work, which had for some time been in high estimation among the learned, contains a considerable portion of miscellaneous information; but it will be found peculiarly acceptable to the student of physical geography and natural history.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, esq. the American minister at Berlin, and eldest son of the late president of the United States of America, has published a volume of "*Letters on Silesia* ‡," written, during a tour through that country, in the years 1800 and 1801, to his brother at Philadelphia.

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* "*Travels in China*," &c. Vide Notices, p. 465.

† By the writer of this Introduction, vide the Vol. for 1802-3. The translation has been completed since that period.

‡ Vide Notices, p. 457.

The object which the author appears to have proposed to himself was, to give an accurate description of the agriculture, manufactures, commerce, morals, and manners, of the people of Silesia; but it is a remarkable circumstance, that, though the title-page of the work leads us to expect *an accurate description* of the *agriculture* of that duchy, no such description is given. The manufactories of Silesia seem chiefly to have attracted Mr. Adams's attention; but his account of them is not remarkable either for accuracy or distinctness. His remarks on the commerce and manners of the Silesians are extremely brief. The volume, however, contains a respectable summary sketch of the geography and history of Silesia, with a detail of its political constitution, civil, military, and ecclesiastical establishments, seminaries of education, literature, &c.

In our view of literature for 1802-1803, we had occasion to notice a variety of works descriptive of the capital of France, and of the manner of the Parisians*. The subject, however, was not then exhausted; for our countryman, HOLCROFT, subsequently published two splendid quarto volumes, illustrative of the customs, habits, and manners of the subjects of Buonaparte†. The contents of these volumes are so multitudinous and varied, as scarcely to admit of any analysis. They abound in anecdotes, exhibit much pertinence of remark, and, on the whole, present a rich fund of amusement, blended with some useful information.

DR. MACLEAN, in his "*Excursion in France;*" affects to offer some observations on the actual state of that country; but his information is so extremely scanty, and his remarks are so wholly devoid of originality or interest, that his performance is scarcely deserving of notice.

DR. WITTMAN‡, as an Englishman, was highly pro-

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* Vide p. 71, of the Introduction to Vol. II. of the "*Flowers of Literature.*"

† *Travels from Hamburg, through Westphalia, and the Netherlands, to Paris;* with an imperial folio atlas of plates, Vide Notices, p. 465.

‡ "*Travels in Turkey,*" Vide Notices, p. 465.

tected by the Turkish government, and consequently had better opportunities, than most travellers have, to observe the natives of that country, and to collect from them the most useful and important information. His want of method has subjected him to frequent and tedious repetitions; but it must be admitted, that the form and manner of his journal have enabled him to record facts with great precision; and more accurate notions of the countries through which he travelled may be collected from it, than from the more methodical narratives of former travellers.

MR. PINKERTON, who has been eagerly attached to the study of geography from his early years, has, with eminent felicity, contributed much to our useful knowledge of the globe, and has produced a more perfect system of geography than has yet appeared in any other language; for, in that department of literature, the Spaniards and Italians have been dormant; the French have been too brief, and the Germans too voluminous, so as to bewilder, fatigue, and disgust the reader.

KARAMSIN, a lively, entertaining northern traveller*, would excite disgust in the judicious reader, by a mawkish strain of sentimentality and universal philanthropy were not that sentiment checked by the conviction that it proceeds not from affectation, but is the genuine effusion of an ardent imagination, cherished by the generous feelings of a youthful heart. Mr. K. certainly sat down to write what he thought, and not like most modern travellers, to think what he should write. It is to be regretted, that he has not preserved himself from inaccurate statements and misrepresentations, chiefly in his picture of England and English manners; but when his mind shall have been more matured, and his judgment corrected by study and observation, he will be enabled to instruct those readers whom he now only seeks to amuse. He, however, merits our thanks for affording to Englishmen, in their land of beef steaks, mist, and smoke, a considerable

* M. KARAMSIN, a native of Russia, performed his tour before he had attained his twenty-fifth year.

portion of agreeable entertainment. His journal is admirably well calculated to dispel spleen and melancholy.

POETS.

If the sublimer walks of poesy be now but seldom trodden, her humble paths are more than even frequented. Thousands, who aspire not to gain the summit of Parnassus, amuse themselves among its flowery labyrinths, and cull, with choicest care, the simple garland.

The poetical productions of the last year have been uncommonly numerous. Among the first of these, as the *amor patriæ* should precede every other sentiment, we must notice "*Our Country**," a poem, very appropriately dedicated to our brave volunteers. It is written with uncommon energy, and with no inconsiderable share of poetic genius, happily uniting the feelings of piety and patriotism.

The Defence of Order is another tribute offered at the same shrine, by a Mr. WALKER, who fills the humble station of collector of the customs at Perth. We notice this circumstance in praise, and not in censure, as another proof, that Genius is capable of shining forth from recesses the most unfavourable to her existence.

As a patriotic effusion, AMPHLETT'S "*War Offering*†", a small collection of original songs, dedicated to Buonaparté, deserves to be favourably noticed. The songs are extremely well adapted to the purpose for which they were composed.

One of the most elegant and pleasing volumes of poems, which has issued from our press for several years, is Lord STRANGFORD'S translation of "*The Poems of Camoens*‡," the celebrated bard of Portugal. We have been delighted with the pathos and general beauty of the performance, and most cordially hope, that, instead of

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* Vide Notices, p. 460. † Ditto, 467. ‡ Ditto, 460.

more *translations*, the noble author will shortly favour the public with an *original* work.

The muse of our rural poet, BLOOMFIELD, has not been idle; but, impelled by the feelings of benevolence, has endeavoured to extend the Jennerian practice of vaccine inoculation. "*His Good Tidings; or, News from the Farm**," will be hailed with satisfaction by all who were capable of appreciating the merit of his earlier productions.

Mr. BACHELOR, another favourite of the rural muse, is entitled to the kindest attention of the liberal critic. This writer is a young farmer, a tenant of the Duke of Bedford, residing at Lidlington. That a young man, of confined and unpolished connexions, with a very slight and circumscribed education, and having disadvantages of every kind to contend with, should produce a volume of poems—of poems above mediocrity—is surely a circumstance worthy of remark. His "*Village Scenes*†" were written at the time that Mr. Loft was perusing the manuscript of BLOOMFIELD's *Farmer's Boy*, and, consequently, before that publication was at all known to the world. Between the age of ten and thirteen, young BACHELOR went to school at Ampthill: at that period, fables in spelling-books were the only things which he could read with delight; and, for several years after, "ROBINSON CRUSOE" pleased him more than all the dull realities of life. After leaving school, where he had never learned a single sentence of grammar, "QUARLE's *Emblems*" was his favourite book; and that, with "WATT's *Hymns*," contributed, perhaps, to give him a taste for rhyme. About the age of fourteen, he became acquainted with "*Paradise Lost*," "YOUNG's *Night Thoughts*" and "FENNING's *Dictionary*;" and, from the latter, he derived nearly all his knowledge of words. Some years after this, he became acquainted with a small book-society, the principal articles of which were magazines and reviews; and thus does the education of our young poet appear to have been formed.

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* Vide Notices, p. 453. † Ditto, 467.

Notwithstanding such formidable disadvantages, Mr. Bachelor has succeeded in producing several poems of acknowledged excellence, which will be perused with pleasure by those who delight in rural imagery and smooth versification.

Some sweet flowers of poesy compose "*The Wild Wreath*," which has been entwined by the fair daughter of MARY ROBINSON, whose cold remains now sleep "beneath the willow tree*." Several pieces of that deceased favourite of the muses enrich the volume alluded to, which has also received contributions from Miss SEWARD, Mr. LEWIS, Mr. MERRY, Mr. TWISLETON, &c.

"KENNY'S *Society*†" is agreeable and pleasing, but not of the first order.

"*The Press*‡," a poem, which the author, who is a printer, has "published as a specimen of typography," is entitled to farther notice. The writer, in noticing the origin, progress, and advantages of the press, has caught an enthusiasm, which, in a considerable degree, answers the purpose of inspiration. The subject is certainly a noble one, and, though the muse of Mr. M'CREERY be not quite adequate thereto, she deserves considerable praise. The typography and embellishments are eminently beautiful.

The posthumous works of Dr. DARWIN§ exhibit the same system of materialism, the same redundant use of *technicalities*, and the same striking, poetical beauties, by which his earlier performances were distinguished. Sometimes, indeed, he is scarcely to be understood on account of his technical and new-coined terms.

Mr. IRELAND, the notorious author of the notorious Shakesperian forgery, in appearing as an *original* author, has acquired some credit.

His *Rhapsodies* evince a playfulness of fancy and a facility of composition, which will enable him to make a respectable figure in the poetical world.

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* Literally so, enshrined within a tomb, simply-elegant, in Old Windsor church-yard.

† Vide Notices, p. 462. ‡ Ditto, 461. § Ditto, 464.

AKENSIDE, a writer of high poetical merit, his fame by a work entitled *Pleasures of I* If our memory be correct, the first sketch o brated performance was made at an early pe but it was some years after, when it assumed appearance which it now wears. Emulative of AKENSIDE, Miss SEYMOUR, a young l sixteen years of age, has produced a poen parts, entitled, *The Powers of Imaginaiton.* SEYMOUR has been equally successful with we must not aver; but her performance, wl compass of thought, proves its author to be i of a correct ear, and to be conversant wit of ancient and modern times—it is a surp for a female of her years. Repetitions, re and other defects, usually attendant on imm ment, sometimes occur; but these, we do be duly corrected by the hand of time.

Mr. ROSE has presented us with an En of "*Amadis de Gaul,*" from the French of It possesses no striking merit. It would b incorrect to say, that the *notes* are the m parts of the *poem;* but they certainly ar *book.*

Messrs. BRAYLEY and HERBERT have, i romance*, their joint production, well rela terror; in which, as in Mrs. RADCLIF stories, supernatural appearances result f causes. These poets have, in many of the hibited a soundness of morality, breathed triotic spirit, and displayed a considerabl humour.

The hacknied muse of the obscene and fil seems jaded almost to death. Agreeably of one of his recent publications, he h "*Great Cry and Little Wool.*" What he term, "*An Instructive Epistle to John L Lord Mayor of London*" has also been lai public.

* Vide Notices, p. 461.

N.B. If the author intended either or both of these tracts to be considered *witty*, he should have said so in the title page.

MORALISTS.

Mr. Bowles, in his "*Moral View of Society**," which he has published separately from the political view, with many additions, has, by a multiplicity of striking facts, a train of judicious reasonings, and a series of impressive truths, proved that, if society be not infinitely more corrupt, sinful, and profligate, than at any former period of our national existence, it abounds, in actual, positive depravity, which is due to the want of religious education, and to a general relaxation of religious principles; and that, at a moment when an implacable enemy threatens to overthrow our altars and our throne, the only alternative left to us is *reform*, or *ruin*. *Reform*, in order to secure to us the protection of that God, our only refuge in times of great peril. To *reform*, we are called upon by the voice of authority, and to offer up supplications to the throne of grace, for pardon, for mercy, and for divine assistance.

Dr. Barrow, who has, on several important occasions, addressed his countrymen with considerable eloquence and effect†; has, with strong sense and sound intellect, in a spirited address, demonstrated to the British patriots the necessity of diligent preparation and constant practice of the use of arms. He dwell with considerable force on the duty of regular attendance to military exercise, amply vindicates the profession of a soldier, as to his general engagement; and shows, in the particular instance of invasion, that we resist an enemy on the same principles, and by the same right, that we hunt down the beasts of prey, which endanger our flocks, our families, and our lives. He shows what

* Vide Notices, p 466.

† In his "*Bampton Lectures*, and "*Essay on Education*," vide Flowers, Vol. II.

we have to fear from our implacable enemy, that most splendid monuments of art will soon exhibit heaps of ruins; and our groves and corn-fields one neral face of desolation. What constitutes the pec value of this sermon, is the salutary and provident vice which it inculcates, in advertising volunteei the dangers, irregularities, and excesses, to which new and untried situations are likely to expose th

Mrs. CRESPIGNY, who was personally acqua with the late Lord Chesterfield, has adopted the of communicating her instructions to her son, thr the medium of an epistolary correspondence, fron memorable example set by his lordship. But, th ship has descended to many of the minutiæ of life has thought less of the *graces*, and more of the *tials* of character than her noble friend; and has properly recommended to her pupil that, which constitute the basis of every good character, and out which, indeed, a man may be *graceful*, but can be estimable, or praise worthy,—*religion*.

ESSAYISTS.

ESSAY writing, though apparently the most ea one of the most difficult species of composition. the peculiar province of minds of the highest cul the field in which genius, wit, and humour, are us seen to adorn the fruits of various reading, a polished converse. Extensive learning, an int knowledge of men and manners, an elegant tu mind, a command of wit and humour, and of the g of style, seem to be among the indispensible requ of an essayist; and, of these requisites, the BACON, MONTAIGNE, and ADDISON, and the s successful imitators of the latter, all appear to have possessed in a greater or lesser degree.

Though, in the present day, we cannot boast gigantic powers of a JOHNSON, or of the fl smoothness of an ADDISON, we occasionally meet

etached papers that would do honour to the pen of ther of those eminent authors.

That elegant periodical publication, "*The Pic-Nic**," ive promising indications of becoming a standard ork; but the friends to the improvement of public rinciples, and to the refinement of public taste, have lament that the unknown conductors of that iscellany have discontinued their laudable efforts. hese dramatic, critical, and moral essayists, were as uch superior to many of their contemporaries, who oast of the extensive circulation of their productions, wit is to dullness, sense to folly, and knowledge to norance.

"*The Cabinet*" too, the immediate successor of "*The ic-Nic*," which was in part supported by the patriotic nd classical effusions of the veteran Cumberland, has een unjustly consigned to "the tomb of the Capu-ts."

Amongst a variety of political essayists, whose productions have enlivened the columns of our diurnal rints, the unknown author of *Alfred's Letters*† has displayed much good sense, and has inculcated some correct notions respecting the beneficial effects of our constitution on the welfare and happiness of the people. All is sentiments evince the genuine patriot, and the pious hristian.

A volume of "*Essays, by the Students of the College f Fort William, in Bengal*‡," has been received from ndia. These essays, relating to eastern literature, the anners and customs of the natives, &c. possess extraordinary merit.

Mr. BURDON, in his "*Materials for Thinking*§," olds forth lofty pretensions of patriotism, candour, and iberality of sentiment; but, of his patriotism, of his andour, of his liberality of sentiment, our readers will dge, when we inform them, that he is the ardent eu-gist of Buonaparte, that he approves of the French ivasion of Egypt, and that he informs us, that Buona-

* Vide Notices, p. 460.
† Ditto, 448.
‡ Ditto, 452.
§ Ditto, 458.

parte "passed over in silence the *low illiberality* c men as Lord Grenville and Mr. Pitt, *perhaps i tempt of their talents; for what talents have they b making speeches?*"—Even in cases where politics a concerned, the same *liberality* of sentiment is con ly displayed by Mr. BURDON.

Dr. TURNER's "*Essays on Subjects of Miscell Literature**" evince the author's possession of an sitive and independent turn of mind, with an o cast of thought. His eloquence is not of the first but his manner is spirited and forcible.

The writers of "*The Adviser*," a series of peri essays, in four volumes, like Mr. BURDON, have great professions; and, like that gentleman, the greatly failed in their performance. They have nerously attacked individuals instead of their folli vices, and have substituted personal invective f cool and dispassionate investigation of the morals times.

MISCELLANIES.

Among the variety of articles, which could not troduced under either of the heads already notic shall first notice Miss WILLIAMS's "*Political an fidential Correspondence of Louis the Sixteenth*†." lady, in a stiff, affected preface, informs the publi this epistolary collection is selected from a work, t thenticity of which she declares to be undoubte was published in France by some friends of loyalt were eager to justify their late king.

The most ardent admirers of French liberty, c we conceive, peruse the correspondence of the ill Louis without yielding a nobler tribute than that to his memory: it demands reverence and s Miss WILLIAMS, however, impertinently obtrud own remarks on each letter, apparently wit view of confounding or misleading the reader's

* Vide Notices, p. 457. † Ditto 450

nt. The language of the original letters is classical d energetic; but the sentences, alternately slip-slop d turgid, into which Miss W. has translated it, can- ot fail of disgusting the reader.

BERTRAND DE MOLEVILLE, the gallant adherent to s unfortunate sovereign, has published what he terms *A Refutation of the Libel on the Memory of the late ing of France**." Out of the seventy-two letters, of hich Miss WILLIAMS's book consists, seven only are lmitted by this author to be the production of his royal aster. He admits, however, that the others, though ibrications, contain the opinions and real sentiments f Louis the Sixteenth.

The letters of the late Earl of Chatham, to his ne- hew, the deceased Lord Camelford†, are of consi- erable value, as they disclose the temper, with the se- ret and domestic feelings, of the celebrated writer. hey are estimable, too, as they abound in salutary ad- ice for youth, and as they contain his lordship's seri- us judgment of those perfections and talents which principally imports a young man to acquire.

The first complete edition of "*The Works of the ight Honourable Lady Mary Wortley Montagu*‡," in- luding her correspondence, poems, and essays, has re- ntly appeared. As the earlier collections of her let- rs, &c. were incorrect and imperfect, these volumes ill be highly acceptable to the admirers of Lady Mary, rticularly as they contain a great portion of original atter.

M. BARRE, a native of France, has published a *History of the French Consulate under Napolean Buo- parte*. From this gentleman was expected a close, stinct, explicit, and regular view of those topics, hich lie loosely scattered among the pages of various riters, together with an account of many interesting cts, which had before escaped observation; but, in ese expectations, the public have been considerably sappointed. He has neither presented us with new

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* Vide Notices, p. 461. † Ditto, 456.
‡ Ditto, 467.

facts, nor placed those already known in a more luminous point of view. M. BARRE is a warm adherent to the ancient *regime;* but, though we consider that no severity of epithet, as applied to Monsieur Buonaparte, can be too great; we could, in this performance, which affects the dignity of history, have excused the unceasing repetition of such phrases as, insolent foreigner, Corsican scoundrel, notorious impostor, execrable villain, sanguinary wretch, atrocious murderer, ferocious jacobin, infamous assassin, &c. &c.

"*The Revolutionary Plutarch**" is one of those publications which can scarcely receive praise too high. It professes to exhibit the most distinguished characters, literary, moral, and political, which have figured in the recent annals of the French republic. The author, who is understood to be an old French officer, appears to have had authentic sources of information; and, as his principles are correct, a love of truth appearing to predominate throughout the work, we have perused it with more than common attention.

The first edition of "*The Revolutionary Plutarch*" consisted of only two volumes, which contained "the particulars of no person, who was not either a relative, a courtier, a favourite, a tool, an accomplice, or a rival, of the too-fortunate Corsican upstart." The great sale of the work speedily demanded a second edition, the value of which was enhanced by the addition of a third volume, containing biographical sketches of the late unfortunate Duke d'Enghein, (Louis VIII.); the royalist general, Georges; generals Berthier, Menou, Murat, Rochambeau, and Boyer; the consul, Cambaceres; the judges, Regnier and Thuriot; the police-director, Real; the spy, Mehée de la Touche; Garat, Fontaines, and Chenier.

In addition to the various publications which we have already noticed, relative to modern Paris, we must mention "Mr. EYRE's *Observations,*" made in that city during the late ephemeral peace. This gentleman, who descends into minutiæ more than any of his pre-

* Vide Notices, p. 461.

cessors or contemporaries, wisely judging, that food d raiment are among the grand *desiderata* of com- t; has obligingly presented us with an enormous l of fare of Citizen Very, the Restaurateur, in the lais Royal, and with the respective items of a wash- women's bill. Being a *professional** man, he has so presented us with a critical review of the theatres, tors, &c. of Paris, and with a precise and accurate ac- unt of the prices of admission to the different public laces in that metropolis. Notwithstanding all this *portant* information, Mr. Eyre's "*Observations*" do- ot excite any extraordinary interest.

"*The Letters of a Turkish Spy*, GOLDSMITH'S "*Citi- n of the World*," with other similar publications, ob- ained considerable celebrity on their appearance; and he title, "*Letters of a Mameluke*†," was recently well- alculated to attract notice. M. LAVALLEE, the author f this work, the original of which is French, deserves raise for more impartiality and justice than we gene- ally meet with in a foreigner. Whether he may have written as a Mameluke would have done, we shall not ttempt to decide; but his letters exhibit some lively nd spirited descriptions of the follies and eccentricities f the times, and his tracts of manners are sketched ith considerable felicity. The notes of the translator ossess some value, as they appear to have been writ- n by one whose residence in France has given him n opportunity of knowing much of its internal history.

M. SEGUR, in his "*Treatise on the Condition and In- uence in Society of Women*‡, has attempted to demon- rate the equality of the two sexes. He contends, that the one seem to be endowed with peculiar qualities, ot possessed by the other, the other possesses advan- ages equally valuable; that, where corporeal strength wanting, strength of soul supplies the deficiency; and at, with the exception of inventive genius, the intel- ctual faculties of the fair sex are not inferior to our n. We confess that we have not been convinced by

* Mr. Eyre belongs to the Bath and Bristol theatres.
† Vide Notices, p. 457. ‡ Ditto, 467.

the reasoning of M. Segur; for, in our humble opinion, the *inventive genius* of women is much *superior* to that of men; while, on the other hand, their *mental* strength is almost generally acknowledged to be inferior. M. Segur deals largely in fiction; and, though he is not a very profound thinker, he will generally be found, especially among the ladies, an agreeable writer.

The great reputation for wit and elegance which "*The Decameron**" of BOCACCIO has preserved, during several centuries, has induced Mr. DUBOIS, the author of "*Old Nick*," to offer a new translation of that work. But even this, as well as the former translations, conveys but a very faint idea of the vivacity, wit, and spirit of the original. The licentiousness of the "*Decameron*" may not be calculated to produce any real injury to morality; but every grosser and more licentious sentiment might have been omitted, and the reader might still have been equally delighted with a sprightly display of the manners of Florence in the fourteenth century.

Miss EDGEWORTH has produced three volumes of "*Popular Tales*†." This title is by no means a misnomer, for the tales possess such species of merit as must *insure* them *popularity*. The view of the writer is to convey entertainment and instruction, in a style and manner calculated by their simplicity to interest the homely and unlearned, without disgusting the learned and polite. The object was laudable, and both plan and execution are excellent.

We have been pleased with the perusal of a little collection, entitled, "*Verulamiana; or, Opinions on Men, Manners, Literature, Politics, and Theology.*" A judicious selection from the works of the great Lord Bacon could not, indeed, fail of exciting interest and conveying instruction; but the present volume is much superior to the general run of things of this class; and the Life of Lord Bacon, which is prefixed, proves the writer to be possessed of a penetrating and discriminating mind.

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* Vide Notices, p. 451. † Ditto, 461.

"RINALDO'S *Travels**," translated from the French, is an excellent book for youth. The travels are imaginary, but they are the production of an author possessing a soundness of judgment and a skilfulness of discrimination not frequently met with.

Miss EDGEWORTH'S "*Early Lessons**" are well calculated to convey both amusement and instruction to the tender mind.

Among the numerous sermons which have appeared in the course of the year, Mr. NOTT'S volume, consisting of eight, which were delivered at the Bampton Lecture, on the subject of "*Religious Enthusiasm*," is entitled to warm commendation. This respectable author treats of enthusiasm solely as applied to religion; and his principal object is, to combat the opinion which confounds *inspiration* with *enthusiasm*.

The friends of piety and religion will learn, with much satisfaction, that "*The Society for the Suppression of Vice*" has now completed its internal arrangements, methodised its proceedings, and made considerable progress in the execution of those plans of utility and public advantage for which it was originally formed. We fear, however, that a considerable time must elapse before the metropolis will have attained that degree of improvement in its manners which the committee of this Society express their most sanguine expectations of effecting.

We have thus closed our rapid view of the state and progress of literature for the last year: and, in taking a retrospective glance of our labours, we feel high cause of congratulation to the literary and philosophical world. If in many books there be wisdom, we certainly possess an extensive increase; and, from the present aspect of affairs, we trust that a time, still more favourable to the cultivation of science, is approaching.

That beloved sovereign, for whose health all was recently alarm and anxiety, has been restored to our prayers, and now enjoys the choicest boon of heaven in all its glowing vigour. Our councils, too, are firm. We are

* Vide Notices, p. 464.

united at home; and, by our wisdom, mag and justice, are respected abroad.

" At once in mercy and in might to shine,
These ancient virtues, Albion, still be thine
By these, if these avail, maintain thy peace,
If not, 'tis God, who bids the blessing cease
And oh! though peace or war, may Freedom
Her saintly halo round thy sacred head;
With thee, when driv'n from every harsher
Her dwelling fix, thy guardian power sublim

Walker's Defenc

OWERS OF LITERATURE,

For 1804.

EULOGIUM ON THE PRESS.

Des inventions humaines,
La plus sublime invention!
On s'épuise en recherches vaines
Pour fixer ta création:
Mais, d'etre auteur de ta naissance,
Si plus d'un savant s'est vanté,
'A tous, Toi par reconnoissance,
Tu donnes l'immortalité. ANON.

DRESS TO THE SHADE OF GUTTEMBERG OF MENTZ.

IE of our art*, whose genius first design'd
is great memorial of a daring mind,
d taught the lever, with unceasing play,
stop the waste of time's destructive sway;
e verse, O great progenitor! be thine;
e, but sincere, where all thy worth shall shine:
at printer, ever since thy distant days,
th touch'd the strings responsive to thy praise?

The author is Mr. M'CREERY, a printer, who, courting the nce of the Muse, sings in these lines the origin, progress, vantages of the press.

With trembling hands the boon let me bestow,
Hear then, ye nations, what to him ye owe.
Incessant strove the scribe's industrious race,
Lingering and labouring with uncertain pace;
Slow from his hands the works of genius came,
His proudest use to feed th' unsteady flame;
So greatly circumscrib'd his power appears,
A volume oft hath ask'd the toil of years.
The intellectual feast for wealth prepar'd,
With humble life no generous bounty shar'd;
Depriv'd, by pallid Want's depressing power,
Of cultivated Thought's delusive hour;
And as dull Labour toil'd the livelong day,
Th' unconscious soul in stupid dozings lay.
Yet why despise, in cold, unfeeling strain,
The means by which such glorious works remain
Or blame the hoarding spirit, that confin'd
To private use the early fruits of mind?
Soon swell'd with nobler aim the gen'rous heart,
As letters spread their humanizing art;
When gorgeous fanes and palaces inclos'd
The sacred trust for public use dispos'd;
Collected Knowledge op'd her ample stores,
Which yet the eye of curious man explores;
And left—to call the powers of genius forth,
Those great memorials of surprising worth.
O, MENTZ! proud city, long thy fame enjoy,
For with the PRESS thy glory ne'er shall die;
Still may thy guardian battlements withstand
The ruthless shock of war's destructive hand;
Where GUTTEMBERG, with toil incessant, wrou
The imitative lines of written thought;

And as his art a nobler effort made,
The sweeping lever his command obey'd;
Elastic balls the sable stains supply,
Light o'er the form the sheeted tympans fly;
The beauteous work returning leaves unfold,
As with alternate force the axle roll'd.
His bosom now unbounded joys expand,
A printed volume owns his forming hand;
The curious work, from sculptur'd blocks imprest,
The rising glories of his art confest.
To give to distant times a name more dear,
To spread the blessing through a wider sphere,
SHOEFFER and FAUST, with kindling ardour fir'd,
Lent the strong aid that thirst of fame inspir'd;
The stubborn block, with rude unchanging form,
One end could answer, but one task perform;
Till FAUST, with all his powers of genius ripe,
Struck the fine die, and cast the moving type;
That ever, as the curious artist will'd,
In some new station some new office fill'd.

. . . . . .

Aided by thee, O art sublime! our race
Spurns the opposing bonds of time and space;
With Fame's swift flight to hold an equal course,
And taste the streams from Reason's purest source.
Yet some there are, whose dread, unhallow'd hand,
To deeds of guilt thine energies command,
For giddy youth's unguarded hour prepare
The luring tale, the foul, immoral snare.
May Vice, thy pow'rs, *in these* OUR *pages*, find,
To cast in Virtue's mould the plastic mind.

THE LOVE OF OUR COUNTRY.

He loves his old hereditary trees.——COWLE

THE patriotism, or love of our country, h
ages, and by all nations, been deemed one of t
passions that can warm and animate the brea
No person is born to be a mere cumberer of th
far less a solitary creature detached from th
mankind, without any capacity of discernin
good, or without any calls and motives pro
advancement. We were all born social beir
bers of a community, capable of comprehend
terests, of taking a share in its dearest con
are stimulated by the strongest motives to
security with redoubled zeal and ardour.
therefore, beware of following these strange
lights which now and then appear in the w
especially let us guard against that laxity of
which, by loosening our affections from th
objects, and alienating our minds from ou
country, tears asunder the firmest bands of so
separates the nearest connections of life. T
out natural affection, is a mark of deep dep
corruption. It is monstrous, and betrays
rebel or the traitor lurking in our bosom; or, r
mere affectation, for it is not possible for any s
void of filial affection as to prefer a stranger t
parent that brought him into the world; or
land to the country by which he has bee
nourished from his youth upwards. It is n
for any one to be so destitute of principle,

to the feelings natural to every heart, as seriously to fancy himself in the bosom of society, raised to such a state of absolute independence as exempts him from those duties which the common condition of humanity necessarily requires.

....If it be true, that we are not only born part of the great society of mankind, but members of a particular state, which recognises us as its children at the moment of our birth, adopts us into its family, and takes us under its special care and protection; surely, for the many benefits bestowed upon us in early years, that state has a just claim to our future fidelity and public services. Protection and allegiance are reciprocal; and so are the duties of princes and people, governors and governed.—

....Consult the lives and characters of the greatest and best of men recorded in history, of those sages, legislators, and heroes who have shone as the lights of the world. Were they not all eminent for love of their country? Did they not rejoice in every opportunity of promoting its honour, its interest, and security? What did they not do and suffer in its defence, when difficulty and danger called for their services? And, after having done all they could, were they not ready to confess that they had done no more that their duty? Being connected with the soil by the most endearing ties, the ties of nature, too strong and too complicated to be broken, they felt themselves deeply interested in the fate of their native land. Every recollection of what passed in their youthful days, when their minds were void of care, and their hearts unspotted from the world, seemed dear to them. Every scene, after long absence, which

the eyes of innocence had been accustomed to behold, on their return to their country, had its peculiar beauties, its irresistible charms. The intimate friends and companions of their youth they recognized with joy, as the objects of their earliest and warmest affection. The ground upon which their infant steps had trodden, and where they had been trained up in the way they should go, they reviewed with inexpressible pleasure. The temple in which their tongue first learned to sing praise to God, and in which their ears first heard the glad tidings of the gospel, they regarded with more than common veneration. Even among the sepulchres of their fathers, distinguished for piety, and famed for virtue, they could not walk but with thoughtful silence, and, while they mused, the fire burned; and this remembrance of worthy characters had a moral influence upon the heart.

Let these patriotic sentiments arouse our attention, and inflame our hearts in these times, which imperiously call forth the love of his country in the breast of every Englishman.

FRENCH INGENUITY. A MODERN ANECDOTE.

Odora canum vis.——VIRGIL.

Sagacious hounds.

A FRENCHMAN went to a rich Jew, and told him he wished to exchange a number of dollars for Louis d'ors, which he was under the necessity of immediately procuring. The Jew, after bargaining to his own advantage, consented, and promised the gold should be ready

the following day. At the appointed hour the Frenchman came with his bags, which, having holes in the sides and near the top, suffered some dollars to be seen. The gold being counted and weighed, he presented an empty bag, in which it was put.

Just at this moment, when the dollars were to be examined, a friend entered in great haste, and called him away on urgent business. However, he left not only the bag supposed to contain the gold, but also the bag supposed to contain the dollars, and said he would return in two hours to see them counted; desiring, in the mean time, they might be locked in the Jew's bureau.

The two hours elapsed, and the Frenchman did not make his appearance, but the Jew thought himself safe. He was unwilling to unlock the bureau till the Frenchman should be present. At length, another hour having glided away, he began to say to himself:—"Is it possible that I can have been cheated?" The very question was alarming to any man, and especially to a money changer. The first anxiety of the Jew led him to the supposed bag of gold; this he untied, and discovered that the bag containing the gold had been exchanged for one which was full of leaden counters. He scarcely needed to have enquired further; however, he opened the bag of silver, and found himself equally deceived.

He hastened to go and acquaint the police; but when he came to an outward door that led to his apartment, it was locked and bolted. The Frenchmen had post-horses prepared, and had instantly taken flight; but, when they were at a certain distance, they were

guilty of some imprudent delay; and, after the Jew had obtained his release, the vigilance of the pursuit was so great that the Frenchman, against whom the Jew had deposed, was taken.

During his imprisonment at Amsterdam his behaviour and abilities were equally remarkable. By the aid of burned turf and straw he drew the siege of Mantua on the walls, and Buonaparté on horseback, heading the French armies. While the executioner was whipping him, he spoke of the magistrates in the most contemptuous terms. "What," said he, "is my crime compared to theirs? I have but cheated a Jew; a vile fellow, who has become rich by cheating; while the wretches who condemn me to this ignominious punishment have betrayed and sold their country." He was afterwards branded; and at the moment of inflicting the mark, he cried aloud, *Vive la Republique*!*

* It must be allowed that this man was a worthy Republican, and every way qualified for a distinguished command in Buonaparté's legion of honour! A worthy *compagnon d'armes*, and brother knight of those modern *Attilas*, the Jourdans, the Massenas, the Augereaus, the Brunes; who, with so much bravery and magnanimity, have desolated and plundered peaceful and defenceless countries.

JEALOUSY*.

Rivalem patienter habe.——Ovid.
With patience bear a rival in thy love.

E demon, JEALOUSY, with gorgon frown,
sts the sweet flowers of pleasure not his own;
ls his wild eyes, and through the shuddering grove
'sues the steps of unsuspecting love;
drives o'er rattling plains his iron car,
ıgs his red torch, and lights the flames of war.
're cocks heroic burn with rival rage,
d quails with quails in doubtful fight engage;
armed heels, and bristling plumage proud,
:y sound th' insulting clarion, shrill and loud,
th rustling pinions meet, and swelling chests,
l seize, with closing beaks, their bleeding crests;
e on quick wing above the struggling foe,
l aim in air the death-devoting blow.
:re the hoarse stag his croaking rival scorns,
l butts and parries with his branching horns;
ıtending boars, with tusk-enamell'd, strike,
l guard with shoulder-shield the blow oblique;
ıite female bands attend in mute surprise,
l view the victor with admiring eyes.—
ınight on knight, recorded in romance,
'd the proud steed, and couch'd th' extended lance;

The following similies are to be reprobated as to their
ıl propriety; but, in a moral sense, they energetically
he evils of jealousy, the torment and malignancy of that
ır of the heart, when deeply rooted in it.

He whose dread prowess, with resistless force,
O'erthrew th' opposing warrior and his horse;
Bless'd as the golden guerdon of his toils,
Bow'd to the beauty, and receiv'd her smiles.
So when fair HELEN, with ill-fated charms,
By PARIS woo'd, provok'd the world to arms,
Left her vindictive lord to sigh in vain
For broken vows, lost love, and cold disdain;
Fir'd at his wrongs, associate to destroy
The realms unjust of proud adult'rous Troy,
Unnumber'd heroes brav'd the dubious fight,
And sunk, lamented, to the shades of night.

MANNERS OF THE CIRCASSIANS.

——Hominem pagina nostra sapit.——MART.

Men and their manners I describe,

THE two opposite customary laws, namely, those of hospitality and revenge, are sacredly observed among the Circassian knights, as well as among most other nations of the Caucasus. The right of hospitality, which they term *runak*, is established on certain principles; and every person submitting to its protection is perfectly secure from all injuries. He who befriends a stranger, defends him, if occasion requires it; not only with his own blood and life, but also with that of his relatives; nor does he suffer him to depart without an equestrian escort, and delivers him to his next confederates, under such conditions that a murder or injury committed on the guest is avenged with equal severity as the death of a relation by consanguinity.

stranger who intrusts himself to the patronage of a man, or is able to touch with his mouth the breast wife, is spared and protected as a relation of the d, though he were the enemy, nay, even the mur-r, of a similar relative.

The opposite conduct, or bloody revenge, is practised the most scrupulous adherence to custom. The der of a family relation must be avenged by the heir, though he should be an infant at the time n the deed was committed. Every degree of vin-ve malice is exercised sooner or later, whether pub-or in a clandestine manner, to take away the life e murderer, lest the injured party should be consi-l as an outcast of society: nay, this desire of re-e is hereditary in the successors and the whole : it remains as it were rooted with so much ran-that the hostile princes or nobles of two different s, when they meet each other on the road, or ac-tally in another place, are compelled to fight for lives, unless they have given previous notice to other, and bound themselves to pursue a different . Among the Circassians the spirit of revenge is eat, that all the relations of the murderer are con-d as guilty. This customary infatuation to avenge lood of relatives, generates most of the feuds, and ions great bloodshed among all the nations of the sus; for, unless pardon be purchased, or obtained termarriage between the two families, the prin-of revenge is propagated to all succeeding gener-. The hatred which the mountainous nations e against the Russians, in a great measure arises the same source. If the thirst of vengeance is

quenched by a price paid to the family of the dece
this tribute is called *thlil-uasa*, or the price of b
but neither princes nor usdens accept of such a
pensation, as it is an established law among the
demand blood for blood.

The education of the children of the Circ
princes is of such a nature as to suppress, fror
earliest infancy, every feeling peculiar to consangu
Their sons and daughters are immediately, after
intrusted to the care of a nobleman, who is frequ
none of the most wealthy; and the parents, esp
the father, has no desire to see his son till he
adult, and capable of bearing arms; while no no
taken of the girls, till after marriage. The tutor
prince is obliged to take upon him the whole cha
his education: he instructs the youth, during hi
lescence, in all the schemes of robbery, which ar
in great estimation among the equestrian knight
provides him with arms, as soon as he is strong e
to wield them, and in such array he is presented
father. The grateful pupil rewards his foster-
for the pains he has taken to qualify him in the
tory arts, by giving him the greatest share of the
he is able to obtain.

The female children are nourished in the mos
ring and wretched manner, that they may acq
slender and elegant form; because such a stat
considered as an essential requisite to a Circassian
cess. They are trained to all ornamental work
domestic economy of females, especially to em
dery, weaving of fringe, sewing of dresses, as w
the plaiting of straw mats and baskets. The

man intrusted with their education is also obliged to procure for his princely foster-daugher a husband of an equal rank, in default of which he is punished with the loss of his head. In the courtships every attention is paid to the rank of the parties. No usden dares to court the daughter of a prince; and if such an amour should ever take place, or the princess be seduced by an usden, the presumptuous lover, on the first occasion, forfeits his life without mercy*.

. . . . . .

The daughters of slaves, brought up by the mother, receive the same education: they learn to embroider, to make their own dress, and that of their future husbands. They are sold, according to their beauty, from twenty to one hundred pounds, and sometimes much higher. These are principally Georgians. Soon after the birth of a girl a wide leather belt is sewed round her waist, and continues till it bursts, when it is replaced by a second. By a repetition of this practice their waists are rendered astonishingly small; but their shoulders become proportionably broad, a defect which is little attended to on account of the beauty of their breasts. On the wedding night the belt is cut with a dagger by the husband, a custom sometimes productive of very fatal accidents. The bridegroom pays for his bride a marriage present, or *kalym*, consisting of arms, or a coat of mail; but he must not see her, or cohabit

* The foregoing sketch is taken from the interesting and instructive *Travels of Pallas through Southern Russia*. The following is abridged from *Pinkerton's* valuable *Geography*. It is copied by Mr. P. from *Ellis's Memoirs*.

with her without the greatest mystery. This r
continues during life. If the son or daughter o
mily enter into the state of wedlock, they have nc
to appear before their parents during the first t
months, or till the birth of a child. During this
the husband continues to visit his young wife th
the window of the room, but is never present wh
is visited by strangers: this affected politeness i
ried to such an extent, that the husband is eve
pleased to hear others speak of his wife and ch
and considers it as an insult if enquiries be made
the welfare of his spouse. The father makes th
a present on the wedding day, but reserves the g
part of what he intends to give till the birth of h
child. On this occasion she pays him a visit. re
from him the remainder of her portion, and is c
by him in the dress of a matron, the principal d
tion of which consists in a veil. Until this tin
dress of the women is much like that of the men
fore marriage the youth of both sexes see each
freely at the little rejoicings which take place on
vals. In their amusements the youth of both
freely converse with each other, as the Circassia
men in general are neither confined nor reserved.
fore the ball the young men show their activity a
dress in a variety of military exercises, and the
alert have the privilege of choosing the most be
partners.

The Circassian women participate in the g
character of the nation; they take pride in the c
of their husbands, and reproach them severely wh
feated. They polish and take care of the armour

men. Widows tear their hair, and disfigure themselves with scars, in testimony of their grief. The men had formerly the same custom, but are now grown more tranquil under the loss of their wives and relations. The habitation of a Circassian is composed of two huts, because the wife and husband are not supposed to live together. One of these huts is allotted to the husband and to the reception of strangers; the other to the wife and family: the court which separates them is surrounded by palisades or stakes. At meals the whole family is assembled, so that here, as among the Tatars*, each village is reckoned at a certain number of kettles. Their food is extremly simple, consisting only of a little meat, some paste made of millet, and a kind of beer composed of the same grain fermented.

THE LADY'S ROCK, OR THE MURDEROUS HUSBAND.

Raro antecedentem scelestum
Deseruit pede pœna claudo.——Hor.

At the south end of the island of Lismore, in the western Highlands of Scotland, we sailed near a small rock, over which the sea rolls at high tides; at other times it raises its rough head somewhat above the surface of the water. It is called the *Lady's Rock*, for the following reason.

* Mr. Pinkerton always writes Tatar for Tartar, and Tatary for Tartary.

In former times one of the M'Leans of Duart, whose castle (now in ruins) stands on a promontary in Mull, in nearly an opposite direction to the Lady's Rock, married a sister of Argyle. The lady was handsome and amiable, but unhappily she was barren. In those times it was a high crime in the eyes of a husband, when his wife bore him no children. Duart hated his hapless lady for that cause, and determined on her destruction. To accomplish it with ease, and as he imagined, safe from detection, he ordered ruffians to convey her secretly to the Bare Rock, near Lismore, and there leave her at high tide. The deed was executed to Duart's wish, and the lady left on the rock, watching the rolling tide rising to overwhelm her. When she had given herself up for a lost being, and expected, in a very short time, to be washed from the rock by the waves, she fortunately perceived a vessel sailing down the sound of the Mull, in the direction of the rock on which she was sitting. Every effort in her power was exerted, and every signal in her possession was displayed to attract the notice of the people in the vessel. At length they perceived her, and drew near the rock. She made herself known; and related, that it was by the order of her barbarous husband she was left on the rock, and thus reduced to the wretched state in which they found her. The mariners, ever a generous race, took compassion on her, received her on board their vessel, and conveyed her safely to her brother at Inverary.

M'Lean Duart made a grand mock funeral for his much-loved, much-lamented lady, whom he announced to have died suddenly. He wrote disconsolate letters

er relations, particularly to Argyle; and, after a de- t time, went to Inverary in deep mourning, where, h the greatest show of grief, he lamented to his ther-in-law the irreparable loss he had sustained. gyle said little, but sent for his sister, whose unex- cted appearance in life and health, proved an electric ock to her tender husband. Argyle was a mild and miable man, and took no other revenge of M'Lean but ommanding him to depart instantly, at the same time dvising him to be cautious not to meet his brother Donald, who would certainly take away his life for ha- ing intended to destroy that of his sister. Sir Donald Campbell did meet him many years afterwards in a treet at Edinburgh, and there stabbed him for his rime towards his sister, when M'Lean was eighty years of age.

PROSPECT FROM THE SUMMIT OF TABLE MOUNTAIN*.

———Deum namque ire per omnes
Terrasque, tractus que maris cœlumque profundum.
VIRGIL.

For God the whole created mass inspires;
Through heaven, and earth, and ocean's depths he throws
His influence round, and kindles as he goes.
DRYDEN.

WHENCE arises this pleasure which I feel in my breast when I call to my remembrance what I have seen? Why does the current of my blood glide so swiftly

* At the Cape of Good Hope.

through my heart from the recollection of material objects? I have enjoyed an extensive prospect from a lofty mountain; I have seen beneath my feet earth, and sea, and clouds; I have seen the moon loose her pale light in the impetuous beams of a majestic globe of fire, which arose in the east, and spread his light over the world. I have seen all this; but had I seen nothing more than earth, and sea, and clouds, the moon's waning light, or the sun's rising beam, why do I recal them to my mind with delight? or, why did I prostrate myself before the Great Being who made them all, and adore, in silence, his wisdom and his power?

No—it was the sentiment of an infinitely-wise mind, directing the worlds which I saw moving around me, that touched my heart, and still delights to linger in my remembrance. Unhappy is he who binds himself to material objects around him, without endeavouring to rise from them to their Great Author.

I have been contemplating huge mountains, whose cloud-covered tops seemed to raise me nearer to heaven, and I admired his power; but on their loftier summits a patch of flowers, or a mantle of green, recalled the idea of his benevolence. In a word, from the top of Table Mountain I discovered ten thousand objects to excite my gratitude and reverence towards God, and his constant concomitant good-will towards men. If my reader has a heart any way susceptible of these impressions, let him accompany me, and enjoy with me the prospect of Table Mountain.

..... Arrived at the top of it, the eastern horizon was marked by a body of pure white light, which seemed to break from behind the dark hills of Hotten-

tot Holland, and spread itself on all sides. The waning moon seemed gradually to be absorbed, and every moment shone fainter and fainter. The stars in the west still sparkled brightly, but those in the zenith and to the eastward, shared the fate of the queen of night; and were, with her, gradually lost in the mild splendour of dawning day. By degrees the light shot up towards the zenith, and there melted into pale blue. The dark mountains of Hottentot Holland, whose craggy outlines were now clearly distinguishable, bounded the view to the east; but far below our feet, to the westward, the sea spread out its vast watery floor, over which the mists of night still rolled, and, collecting into great clouds, seemed to linger in the extreme boundaries of the west. Moving our eyes round towards the north, and still looking downwards, beneath us lay the town, with its gardens, its terrace, and white, flat-roofed houses; the Table Bay, with a surface smooth, and unruffled by the slightest breeze, bearing on its glassy bosom numerous vessels of every nation, riding together peaceably at anchor. On the opposite side of the bay, the high hills, somewhat inland, presented their tops covered with snow; and continuing to move ourselves slowly round, we observed, in succession, once more the dark mountains of Hottentot Holland; the flat, sandy space between the Table and False Bays, the False Bay opening outwards to the Indian Ocean; the mountainous, south-eastern peninsula of Africa, on whose highest pinnacle we seemed to stand, stretching from north-west to south-east, and presenting a broken scene of mountains, precipices, and chasms. Beyond it appeared the Indian Ocean, now faintly enlightened by

the beams of the morning; and round agai
but sea, sea, sea, till we once more came t
Hills, the town with its white houses, Tabl
its numerous vessels, and, a little farther
Island, in the mouth of the bay.

To this outline might be added some litt
lars:—the vulture rising from his aerie ar
rocks, and soaring above our heads till l
sight; the buzzard sailing in mid-air, with ou
wing, and steering towards its distant prey
roar of the water breaking along the r
scarcely heard so high; the refreshing cool
morning air; and lastly, two young friends s
the summit of a craggy rock, forming the ce
great circle, with minds not incapable of pe
magnificence, and hearts not cold enough
it with insensibility.

Perhaps, likewise, the moral views whi
ferent quarters of the prospect presented,
share in increasing the interest of it. In l
wards the mountains of Hottentot Holland
of that intellectual power which God bestow
we winged our way to their highest summit
thence discovered, with astonishment, in
recesses of Africa, hordes of undiscovere
described savages, prostrate before the ligh
born day. Beyond the waves of the Indian
nations of Asia with their pagodas, their w
Bramins, their inoffensive manners, and th
superstitions. In the distant bosom of the
Ocean we beheld clusters of peaceful island
by reefs of coral, over which the waves slo

and the friendly inhabitants asleep under the shade of their cocoa-nut trees. With rapid thoughts we passed the shores of the Brazils and Spanish America, stained with innocent blood; and where the murmur of the waves upon the shore was mingled with the crack of the task-master's lash—the cries of the feeble Indian—and the noise of his mattock as he dug for gold. On the banks of the majestic rivers and lakes, and in the bosom of the forests of the western world, we beheld, with pardonable pride, English laws and institutions; English manners, and men firmly rooted; and pleased ourselves with the thought, that our language would become the most extended that has, perhaps, been spoken upon the face of the globe. Then, reverting towards the north, we lingered amidst the various cities, the polished arts, and the domineering policy of enlightened Europe; and fixing upon our own happy island, we forgot, for a short moment, all ideas of grandeur and sublimity, and melted at the recollection of the ties by which we felt connected with it.

With hearts thus attuned, and in the midst of a scene so interesting and so magnificent, we long remained in silent wonder and gratitude. But as nature began to assume more animation, from every bush and every cleft in the rock issued up a matin hymn to Heaven—finally, when the sun broke in unclouded majesty over the top of the highest eastern hill—then it was that Charles, in a moment of enthusiam, grasped my hand, and raised his right towards heaven!—then it was, perhaps, that these wild solitudes were first taught to re-echo the sacred name of God to the sound of the human voice. They had before been trodden by the

footsteps of a French disciple of atheism and materialism; and to him these majestic rocks conveyed the id of blind matter; and the roar of the waves upon the that of death and subsequent annihilation. But wh a different sensation was conveyed to my heart wh Charles grasped my hand, and exclaimed, in an en getic and affecting tone of voice:

"These are thy glorious works, Parent of Good!
Almighty! Thine this universal frame
Thus wondrous fair! Thyself how wondrous then!
Unspeakable!!!
Who sitt'st above these heavens, to us invisible!
Or dimly seen in these thy lowest works;
Yet these declare thy goodness, beyond thought,
And power divine."

When he paused, the rocks for a long time re-ech to his voice. All nature seemed to join in the m ing hymn of our great poet.

ADMONITORY ADDRESS TO LONDON.

———Now mark a spot or two,
That so much beauty would do well to purge;
And show the queen of cities, that so fair
May yet be foul; so witty, yet not wise.—COWPE

AND thou, Augusta, hear "in this thy day;"
For once, like thee, lost Babylon* was gay:

* The following address is the termination of a har ous and energetic poem, written by Francis Wrangha *The Destruction of Babylon.*

With thee wealth's taint has seiz'd the vital part,
As once with her, and gangrenes at the heart.
Profusion, Av'rice, flying hand in hand,
Scatter prolific poisons o'er the land;
The teeming land with noxious life grows warm,
And reptile mischiefs on its surface swarm:—
Like hers, or deaf, or faithless to the vow
Of honest passion, are thy daughters now;
With well-feign'd flame th'obedient maidens wed,
If wealth or birth adorn the vernal bed:
There—ere a second moon, more fix'd than they,
With changing beam the jointur'd bride survey.—
Madly they fly where appetite inspires,
Dart the unhallow'd glance, and burn with real fires.

Thy sons, like hers, a fickle, fluttering train,
Th'illustrious honours of their name profane;
Stake half a province on the doubtful die,
And mark the fatal cast without a sigh:
Their heavier hours th'intemperate bow beguiles,
Wakes the dull blood, and lights lascivious smiles;
Then in the stews they court th'impure embrace,
Drink deep disease, and mar the future race.

Far other Britons ancient Gallia view'd,
When her dead chiefs the plains of Cressy strew'd;
Proud of such heroes, and by such rever'd,
In that blest age far other dames appear'd:
Blest age, return! thy stemness soften'd down,
Charm with our better features, and thine own!
Come; but resign those glories of the field,
The gleaming falchion, and the storied shield:

Renounce the towery menace of thy brow,
Which frown'd despair on vassal crowds below;
And, true to order, and of all the friend,
To varied rank unvarying law extend.
Ah! in the snowy robe of Peace array'd,
Led by the virtues of the rural shade,
Return, and let advancing time behold
Regenerate man, and other years of gold.

Then shall no feuds our triple realm divide,
No traitor point the dagger at its side;
But each, with patriot toils, his hours shall crown,
And in his country's welfare find his own.

MISCHANCE OF FRENCH GALLANTRY, A HUMOROUS ANECDOTE.

Spectatum admissi risum teneatis?——Hor.

Admitted to the sight, would you not laugh?

Paris.

....I SHALL conclude my letter, descriptive of the fête in honour of the peace, with this laughable anecdote:

A lusty young Frenchman, whom, from his head-dress *à la Titus*, I shall distinguish by that name, escorting a lady, whom, on account of her beautiful hair, I shall style BERENICE, stood on one of the hindmost benches. The belle, habited in a tunic *à la Grecque*, with a species of sandals which displayed the elegant form of her leg, was unfortunately not of a stature sufficiently commanding to see over the heads

of other spectators. It was to no purpose that the gentleman called out *à bas les chapeaux!* When the hats were off, the lady still saw no better. What will not gallantry suggest to a man of fashionable education? Our considerate youth perceived, at no great distance, some persons standing on a plank, supported by a couple of casks. Confiding the fair Berenice to my care, he vanished; but, almost in an instant he reappeared, followed by two men, bearing an empty hogshead, which, it seems, he procured from the tavern at the west entrance of the Thuilleries. To place the cask near the feet of the lady, and fix her on it, was the business of a moment. Here then she was, like a statue on its pedestal, enjoying the double satisfaction of seeing and being seen. But, for enjoyment to be complete, we must share it with those we love. On examining the space where she stood, the lady saw there was room for two, and accordingly invited the gentleman to place himself beside her. In vain he resisted her entreaties; in vain he feared to incommode her. She commanded; he could do no less than obey. Stepping up on the bench, he thence nimbly sprang to the cask; but, oh! fatal catastrophe! while, by the light of the neighbouring cluster of lamps, every one around was admiring the mutual attention of this sympathizing pair, in went the head of the hogshead.

Our till then envied couple fell suddenly up to the middle of the leg in the wine-lees left in the cask, by which they were bespattered up to their very eyes. Nor was this all: being too eager to extricate themselves, they overset the cask, and came to the ground, rolling in it, and its offensive contents. It would be no

easy matter to picture the ludicrous situation of Citiz
Titus and Madam Berenice. This being the only m
chief resulting from their fall, a universal burst
laughter seized the surrounding spectators, in whicl
took so considerable share, that I could not immediat
afford my assistance.

AN ANTIQUARIAN IN THE EGYPTIAN CATACOMBS

Thou com'st in such a questionable shape
That I will speak to thee. Oh! oh! answer me;
Let me not burst in ignorance, but tell
Why thy embalmed bones, hearsed in earth,
Have burst their cerements?"——SHAKSPEARE.

.... WHEN the French Abbé arrived at the Catacom
he was received with affected impatience by those
his fellow travellers who had remained with the Mo
whilst he ascended the pyramid. "What!" said Mo
val, "do you make us wait, on whose account we ca
hither? The Moors have finished their work
quarter of an hour. You may now descend into
dismal vault, if you have the courage."—Yes, certai
I shall go down. It is of great importance to k
whether the ancient Egyptians laid their mummies
in these caves, or whether they placed them upri
against the wall. In a moment I shall be able to
you."—"Will you go down alone?"—"Why not.
"It would be as well that some one should go w
you; one does not know....."—"Do you suspect
there will be any danger?"—"No: but in a d
cavern fancies may arise: one might be frightened,

the phantoms of the imagination..."—"You wish to terrify me, but I have a strong head. These vaults have been closed so many ages that I shall not even find a bat."—"Why, that is according...."—"How! what do you mean?"—"O! nothing...."—"But come, explain yourself."—"Well, since you desire to know my suspicions, I will tell you freely. The Moors are great knaves, as you have found. They promise all travellers to open catacombs for them that have never been opened before; but they never keep their word."—"So you think that I shall be made a dupe, and I shall not have the advantage of being the first to descend into this catacomb?"—"I do think so."—"Are you certain of it?"—"You shall judge for yourself." At the same moment the Moors invited the Abbé to place himself in a large basket, to the handle of which they had fastened a cord. Furnished with a candle, and every thing necessary to light it, the Abbé took leave of his friends, and caused himself to be let down to the bottom of the cavern. The noise made by the basket touching the bottom echoed suddenly, and was prolonged in the surrounding cavities. "What a people was this," said our antiquary to himself, "who knew how to do honour to a man even after his death, by assigning so noble an assylum to his remains! Can the art of embalming bodies be lost then for ever? that art which seemed to preserve men from destruction, and, in some sort, prolonged his life through whole ages? Dr. Shaw mentions seeing one, the muscles of which were very well preserved; perhaps I shall have the same satisfaction."

He got out of the basket, and, having lighted his

candle, began to look around him. Empty coffers, and mummies half stripped of their bandages, struck his eyes.

O!" cried he, " Montval was right; the Moors have deceived me. These vaults have already been several times opened, and my discoveries in this place will be lost to science!" As he spoke these words, he penetrated a little further into the vault, and he thought he heard a sigh. He stopped, a little agitated, and listened.——Another sigh struck his ear. Suddenly an involuntary motion of terror seized him, but he blamed his timidity, and endeavoured to take courage. After some moments' reflection, he waved the candle round him with a somewhat tremulous hand. But what was his suprise, when he saw, at the corner of the wall, a mummy falling from its place, with its coffin half open! The fall was succeeded by groans and stifled sighs. The Abbé, who had too much sense to attribute these sighs to a supernatural cause, armed himself with courage, and cast a glance on the complaining mummy. He saw it moving in its ancient bandages, and struggling to recover the use of its limbs, and to articulate sounds. He was examining it with attention mixed with dread, when he suddenly perceived shoes on the feet of the pretended mummy: " those are European shoes," said he; " no, you are not an Egyptian mummy; discover yourself, and do not think to terrify me. Who placed you there?"—Take pity on me! save me! They have robbed me, and wanted to make a mummy of me."—" What! are you a victim of the perfidy and avarice of the Moors? How I rejoice in the power of restoring you to the light!"—" Make haste, for I am

ast exhausted."—"Stop! let me call my compa-ns, and afford you all possible assistance."

As he spoke, the Abbé called to his fellow-travellers om the bottom of the cave. "In the name of huma-ty," said he, "come down, all of you. I have disco-ered in these dark vaults a victim of the rapacity of he Moors; an unhappy traveller, whom they have swathed like a mummy, after robbing him. Bring him some food and spirits."

While the Abbé was calling for assistance, and the travellers were descending into the catacomb, Dominic, Montval's servant, who, in obedience to his master, had undertaken to counterfeit the mummy, freed himself from his bandages, and managed slyly to rejoin the company, unperceived by the Abbé, who desired his companions, in a hurried manner, to follow him. He went straight to the corner of the wall, and called the unfortunate traveller, to announce to him the promised assistance; but no voice replied. The Abbé called a second time; no one answered: a third time, and a fourth time, still the same silence.

"The poor devil does not know what he refuses," said Seignier, for I have got in my hand a bottle of wine that would revive the dead."

The Abbé was confounded; and sought, in vain, for the pretended mummy. "You have imposed on us," said the others, laughing, "or, perhaps, the sighs and groans you heard were only the effects of a lively imagination."—"I assure you," replied he, "that the poor wretch spoke to me;" and he took, at the same time, a glass of wine from the hands of Seignier; and renewing his search; O! you," cried he, "whos

groans I lately heard, conceal yourself no longer from my sight. Come and drink some of this wine, it will renew your strength." Dominic suddenly came forward, seized the glass, and emptied it; while the applause and noisy laughter of the party informed the Abbé of the trick which had been played him.

As he was very good-natured, he easily forgave the jest, and laughed at it himself very heartily.

CLEONE, OR MATERNAL DESPAIR.

——Ad humum mœrore gravi deducit et angit.—Hor.

——Grief dejects, and wrings the tortur'd soul.
Roscommon.

So when the plague, o'er London's gasping crowds,
Shook her dank wing, and steer'd her murky clouds;
When o'er the friendless bier no rites were read*,
No dirge slow-chanted, and no pall outspread;
While Death and night, pil'd up the naked throng,
And Silence drove their ebon cars† along;

* During the last great plague in London, one pit, to receive the dead, was dug in the Charter House, forty feet long, sixteen feet wide, and twenty feet deep, and, in two weeks, received 1114 bodies. During this drear calamity, there were instances of mothers carrying their own children to those public graves; and of people delirious, or in despair from the loss of friends, who threw themselves alive into these pits.

† Amid the dreadful truths of the description, the dead cart should have been called by its simple name. *Car* has a fine triumphant sound, which somewhat disturbs the awful

Six lovely daughters, and their father, swept
To the throng'd grave, Cleone saw, and wept.
Her tender mind, with meek religion fraught,
Drank, all-resign'd, Affliction's bitter draught:
Alive, and listening to the whisper'd groan
Of others' woes, unmindful of her own,
One smiling boy, her last sweet hope, she warms,
Hush'd on her bosom, cradled in her arms.
Daughter of woe! ere morn, in vain caress'd,
Clung the cold babe upon thy milkless breast;
With feeble cries thy last sad aid requir'd,
Stretch'd its stiff limbs, and on thy lap expir'd!
Long, with wide eye-lids, on her child she gaz'd,
And long, to Heaven, their tearless orbs she rais'd;
Then, with quick foot and throbbing heart, she foun
Where Chartreuse open'd deep his holy ground;
Bore her last treasure through the midnight gloom,
And, kneeling, dropp'd it in the mighty tomb.
"I follow next!" the frantic mourner said,
And, living, plunged amid the festering dead.

---

horror of the impression. Surely the vehicle, without nomi
alteration, and with a stronger epithet prefixed, that sho
specify its complexion, would be better:

> While Death and night pil'd up the naked throng,
> And Silence drove their *ghastly carts* along.

A FORTUNATE ESCAPE.

——Quis talia fando
Temperet a lachrymis?——VIRGIL.
Who can relate such woes without a tear?

.... While, in the Thuilleries, I was intently remarking the particular impression of a shot which struck the edge of one of the casements of the first-floor of the palace, my *valet de place* came up to know at which door I would have the carriage to remain in waiting.

On turning round, I fancied I beheld the man who "drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night." That messenger, I am sure, could not have presented a visage more pale, more spiritless than my Helvetian. Recollecting that he had served in the Swiss guards, I was the less at a loss to account for his extreme agitation.

"In what part of the castle were you, Jean," said I, "when these balls were aimed at the windows?"

"There was my post," replied he, recovering himself, and pointing to one of the centre casements.

"Is it true," continued I, "that by way of feigning a reconciliation, you threw down cartridges by handfuls to the Marseillese below, and called out, *Vive la Nation*?"

"It is but too true," answered Jean; "we then availed ourselves of the moment when they advanced under the persuasion that they were to become our friends, and opened on them a tremendous fire, by which we covered the place with dead and dying. But we became victims of our own treachery; for our ammunition being, by this *ruse de guerre*, the sooner expended, we presently had no resource left but the bayonet,

we could not prevent the mob from closing

how did you contrive to escape?"
ng thrown away my Swiss uniform, in the
nfusion, I fortunately possessed myself of the
National Volunteer, which he had taken off
t of the hot weather. This garment, bespat-
blood, I instantly put on, as well as this hat
coloured cockade."
disguise saved your life," interrupted I.
indeed. Having got down to the vestibule, I
find a passage into the garden; and, to pre-
cion, I at once mixed with the mob on the
re we are now standing."
did you get off at last?" said I.
obliged," answered he, "to shout and swear
poissardes, while the heads of many of my
were thrown out of the windows."
poissardes," added I, "set no bounds to their

replied he, "I expected every moment to
fects; my disguise alone favoured my escape:
ad bodies of my countrymen they practised
ies of mutilation."
ean drew a picture of a nature too horrid to
tted to paper, my pen could not trace it*.—
, nothing could exceed the ferocity of the in-
pulace; and the sacking of the palace of the

---

e reader wishes to see a faint description of the hor-
horridly memorable 10th of August, he may consult
of *Flowers of Literature* for 1803, p. 285.

Trojan king presents but a faint image of
here on the day which overset the thr
Bourbons....

VARIOUS LITERARY OBSERVATIONS OF WILLIAM COWPER, ESQ.

Scribendi rectè sapere est et principium et fi
Sound judgment is the ground of writing wc

For the honour of many writers, whose m
suffered from their biographers, we may
extensive series of literary biography had b
quently enriched by the memoirs of such re
as feel only the influence of tenderness,
truth*.

* It will probably occur to the reader, as
justness of this reflection, the manner in which
celebrated Dr. Samuel Johnson has been treated
and biographers: "They watched his death
says, "like so many undertakers, to make a penn
as a modern wit expresses himself with singular
used the doctor as the people use whales cast u
coasts of England: show the monster for a pen
then sell the blubber for what it will fetch."
combined to give the world every idle as well as
he spoke, and every trifling as well as serious
formed. They have given, at full length, eve
or defect of temper. Against such a phalanx o
formers, it is impossible that any character can st
that of a man who, with much bodily pain an

i may observe to the honour of Scotland, that her ional enthusiasm has for some years been laudibly ted in cherishing the memory of her departed poets*.

.....

i law is a kind of soldiership, and the profession of s it may be said to require for the constitution of eroes,

"A frame of adamant, a soul of fire."

.....

PY is the man who knows just so much of the LAW, make himself a little merry now and then with olemnity of juridical proceedings. I have heard of non law judgments before now, indeed, have been nt at the delivery of some, that, according to my apprehension, while they paid the utmost respect : letter of a statute, have departed widely from the of it, and being governed entirely by the point of ıave left equity, reason, and common sense behind at an infinite distance.

:o have the command of themselves. This only can ac- for many of the harsh, uncharitable, and absurd opinions are given as his, but which no man, who knows from his ;s how to appreciate his merit, will ever think of at- ıg to him as the deliberate sentiments of his heart. The Scottish favourite of nature, the tender and impetu- rns, has found in Dr. Currie an ingenious, eloquent, and nate biographer; and in a lady also, (whose memoir of nd, the bard, is properly annexed to her life,) a zealous ceful advocate, singularly happy in vindicating his cha- rom invidious detraction.

It is a bold undertaking at this time of day, when so many writers of the greatest abilities have gone before, who seem to have anticipated every valuable subject, as well as all the graces of poetical embellishment, to step forth into the world in the character of a BARD, especially when it is considered that luxury, idleness, and vice have debauched the public taste, and that nothing hardly is welcome but childish fiction, or what has at least a tendency to excite laughter.

. . . . . .

THE vexation, the perplexity that attends a multiplicity of CRITICISMS by various hands, many of which are sure to be futile, many of them ill founded, and some of them contradictory to others, is inconceivable, except by the author whose ill-fated work happens to be the subject of them. It appears self-evident also, that if a work hath passed under the review of one man of taste and learning, and has had the good fortune to please him, his approbation gives security for that of all others qualified like himself.

. . . . . .

HOMER is the best poet that ever lived for many reasons, but for none more than for that majestic plainness that distinguishes him from all others. As an accomplished person moves gracefully without thinking of it, in like manner the dignity of Homer seems to cost him no labour. It was natural to him to say great things, and to say them well, and little ornaments were beneath his notice.

. . . . . .

BURNS is, I believe, the only poet these kingdoms have produced in the lowest class of life, since Shakspeare, I

should rather say since Prior, who need not to be indebted for any part of his praise to a charitable consideration of his origin, and the disadvantages under which he has laboured. It will be a pity if he should not hereafter divest himself of barbarism, and content himself with writing pure English, in which he appears perfectly qualified to excel. He who can command admiration, dishonours himself if he aims no higher than to raise a laugh.

Poor Burns loses much of his deserved praise in England, through the ignorance of his language. His candle is bright, but shut up in a dark lantern.

.....

BARCLAY'S *Agenis* is a most amusing romance of an old date. It is interesting in a high degree, richer in incidents that can be imagined, full of surprises which the reader never forestalls, and yet free from all entanglement and confusion. The style is such as would not dishonour Tacitus himself.

.....

A LEECH in a bottle foretels all the prodigies and convulsions in nature. Not by articulate utterance of oracular notices, but by a variety of gesticulations. No change of weather surprises him, and, in point of the earliest and most accurate intelligence, he is worth all the barometers in the world.

.....

To exhibit the majesty of HOMER in a modern language, is a task that no man can estimate the difficulty

of till he attempts it. To paraphrase him loosely hang him with trappings that do not belong to him this is comparatively easy. But to represent him only his own ornaments, and still to preserve his nity, is a labour that can only be achieved by the assiduous and most unremitting attention.

.....

THEY say of POETS that they must be born s so must mathematicians, so must great generals must lawyers, and so indeed must men of all den nations, or it is not possible that they should excel. with whatever faculties we are born, and to what studies our genius may direct us, studies they must be. Milton did not write his Paradise Lost, nor Ho his Iliad, nor Newton his Principia, without imm labour. Nature gave them a bias to their respe pursuits, and that strong propensity is what we by *Genius*; the rest they gave themselves.

.....

Some of *Lavater's Aphorisms* appear wise; many w sical; a few false; and not a few extravagant. *Ne medium.*—If he finds in a man the feature or qu that he approves, he deifies him; if the contrary, a devil. His verdict, it may be supposed, is in nei case a just one.

.....

WHAT one reads under a hedge, or at the side pond, that pond and that hedge will always brin one's remembrance; and this is a sort of *memoria t nica* which may be recommended.

.....

There are, undoubtedly, in Sir John Hawkins' book some awkwardnesses of phrase, and, which is worse, here and there, some unequivocal indications of a vanity not easily pardonable in a man of his years; but, on the whole, it is amusing, and replete with information. It gives a great insight into the history of modern literature, and modern men of letters. Fifty years hence, perhaps, the world will feel itself obliged to him.

. . . . . .

Boswell's Tour is amusing. There is indeed much trash in it, as there must always be in every narrative that relates indiscriminately all that passed. But now and then the doctor speaks like an oracle, and that makes amends for all. Sir John was a coxcomb, and Boswell is not less a coxcomb, though of another kind. I fancy Johnson made coxcombs of all his friends, and they, in return, made him a coxcomb; for, with reverence be it spoken, such he certainly was; and, flattered as he was, he was sure to be so.

. . . . . .

We, who make books ourselves, are merciful to book-makers. I would that every fastidious judge of authors were, himself, obliged to write; there goes more to the composition of a volume than many critics imagine. I have often wondered, that the same poet who wrote the Dunciad, should have written these lines:—

> "The mercy I to others show,
> That mercy show to me."

Alas! for Pope, if the mercy he showed to others was the measure of the mercy he received!

. . . . . .

In writing, perspicuity is always more than hal battle. The want of it is the ruin of more thar the poetry that is published. A meaning that doe stare you in the face is as bad as no meaning; be nobody will take the pains to poke for it.

. . . . . .

It is useful to *every* man to be well grounded in principles of jurisprudence. It is a branch of sc that bids much fairer to enlarge the mind, and gi accuracy of reasoning than all the mathematics i world.

. . . . . .

Miscarriages, in authorship, are as often t ascribed to want of pains-taking as to want of abi

. . . . . .

The great author of the *Rambler* (intimately acqua with all the troubles that are too apt to attend th taries of literature) has said, "that a Bookseller i only Mæcenas of the modern world." Without as ing to all the eulogy and all the satire implied in remarkable sentiment, we may take a pleasure in serving, that in the class of men so magnificently sportively commended, there are several individ each of whom, a writer of the most delicate mar and exalted mind, may justly esteem as a ple associate and as a liberal friend.

. . . . . .

Let genius, true genius, conceal itself where it we may say of it, as the young man in Terence o beautiful mistress, *Diu latere non potest.*

CHARACTER OF THE MALAY SLAVES.

——Duris genuit te cantibus horrens
Caucasus, Hircanæque admorunt ubera tigres.—VIRG.
——————Thy parent was a rock,
And fierce Hircanian tigers gave thee suck.

THE Dutch, at the Cape of Good Hope, import many slaves, both from Asia and Africa; those from the Malay Isles are particularly ferocious and vindictive. The slaves of the Malay race are tolerably numerous, and employed in many kinds of laborious work, such as gardening and attending the grounds belonging to the pleasure-houses round the town, and in the kitchens, and the drudgery-work belonging to them. They are also often employed in fishing and procuring fuel. This class of people are extremely vindictive, treacherous, and ferocious, implacable in their revenge, and, on the slightest provocation or imaginary insult, will commit murder. They are indeed a scourge to the people they come among Many shocking murders have been committed by the Malay slaves on their masters and mistresses; not for the purpose of robbing, but merely to gratify their thirst of revenge, which nothing but the blood of their object can satisfy, though at the certain loss of their own lives. When a Malay has determined on revenge, he takes a quantity of opium, to work himself up to a state of madness, when he rushes out with a knife, or dagger, which is called a *kreese*; and, after putting to death the original object of his infernal passion, he next rushes at every one he meets, till he is at length overpowered and taken,

which, perhaps, is not the case till several victims fall before him. Nothing but a lucky shot or blow, that stuns him to the earth, will ensure the safety of his opponent, as he proceeds with such a savage fierceness and impetuosity, that it is reckoned a most arduous and dangerous service to encounter him in this state. This is what is called *running a muck*; on the slightest alarm of which, every one flies before him, and escapes the best way he can. Whoever kills a Malay, in the act of *running a muck*, is entitled to a very high reward from government, and he certainly deserves it; for the most cool and intrepid are scarcely a match for the Malay, when worked to this pitch of desperate madness.

The two following instances happened when I was at Cape town:—A Malay, for some insult, or necessary chastisement received from his master, drew a knife and stabbed him to the heart, and immediately rushed into the streets with the weapon reeking with the blood of his unfortunate victim. The first person he met was a very fine slave girl, about seventeen years old, into whose face he darted the dreadful weapon. Fortunately a country farmer was, at the moment, passing by Strand-street, where it happened; and, having a gun loaded in the waggon he was driving, fired and killed the Malay on the spot. If this shot had not succeeded in bringing him down, I and a brother officer, who came to the spot a few moments after, would, in all probability, have been his next victims. The poor slave girl died a few hours after. This was the second time that a slave of the Malay race, *running a muck* was prevented from falling in with me. Once indeed at Ponamala, in the East Indies, I very narrowly

escaped, having been slightly wounded in the arm by a Malay, who had attacked some seapoys; and if I had not been fortunate enough to give him, at the first cut, so severe a wound as to disable him, he would certainly have put me to death. The *kreese* he struck me with was poisoned; and my arm, in consequence, swelled to a very great degree, and, for some time, it was thought I should have lost it, if not my life. I must here remark, that I received the greatest benefit from the *eau de luce*, which I have reason to believe is a valuable antidote against poison; it has been found to prevent fatal effects from the most venomous bites of snakes. Dr. Anderson, of Madras, was the first who administered it in those cases, and found its beneficial effects.

Another instance of the barbarity of this race of slaves, which happened at the Cape whilst I was there, occurred in a Malay, who, on being refused leave by his master to go out to a festival, or merry-making, with his fellows, took a knife and stabbed him to the heart; then went to his mistress in the adjoining room, and committed on her the same barbarous and inhuman act. An old Malabar slave, who was cutting wood before the door, having observed him perpetrate these horrid murders, watched the opportunity as he was rushing out of the door, and, striking him on the head with the axe, with which he was cleaving the wood, killed him on the spot. The government was generous enough to reward the Malabar with his liberty and one hundred dollars. The Malays are certainly the most active and laborious race, do a great deal of work, and of every kind; and are equally useful in tilling and

cultivating the ground, as at those works which requ
mechanical dexterity.

ON TEMPERANCE.

Imitated from Horace.—Book I. Ode 12.

*Integer vitæ, &c**.

BY THE REV. DR. GREAVES,

(Now nearly 100 years of age.)

I.

THE man that leads a sober life,
Obsequious to his careful wife,
Abstains from all high-season'd food,
And drinks no more than does him good;

II.

He needs no case of costly drams,
Nor hamper stuff'd with tongues and hams
Much less the pills, that Quacks may puff,
Nor *pois'nous*† draughts of doctors' stuff!

III.

Whether through half-starv'd France he go
Or traversing th' unmelting snows
That crown the Alps and Appenines,
On frogs and stinking rabbits dines,
Or tempts the Volga's barbarous flood,
Where Tartars feed on horses' blood.

* Honoured with the Bath-Easton Myrtle.

† Nec venenatis gravidâ, sagittis, &c.

IV.

For late, on my return to College,
The seat of temperance and Knowledge,
A spotted fiend*, with fevers arm'd,
And pois'nous breath, the town alarm'd;
No Lynx or Leopard fiercer ranges
Amongst the Hindoos, on the Ganges,
Or haunts the much-fam'd Banks of Nile,
Where lurks the treach'rous crocodile.

V.

Yet, taking Temperance to my aid,
Undaunted through close lanes I stray'd,
And brav'd the monster, void of fear—
He found no food for fevers here.

VI.

Place me amidst th'eternal frost
That reigns on Lapland's desert coast,
Where not a flower, or cheerful green,
Or scarce a cabbage-stem is seen,
But clouds, and fogs, and darkness drear,
Obscure and sadden half the year:—
Place me beneath the Torrid Zone,
Where scarce a crazy hut† is known:—
To Temp'rance while my vows I pay,
And sing her praise and offspring gay;
Fair Health my cares shall still beguile‡,
And sweetly prattle, sweetly smile.

* The Small-Pox. † In terrâ domibus negatâ.
‡ Dulce ridentem.

PLAGUE OF LONDON IN THE YEAR 1349.

" With dead and dying men our streets lie cover'd;
And Earth exposes bodies on the pavements
More than she hides in graves.
Between the bride and bridegroom have I seen
The nuptial torch do common offices
Of marriage and of death." DRYDEN'S OEDIP.

THE great plague which prevailed in England from August 1348 to August 1349*, which, in its wide and destructive progress, does not fall short of any in the records of mankind; began in Tartary in the year 1345†, and continued in the whole for not less than seven years. After having spread through the several kingdoms of Asia, it passed into Europe, and visited in turn every country and district into which this part of the world is divided, with impartial ruin. In London certainly not fewer than one hundred thousand persons perished‡, which was perhaps the half, and perhaps a greater proportion, of the population which the metropolis of England had then to boast.

Various circumstances, calculated to give us a vivid conception of this calamity, are selected by the judicious pen of Boccaccio. " Of the lower people," says he, " and of a great part of the middling class in Florence, the case was still more distressful than that of the rich. Influenced by hope or by poverty, multitudes of them

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* History of Edward III. book ii. chap. viii. § 6, 13.

† Barnes ubi supra, § 2, 3.—Stow, A.D. 1349.

‡ The old historians assure us that scarcely the tenth person was left alive.

it themselves up in their houses, where they sickened thousands, and, being destitute of every kind of service and aid, perished without redemption. The first lication by which their neighbours became acquainted ith their fate, was the pestilential effluvia proceeding om their corpses. In such cases, the neighbours broke en the doors, dragged forth their miserable remains, id placed them upright in the streets. Whoever had assed along the city early in the morning would have een sure to encounter this terrible spectacle on every ide. As the day advanced, biers and tables were brought, nd the dead bodies piled upon them. Here were seen husband and wife, brother and sister, father and child, huddled in one load, and carried off together. Frequently it happened that, as two priests with a crucifix were going to celebrate the funeral rites of one person, three or four biers crept on silently behind, and thus gained by stealth, as it were, for the deceased, the wretched honour of a sort of religious interment. The church-yards and cemeteries were speedily filled; after which vast trenches were dug, in which a hundred bodies were buried together; here they were stowed, like merchandise in a ship, one upon another, with a thin stratum of earth between, till the trench was filled with corpses to the very brim.*"

It is worthy of remark how different the effect such a calamity among christian nations had, from the effect of the same calamity among pagans, as described by Thucydides. He says, "Each one now hastened to do the mischief of which before he was ashamed: for

* Il Decamerone, Proemio.

they saw the virtuous perish indiscriminately with the base, and the poor mounting into the places of the rich. No one attempted great and perilous achievements from the love of virtue, for they believed that they should not live to complete their undertakings: but they gave themselves up to every kind of licentiousness and indulgence, undeterred by the fear of the gods or the judgment of men, persuaded that they should not exist long enough to suffer the retribution of their crimes*."

What effect did the same calamity produce among the Christian nations? We are assured by contemporary writers, that one of its effects was, to diffuse a general spirit of religion. "All men being awakened to the quick by so dreadful an appearance of death at their elbow, piously set themselves to bewail their sins, and amend their lives; and, where they could, to frequent the sacraments: several gave all they had to the poor†: and which was greatly consolatory in the general sorrow, innocent children, and the majority of those who perished, rejoiced, and uttered praises to God, with their dying lips; while the wicked themselves, before they perceived any token of the pestilence upon them, so applied their minds to the virtue of penitence, that they came at last to long for death as a blessing‡."

There is something in a calamity of this sort, that irresistibly tends to remove the ordinary and plausible medium through which human affairs are viewed; that

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* Lib. ii. cap. viii.

† Cantacuzenus, &c. apud Barnes, § 3, 4.

‡ Naucterus, chronica, ad ann.

issolves vulgar ties, and dissipates vulgar ideas; that eaches us to look through nature up to the God or Nature, and that invisible power which guides the rst machine.

The plague had no sooner subsided, than another effect, of a very opposite kind, was produced upon the minds of men. "It might have been imagined that their manners would be improved, and their behaviour rendered more correct, by the influence of so terrible a lesson. But no sooner was the mortality stayed, than the contrary presently appeared. Mankind, finding themselves few in nunmber, and a multitude having stepped unexpectedly into large possessions, belying the awful experience of the past, they gave themselves up to shameful and disorderly living. They plunged without restraint into all the vices of a pampered appetite, and spent their time in banquetings, taverns, and riots. Unaccustomed splendor, and unlooked for opulence, these were the ruin of the upstart heirs. As to the lower people, even they found themselves possessed of a superabundance of necessaries, and refused to labour at their former occupations; they fed on the rarest delicacies; they married and discarded their wives at pleasure; and clad their ignoble offspring, and the most abandoned females in the vestments of noble matrons and honourable ladies, who had fallen victims to the calamity*."—"They persuaded themselves that henceforth they should never neede to till the earth, work, builde houses, plant vines, or doe ought

* Matteo Villani, lib. i. cap. 4. Giovanni, his brother, to whose work Matteo's is a supplement, died of the plague.

else that appertayned unto human life: having, as they supposed, more store of foode and all other necessaries left unto them then they could spende whilst they shoulde live, and believing likewise that they were nowe secure, the fury of God's justice being past. Whereuppon God sent a great and universal famine*; the cattle, for want of men to look to them, wandering about the fields at random, and perishing among hedges and ditches; and vast quantities of corn being lost for want of hands to gather it in†."

It is worthy of remark, as a feature of the manners and politics of the fourteenth century, that the institution of the order of the Garter, one of the most splendid and sumptuous festivals of the reign of its magnificent founder, took place on the twenty-third of April 1349‡, in the midst of the most desolating season of this tremendous calamity. Historians have remarked, that few princes and eminent personages fell victims to this pestilence. Thus this splendid ceremony held its stately march between walls of funeral sadness and putrifying carcasses§.

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* Howe's additions to Stowe, p. 859.

† Knighton, apud x. Scriptores, A.D. 1348.

‡ Statutes of Institution, apud Ashmole, Institution of the Garter, appendix.

§ It is worthy of remark, that the topic of the above-described great plague furnished Boccaccio with the occasion of his Decamerone. He feigns ten persons to have retired from Florence to a villa at no great distance, to escape from the contagion, and, when there, to have amused themselves for ten days with relating the tales of which his production is composed.

Εβουλομην δε επολεις και ορη αυτα μονον ωσπερ εν γραφαις οραν, αλλα τους ανθρωπους αυτους και α πραττουσι και δια λεγουσι. LUCIAN.

Besides, I wanted to take a view, not of cities and mountains only, as we may in a map, but of mankind: to know what they do, and what they say. FRANKLIN'S *Translation.*

.... What a wonderful country is Madagascar! It is the naturalist's true land of promise. Nature seems to have retired thither as into a sanctuary, where she might work after models different from those to which she had subjected herself in other regions. The difference between the vegetables of this isle and those of the neighbouring countries is incredible. There the most extraordinary and unusual forms meet the eye at every step. System-makers would there find an abundant harvest, and must conclude at last by confessing, that we have as yet lifted up only one corner of the veil which covers the awful face of nature.

The northern part of the island has the advantage in greater abundance of provisions, tracts more plentiful in slaves, cattle, corn, valuable kind of woods, gums, resins, &c.; but woe to the European who shall be found in these fatal latitudes from the month of November to that of May! The whole point of Cape Natal is one vast cemetery of Frenchmen; the southern part, on the contrary, is healthy, and habitable during the whole of the year, and it might I think be made the site of a permanent and flourishing colony.

The inhabitants of this remarkable country are at once intelligent and indolent, mild and formidable.

They have always received Europeans hospitably, but have often cut their throats. The Portuguese, Dutch, and French have all been massacred in their turns; but I firmly believe, that the Madagascans would never have been carried to such an excess of cruelty, had they not been driven by intolerable oppression to overstep their natural character. They are kind and hospitable: and it is certainly a very short-sighted avarice which leads the Europeans to force these people to take in exchange for their commodities, muskets, powder, and ball, which they afterwards employ against them, instead of piastres which they would willingly accept. Money is not, indeed, amongst them a representative of all other commodities; they put it to more useful purposes by making it into rings, (for they have goldsmiths and other metal workers), bracelets, ear-rings, and thin plates, with which they adorn themselves, their wives, children, and their arms. A strong proof of the mildness, humanity, and kind dispositions of these islanders is, that, at a time when they and the Europeans found it necessary to be mutually on their guard, the naturalists traversed all parts of the country without arms, and every where met with a favourable reception.

There are four very distinct races of men in Madagascar: the first are very black, with short curly hair, and appear to be aborigenes of the island. The second inhabit the interior provinces. They are tawny, with long straight hair, and are called Matamboos. They are continually at war with the first race, and are less esteemed because they are not so strong, and are in general very indolent: in features they much resemble the Malay. The third race inhabit the south, and part of the west

coast. They are descended from some Arabs, who, in ancient times settled themselves there after a shipwreck. They have preserved the features, and some of the customs of their ancestors, but have no knowledge of them. They only say that that they are not natives of the country, and consider themselves as children of the sea, which threw their forefathers on this coast. They write the Madagascar language with Arabic characters on a coarse kind of paper, which they manufacture themselves from the bark of a tree, by beating. They likewise write on the leaves of a tree of the banana kind, tracing the letters with a bodkin in the Indian manner. At first they are not very distinguishable, but, on drying become extremely black. These men are regarded as sages by all the inhabitants of the coast, who do not fail to have recourse to them, when they are in any difficulty, and have auguries or sacrifices to perform.

The fourth race inhabit the high mountains, and are remarkable for their littleness. These dwarfs are called Kimos or Quimos, and are distinguished by a pale colour, and by arms so long that they can reach their knees without stooping.

The aborigenes of Madagascar are clever and intelligent, but abandoned to the most profound indolence. The Quimos are accounted the most intelligent, active, and warlike people of the island. They have a double portion of courage compared to their size. Never have they suffered themselves to be oppressed by their neighbours, who have often attempted to subjugate them. What makes their bravery more conspicuous is, that

that they are not acquainted, like their enemies the use of fire-arms, and are very inferior in nu It must, however, be acknowledged, that th greatly indebted for the preservation of their lib their rocks, among which it would be equally d ous and difficult to pursue them.

They live on rice, legumes, roots, and variou of fruit that grow upon their mountains. They cattle, among which may be observed some oxe humps, and sheep with thick tails; these animal wise make part of their food. They have no co nication by commerce or alliances with the v tribes of men who surround them, and supply al wants from the land they cultivate.

The object of all the petty wars between the the blacks is reciprocally to plunder each other o and slaves. The littleness of the Quimos, ho protects them, in a considerable degree, from thi injury; and when they are convinced that thei mies having nothing in view but to carry off thei and herds, they are often induced, by the love of to yield up a part of them. As soon as they pe from the tops of their mountains, a formidable o battle advancing along the plain, they tie up s their cattle as they can spare, at the entrances o narrow passes through which alone their country approached, which they voluntarily sacrifice, as th to the indigence of their elder brothers, declaring same time, their resolution to defend themselves last extremity, should any attempt be made to a farther into the country in a hostile manner.

thus prove that it is not from a sense of their weakness, still less from cowardice, that they send out their presents before their warriors.

Their weapons are the zagay and the bow and arrow, which they discharge with the truest possible aim. It is said, that if they could once get access to the Europeans, which they greatly desire, they would soon proceed from defensive to offensive war, against neighbours, who would then, perhaps, esteem themselves very happy to be able to remain at peace with them.

The dress of the Madagascar men is only a straight piece of cloth, three ells long, which they put over their shoulders, so that the two ends fall down before. The chiefs wear silk or cotton, ornamented at the ends with fringe and beads, or grains of tin: they cover their heads with a hood made of cane. . . . The women wrap round their waist six or seven yards of blue cloth, which has the effect of a petticoat; under this they always wear a piece of white cloth; they have also a kind of waistcoat which comes only half way down the breast, and is adorned in front with several gold or silver clasps. They wear ear-rings, rings of silver or glass for bracelets, and chains round their necks, of gold or silver, manufactured in the country.

Their common food is rice, which they eat, boiled in water, with fish or fowl cut small. They put into the broth the leaves of a certain plant and a little sea water, for they are ignorant of the use of salt. Banana leaves supply the place of table-cloths and dishes. They use banana leaves, twisted up like a horn, to take up their rice and broth with. They boil their drinking water before they use it, in the vessel in which the rice has

been cooked; a very useful precaution in this country, where the water is generally very bad, almost always brackish, and leaves a sediment on boiling.

Their houses are only of a single room, in which the whole family sleeps; the roof is supported by thick stakes driven into the ground; the walls are of ravenala leaves joined together, and fastened to laths of bamboo; within they are hung with mats. The floor is commonly raised a foot or two; it is made of strong hurdles of bamboo, covered with mats, except in one corner, which is left for a hearth.

The houses of the chiefs are not more ornamented. The only thing by which they are distinguished is a palisade surrounding them, with a mat higher than the building itself, which is placed before the house, and on which are hung the horns of all the oxen sacrificed at public festivals.

Their furniture consists of a few earthern-ware vessels for culinary purposes, bamboos or calabashes to draw water in, and little flag baskets to keep their clothes in.

The arts have made no great progress in this country. The women of the southern parts weave stuffs, both of silk and cotton; those of the north, of the leaves of the raphia. Their looms are very simple, consisting only of four sticks set in the ground.

Agriculture is not in a more advanced state than the arts; they have neither gardens nor fruit-trees. The inhabitants of the north cultivate nothing but rice; and as this plant does not succeed in the southern parts, its place is there supplied by small millet. They never break up their land after burning the marsh plants;

they sow their rice at the beginning of the rainy season. In many places they do not even give themselves the trouble of sowing. They leave some ears standing, the grains of which fall, and sow themselves.

Physicians enjoy great respect in this country, though their science is confined to the knowledge of a few aromatic plants. They are never sent for, however, till the illness becomes serious; and a plaister, made of a very large kind of peas, mixed with lime, has been applied to the part affected, which is their universal remedy. When a person is extremely ill, they suspend the branch of a tree over the door, as a signal that no one will be admitted but the physician, and those whose attendance is necessary.

Sometimes, as a last resource, the doctor has recourse to bleeding, which he performs in a singular manner: he first applies the large end of an ox horn to the part which he supposes to be the seat of the malady; he then, by means of a hole bored in the small end, exhausts the air with his mouth, which attracts the blood to the part; after this he takes a blunt knife, the point of which is bent back, makes several scarifications, and puts on the horn a second time.

The island of Madagascar is divided into a multitude of petty sovereignties; each village has its chief, who is independent, and whose dignity is hereditary.

The dian, or chief, can do nothing without assembling a council, at which strangers, and even enemies, may assist. Every one gives his opinion, speaking according to order of rank, and never are two voices heard together.

If this country were inhabited by Europeans it would,

perhaps, be the finest, richest, and most powerful in the world. Mountains are found in it of quartz and rock crystal; mines of gold, silver, copper, precious stones, and amber; and many beasts, birds, and reptiles little known to us, as well as vegetable productions which might be of the greatest service to mankind.

BRIGHTON, AND THE BATHING WORLD.

A leap into salt waters very often gives a new motion to the spirits, and a new turn to the blood.--ADDISON.

ABOUT sixty years ago, Brighton consisted of a few thatched, fishermen's huts, a considerable number of which were in ruins. A Sussex farmer, now living who at that time had never seen the sea, remembers his journey thither; when his breakfast came only to threepence, an excellent dinner of beef-steaks to sixpence, and the remainder of the shilling went to pay for his horse and the ostler: to use his own expression, "they were so unaccustomed to the sight of a stranger, that they made, Sir, as great to do with me as if I had been the king's son."

The first patron of Brighton was Dr. Russel, who then resided at Malling, near Lewes; and one of the first patients whom he sent to bathe, was the wife of the late Rev. William Clarke, residentiary of Chichester. A letter, descriptive of Brighton at that time, by this learned divine, has been preserved by Nicholls, in his *Miscellaneous Tracts*, relative to Mr. Bowyer and his friends. Mr. Clarke had the best house in Brighton at the rate of five shillings per week.

The town of Brighton is built on what is called the waste, and its inhabitants acknowledge themselves to be a lawless set, since they have no act under which any magistrate can think himself sufficiently protected, should he attempt to enforce a little more decorum than at present is observed. The only act they have was passed about forty years ago, when Brighton was little better than a village of fishermen, and, I believe, was principally drawn by Mr. Scrase. Owing to this circumstance the limits of male and female bathing have got strangely blended together; and many other abuses are tolerated, of which all complain, though no one has sufficient courage to oppose them. The late Sir Godfrey Webster endeavoured to remedy some of these evils, and experienced not only opposition, but the grossest abuse.

The natives of Sussex, as they have been termed by one of their noble magistrates, have a wonderful antipathy to all improvement*; and I really knew a patriotic and zealous country gentleman, whose soul was deliberately sent into the hottest regions of the *Enfers*, because he attempted to have the children of his parish instructed at his own expence: "it was very hard," they exclaimed, "to have their children obliged to go to school whether they liked it or not:"—while others affirm, "that it was solely done, in order to bring up girls for the squire, and that the boys might be sent to Botany Bay." Not long since some of the Sussex county bankers, wishing to remit a large quantity of

* When the turnpikes, for instance, were first introduced, they met in Sussex with a long and decided opposition.

bank notes to town, they very wisely cut them in halves, and then sent them by the same post: unfortunately the mail was robbed, and the poor bankers in jeopardy, resolved to procure wisdom by experience.

The ignorance and selfishness which pervade the greater portion of this part of Sussex has appeared continually in the manners of the inhabitants of Brighton. The country swarms with attorneys (one small town in the vicinity of Brighton, containing fifteen); it also abounds with democrats*, with opulent, petty shopkeepers, and would-be *gemmen*. In the *Weald* hardly a scholar or a man of science is to be found, even among the clergy.

It was the observation of my predecessor, Le Rêveur, "that a celebrated prelate, returning one morning from his usual ride to see what was passing upon the Steine, a gentleman accosted him, and asked what he had seen at Brighton. "Seen!" exclaimed the prelate, "what one always sees there; a number of men looking at their watches and talking about the weather!"

One of the great blessings with those who resort to Brighton, is to be occupied without any determined object of employment. It is contrary to marine ton, to have made the smallest arrangement for the ensuing morning, but to be prepared for any pursuit the *vis inertiæ* of the moment may dictate. These busy bodies (for, in proportion as a man has nothing to do, he al

* Their prevalence in a village not from Brighton was lately mentioned to the lord lieutenant of the county, at one of the public meetings respecting the military.

ways appears most busy), accordingly dresses in trowsers, to be ready for a sailing party; put on gaiters, that the dust may not prove troublesome, should a walk be proposed; and are seldom without their spurs, in case an equestrian lounge should seem preferable.

I remember the time when the library at the end of the Steine was kept in such order, that none of what are now termed Ladies of Fashion were even suffered to subscribe; or, if at any time their names, through inadvertency, had got on the list, their money was immediately returned. I do not mean to assume a sternness inconsistent with the sentimental laxity of the age; but I think these ladies might be kept in a little better order, and not swarm, as they do at present, like the flies with which the place abounds. They even begin to appear in the public ball-rooms, and throng in numbers to the fire-works and dances at the Promenade grove. Venus certainly reigns with too despotic a sway at Brighton....

....Every one who has attended it, must remember the harper who formerly resided in the small house at the end of the south Parade. As I had often been delighted with his minstrelsy, I one day enquired for my old acquaintance; and found that, after having carried on a trade in Tunbridge ware in the inland part of the country, by means of a caravan, he next year employed the same caravan to carry off all his effects; leaving his creditors completely in the lurch: however, during a subsequent excursion on the continent, this son of *Apollo*, or Mercury, met with his deserts, and is now lying peaceably with his wife at the bottom of one of the fords in Holland, in crossing which they were drowned....

.... When, as a philosophic wanderer, I conten the motley scene which every evening is poured from all quarters, on the Steine, I have some thought that the Highlander's prayer, as record the late Mr. Pennant*, had actually come to p "Lord! turn the world upside down, that Chr may make bread of it:" at Brighton this certain taken place, and its inhabitants, who are vulgar nominated Christians, make their bread accordin

The dissipated scene is occasionally diversifie enriched by some stray prelates, who form an rable contrast to the pantalooned, and cropped from *Bond Street:* but I have often observed as vanity and attention to the minutiæ of dress, priggish wig, and shovel hat, and square-cut c the one, as in the cropped head and cockatoo to skirtless jacket of the other—have seen the former ly attentive to the *ladies;* and though the spine of a p possesses a superior degree of stiffness and rigid has suddenly become as pliable before *God* and *mon*† as that of the beau before a beauty or at ming table. Let me not, however, be thought to i under this description, either the venerable see

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* Tour in Scotland, 1772.

† "I am far from insinuating that the prelates of t blished church, for whom I profess the highest resp worship both God and Mammon, in the scriptural sens expression—my allusion is only to the poet,"

"O Melibœe Deus nobis hæc otia fecit
Namque erit ille mihi semper Deus, illius aras
Sæpe tamen nostris ab ovilibus imbuet agnus."

ginces the palace of Lambeth, or the respectable and so justly-respected, the eminent divine who inhabits that of Fulham, nor the mild and amiable *Bishop of Winchester:* these men, with some others, seem born for the sacred offices they fill with so much credit; and are equally removed from the pride and puppyism of *spiritual conceit in high places*....

....For the purpose of variety, I frequently station myself of an evening at some of the coach offices, in order to enjoy the exquisite delight of seeing these vehicles disgorge the various commodities they have imported from London. At first I had some difficulty; but the book-keepers, who are now convinced that I am a harmless madman, come down to bathe for the recovery of my intellects, allow me to sit unmolested among other lumber in their warehouse. Yesterday I had a rich treat: in one of the hottest and dustiest days that ever melted a poor traveller in a stage-coach, one that was filled both inside and out, at length arrived: when on a sudden issued from all sides—"Coachman! have you brought my swimming bladders?—Did you bring my lady's stays from Mrs. Bayley's?—Oh you, Sir, you d——d coachee, have you at last brought that basket of fish?—Pray, Mr. Coachman, have you been so good as to call at the dentist's for my teeth?—Is my wig come?—" Scarcely had these and similar enquiries been issued from a hundred mouths, when, one by one, after they had unstuck from each other, descended a man cook, with a turtle that had nearly expired; Mr. —— the celebrated hair-cutter; two wet nurses, with their complement of children; three ladies from King's Place, and a methodist parson. Two bird cages, and

a bottle of curdled milk, were afterwards taken of the disembogued machine: the whole made me so hot, I was obliged to retreat to the sea side....

....It is the observation of our *kind friends* French, that the inhabitants of this island are cert WEB-FOOTED; to own the truth, I have long susp this to be the case with some of my fair country men; to examine this subject with the minute atte it deserves, in order to make a report to the *dile* society, I took my station one morning, after the custom now prevailing at Brighton, immediately (site the place that is appropriated to *female bat* this, for *wise reasons*, is in the most public and ex part of the beach, *vis à vis* the end of the Stein public promenade: doubtless a mark of the *inn* or *delicacy* of the present philosophic age. O beach at Brighton, and probably at all other *fashi sea-bathing places*: "they go naked, both the ma the woman, and are not ashamed."

Having taken this fashionable station, I immed began to serape an acquaintance with one of the f bathers. On a sudden, from one of the *blue* mac sprang forth a female, as beautiful, and doubtl *chaste*, as Venus; who immediately began to rid billows with all the ease of the webb-footed tribes. pleasure may easily be imagined, and I eagerly asl "Whether that was the elegant female swimm long renowned in the highest circles of ton?"— Sir," replied the bather, "that is a lady of fashio "Of fashion!"—"Why Lord, Sir, where be ye from: why now don't you know, that we now ca your high-fliers, your dammerips, and them ther

of folks, ladies of fashion!"—I begged the bather's pardon for my ignorance, and walked off.

Let my fair country-women be careful how they play with SALT. It has been frequently used with success in fattening the cattle: and the sea, as we are now informed, from the lectures given at the *Royal Institution*, is strongly impregnated with it. What would the *world* say, if some unsuspicious young ladies, should in consequence of frequent plunges and swimming in the sea, lose their delicate slimness, and return to town with an odious protuberance? "*O ye fair inhabitants of Grosvenor Square*," as a popular preacher was once heard to exclaim at the beginning of the last century,—"beware of salt! beware of salt!" Dr. Johnson has declared, that though it is incombustible, yet it is an active substance.—I will leave to some future writer *des Memoires gallants et badins* to develope the very considerable advantages that the fair and frail sex derive from resorting to the sea-side....

....It affords ample subject of entertainment at Brighton to read the account the London newspapers give of the company and their amusements. A masquerade was announced, as to be given by the Prince at the pavilion, which neither his Royal Highness, nor his friends had ever heard of: and paragraphs are continually sent up to the London papers, and their insertion paid for, by people whom nobody knows, who wish to appear to belong to the Prince's party, and the circle of ton.

When considering the *manners* of the fashionable world at Brighton, it might be deemed a want of due respect not to mention,

"Th' observed of all observers,"

His Royal Highness, the *Prince*. The change which his presence has wrought in what was only a paltry village of fishermen, can hardly be credited by any but those who, remembering what Brighton originally was, are enabled to compare it with its present rising opulence. The taste which his Royal Highness displayed in the first decorations of his pavilion is now still more apparent, by an entirely new and admirable arrangement, which gives to nearly the whole of the lower apartments the rich splendour of a Chinese building: and I doubt not that the originality and beautiful contrast of colour which his Royal Highness has displayed, will open a new field for the imagination and taste of our ornamental painters*.

....I cannot take leave of Brighton without expressing a wish, that either the *sixty* commissioners who superintend the miserable lighting up of the town†, or a

* These Chinese ornaments have been executed with historic exactness, under the direction of a Mr. Scrase, and nothing has been selected but what strictly belongs to the costume and manners of that country. The prevailing taste of the age, in building, has been to select and combine the beauties of the different orders of architecture; and, although this is certainly blameable in the construction of great national edifices, it certainly is allowable in buildings on a smaller scale; and, in this respect, the introduction of parts of the Chinese style must afford an essential service to those improvements which modern refinement is daily making in the villas and rural retreats of our opulent countrymen.

† The lamps are only lighted from Midsummer to Michaelmas, though Brighton can boast of a summer season, of an autumnal season, and of a winter season, when families from the Weald make a sort of London of it.

body of men composed of the most spirited and zealous of its inhabitants, would form themselves into a committee, under the sanction of parliament, for superintending and directing the future buildings and alterations that may be made*. The situation of Brighton admits of what *Brown* termed great *capability:* trees with little trouble might be planted, and would certainly thrive, when sheltered by the adjoining buildings from the sea-winds. The improvements which his Royal Highness has made, and is still projecting, will, I trust check the listless torpor and selfish apathy of the inhabitants of Brighton; will reflect a certain portion of taste and liberality on the sordid *natives* of this *lawless waste*; and make them more worthy of the illustrious patron, who, from a paltry village of fishermen, has formed one of the most delightful and fashionable bathing places that our coast presents, and which in time, we trust, will vie, as far as the difference of the climate may admit, with the celebrated *Baia* of the Romans.

* Had this been done, as it ought to have been, long ago, the Steine would not be now disgraced by the heavy pile of brick-buildings, like a manufactory, which the speculation of a tasteless individual has constructed, and which bears the appearance of an apothecaries' hall, established for the public sale of drugs, for the benefit of Brighton invalids.

FRENCH CRUELTY AND ITALIAN HEROISM.

—— Remove fera monstra, tuæque
Saxificos vultus, quæcunque ea, tolle Medusæ. OVID.

"Remove that horrid monster, and take hence
Medusa's petrifying countenance."

HAVING revolutionised most of the frontier towns of the republic of Venice, Buonaparté sent his favourite assassin general, Augereau, to Verona for the same purpose. Three of the most respectable of the inhabitants went forth to deprecate his vengeance, and to treat for the safety of their city; but, in violation of all the laws of nations, and of civilised society, this ruffian arrested the deputies, and insisted that the place should surrender at discretion. It was accordingly so surrendered, after a solemn promise had been obtained for the security of the lives and property of all the inhabitants. But what faith can be reposed in the promises of rebels and regicides: the place was plundered, even the public repository for the pledges of the poor was rased, and all their effects confiscated; in short, this military banditti acted, in all respects, *like themselves*.

"The heads of the guilty shall fall," had the ferocious Augereau declared in a public proclamation, this obscure indication of half-uttered menaces had frozen the blood in every bosom. The thunderbolt was only to strike a few, but the terror that preceded it fell on all. Notwithstanding, after much prayer, entreaty, and exertion, many of the prisoners were restored to liberty, though they expected only to quit

their prisons to be led to execution. This event had induced the Veronese to flatter themselves that no citizen would lose his life, although three yet remained in the hands of the enemy; but their proofs of innocence were such as to afford every hope. Yet, knowing them to be in the power of a faithless foe, some anxiety still prevailed: in fact, they were all destined to a scene of horror which it is painful to relate.

Emili was detained in a castle, an illustrious hostage on the inviolable faith of a treaty, and therefore protected by the ægis of the law of nations; Verita, by the sacred character of ambassador; and the third, John Baptist Malensa, assured of his security by the solemn promise of the conqueror. The council of war was already assembled, they had already examined these intended victims, whose innocence was undeniably evident to their inexorable judges.

After hearing them, forgetting that Verita had, with pious haste, brought to Kilmaine his two nephews, by him defended amid the perilous conflicts at Verona; forgetting that Emili had, many times and at great expence, collected and removed the wounded from the field of battle, where their inhuman brethren left them to languish on the naked earth in the last agonies of death; forgetting, that all three had lavished on the French troops, and even upon these their very judges, acts of the most liberal munificence; abusing an incompetent article of the French constitution, trampling under foot all laws divine and human, violating all the rights of hospitality, and rendering justice herself an accomplice of crimes, they pronounced against them sentence of death.

In the dead of a stormy and tumultuous night, the rumour of this melancholy intelligence was scarcely spread, when the relations of the condemned, their friends, and all the other inhabitants resolved, by all possible means, to prevent their execution. To have beheld the ardent interest and attachment which every one demonstrated, it seemed as if it were not three citizens of a town, but three children of a single family, that excited this universal anxiety and ferment. I will not attempt to pourtray all the afflicting scenes of that awful night; I will not detail with how much generosity the elder Emili lavished his wealth for the safety of his brother; I will not describe with how much anguish the afflicted consort of the unfortunate Verita, together with her desolate and weeping children, threw herself at the feet of the French commander; or, with what effusion of grief, supplicating in the name of God, she offered her fortunes and her blood to save the life of her husband; but all in vain—the decree was confirmed against them all.

On the morrow they descended from the castle for the last time, and for what crime? For defending their country. Their blood will be upon the heads of their assassins. They were surrounded by arms; a muffled drum preceded them. Wholly ignorant of their doom, they marched with a firm step between the guards, little expecting the approaching event, when a secretary at war stopped them, and read the sentence of death. Equally prepared to pass from chains to liberty, or from slavery to the tomb, they pursued their way with the same intrepidity as before, and, in the midst of general consternation, approached with courage the place

of execution. Such is the power of a consciousness of right, and of an ardent love of our country.

In the most barbarous regions, when victims are required by indispensible necessity, those who are destined to immolate them, offer every alleviation of their hard fate. The French denied these martyrs of virtue the religious consolations so necessary to all men in the last moments of departing life. Even with this act of impious barbarity they were not dejected; their innocence was registered in heaven, and in heaven an eternal crown was prepared to reward it.

At length they arrived at the place of execution; the guards halted. The military pomp with which they were surrounded, the sight of the cart which was to receive their bodies, the pallid horror of the surrounding spectators, every thing informed them that their last hour was come: when, seizing each other's hands, they communed in a few interesting words, but which with them were lost for ever.

Almost the same instant saw them bend their brows to receive the fatal fillet, kneel, and fall, pierced with innumerable balls. All Verona was filled with lamentations and with anguish, which overwhelmed it like a deep and perpetual darkness. O, ye! whom the scythe of death, by robbing you of the objects dearest to your hearts, has condemned to unceasing grief, why can I not spread over your afflictions that peace which the hand of time can scarcely bestow? Oppressed with the deepest sorrow, I am compelled to bury my own grief in silence*.

* The above pathetic narrative is taken from a book, entitled *An accurate Account of the Fall of the Republic of Venice, written in the Italian language*, and whose author is unknown to us.

THE GLACIERS.

" So pleas'd at first, the tow'ring Alps we try,
Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky:
Th'eternal snows appear already past,
And the first clouds and mountains seem the last:
But those attain'd, we tremble to survey
The growing labours of the lengthen'd way:
Th'encreasing prospect tires our wand'ring eyes;
Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise. POPE.

IT was reserved for this age of enterprise to disclose the secret wonders of the Superior Alps. The enormous ridges clothed with a depth of perpetual snow, often crowned with sharp obelisks of granite, styled by the Swiss horns, or needles; the dreadful chasms of some thousand feet in perpendicular height, over which the dauntless traveller sometimes stands on a shelf of frozen snow; the glaciers, or seas of ice, sometimes exceeding thirty or forty miles in length; the sacred silence of the scenes before unvisited, except by the chamois and goat of the rocks; the clouds, and sometimes the thunder-storm, passing at a great distance below; the extensive prospects which reduce kingdoms as it were to a map; the pure elasticity of the air, exciting a kind of incorporeal sensation, are all novelties in the history of human adventure....

....To enumerate the natural curiosities of Switzerland would be to describe the country. The Alps, the glaciers, the vast precipices, the descending torrents, the sources of the rivers, the beautiful lakes and cataracts, are all natural curiosities of the greatest singularity and most sublime description. Of late the

Glaciers have attracted particular attention; but those seas of ice, intersected with numerous deep fissures, owing to sudden cracks which resound like thunder, must yield in sublimity to the stupendous summits clothed with ice and snow, the latter often descending in what are called avalanches, or prodigious balls, which, gathering as they roll, sometimes overwhelm travellers, and even villages. Nay, the mountains themselves will sometimes burst, and overwhelm whole towns; as happened in the memorable instance of Pleurs, near Chiavana, in which thousands perished, and not a vestige of a building was left; nor are recent instances, though less tremendous, wholly unknown. The vast reservoirs of ice and snow give birth to many important rivers, whose sources deeply interest curiosity. As an example, the account which Bourrit* gives of that of the Rhone may be selected.—"At length we perceived through the trees a mountain of ice as splendid as the sun, and flashing a similar light on the environs. This first aspect of the Glacier of the Rhone inspired us with great expectation: a moment afterwards this enormous mass of ice having disappeared behind thick pines, it soon after met our sight between two vast blocks of rock, which formed a kind

* A citizen of the unfortunate republic of Geneva, now groaning under the yoke of imperial France: he has given an animated and lively description of the Glaciers of Savoy, which he has explored as a poet, while the sagacious M. Desaussure, another citizen of the same republic, explored them as a naturalist.

of portico. Surprised at the magnificence spectacle, and at its admirable contrasts, we b with rapture. At length we reached this b portico, beyond which we were to discover glacier. We arrived: at this sight one would one's self in another world, so much is the ima impressed with the nature and immensity of jects. To form an idea of this superb spectacl in your mind a scaffolding of transparent ice, space of two miles, rising to the clouds, and flashes of light like the sun: nor were the seve less magnificent and surprising. One might s were, the streets and buildings of a city, erecte form of an amphitheatre, and embellished wit of water, cascades, and torrents. The effects prodigious as the immensity and the height; t beautiful azure, the most splendid white, the appearance of a thousand pyramids of ice, a easy to be imagined than described. Such aspect of the Glacier of the Rhone, reared b on a plan which she alone can execute: we ad majestic course of a river without suspecting which gives it birth and maintains its waters still more majestic and magnificent."....

OLD THOMAS.

"Immediately a place
Before his eyes appear'd, sick, noisome, dark:
A lazar's house it seem'd, wherein were laid
Numbers of all diseased, all maladies. MILTON.

I've often thought, in humble life,
Souls truly good are prov'd
In ranks from ostentation free,
Where men are ne'er by vanity
Or thirst of glory mov'd.

Old Thomas but a peasant was,
A man of poor degree;
Day after day, with heaven's first light,
To toil he rose, and toil'd till night,
Yet proud of heart was he.

In bold and independent tone,
He told and told again,
How often he with manly vaunt
Repell'd an undeserved taunt
From richer, greater men.

When yet a boy, where Thomas toil'd
My sport I oft confin'd;
And many a question would propound,
Whene'er the good old man I found
To chat with me inclin'd.

Thoughtful, I ask'd him once, when he
Would be content to die:
"When with old age my strength is fled,
And charity must give me bread,"
The old man did reply.

May God preserve from such a fate,
Thought I, thy noble heart;
Yet thought I not of half the grief,
When his grey head should need relief,
Dependence could impart.

As late I pass'd the lowly roof
Where this good peasant dwelt,
His little garden told his fate,
Wild weeds grew rank, as it of late
No hand of his had felt.

"And, is old Thomas dead?" I ask'd
A villager that pass'd;
Alas! he was, nor had he died
Till strength no more his wants supplied,
Though struggling to his last.

A palsy shook his hardy frame,
Then feeble fast he grew,
Till power so little could he raise,
That all he did in six long days
Was but the work of two.

A weak old man would none employ,
Though all would Thomas praise;
Anon, they told him, (sound of woe,)
That he must to the work-house go,
And end his wretched days.

Beneath his full and hoary brow,
Indignant flash'd his eye:
In vain, of ev'ry hope bereft,
His kindred poor, no means were left
His hapless fate to fly.

He paced his garden up and down,
And loudly thus complain'd:
"Full forty years upon this spot,
A happy, independent lot,
My labour has maintain'd.

"And trimly was my garden kept,
And neat my fire-side,
And must I own them ne'er again,
But herd with idle, wicked men,
My grey locks to deride!

"Rear'd by this hand, have children eight
To men and women grown;
And doth it basely now deny,
With bread and water to supply,
The poor old man alone?

"But bread and water doth he ask,
With independence still;
Rouse! rouse! thou yet may'st that engage,
Thou grow'st a sluggard in thy age,
And wantest but the will."

Next morn he rose, (he knew no rest,)
With such a fate impending,
And to the fields he bent his way,
And stubbornly he toil'd all day,
With youth and strength contending.

'Twas the last glimmer of a flame
That could no longer blaze;
It was an effort, vast and vain,
That freed his soul of all its pain,
And clos'd his feeble days.

Exhausted, scarce he totter'd home,
Ere fell the dews of night;
Life ebb'd apace, in peace he bore
Death's chilly hand, nor ever more
Beheld the morning light.

Then let the marbled grave of him,
Of proud, but meaner doom,
Who, crawling from a humble state,
By littleness at length grew great,
To Thomas yield his tomb;

And there be carv'd, in humble phrase,
How Thomas lived and died;
That slaves of idleness and shame,
And beggars with a finer name,
May learn a peasant's pride*.

THE FRENCH SURGEON IN ORDINARY TO THE EMPEROR OF MOROCCO.

....We were advancing towards the castle of Morocco, when a troop of *masgarines*, or armed guards, preceded by a pasha, came towards us, and commanding our escort to stop, demanded of our conductors, by authority of the emperor, the names and professions of their prisoners. As I knew that, in all barbarous countries, men skilled in the healing art are in great esteem, I did not fail to make known that we had in our company Dr. C. a French surgeon, who was also a botanist, oculist and dentist, and whose skill was very celebrated. The pasha ordered the masgarines to put us into a *meteore*, (a kind of prison,) to wait the further orders of the emperor. He then went to inform him of our names and qualities; and, in order to make his court, he took care to say, that

* Should not indigent old age be enabled to draw its last breath in the domestic cottage with some degree of comfort; and is not condemning it, after a life of useful labour, to die in an hospital, a reflection on the almost proverbial charity of the country? Whatever may be the opinion of our readers on the subject, they will, we trust, agree with us in saying, that the poem does great credit to the feelings and discernment of its *author.*

among the captives was a surgeon and dentist, one of the ablest in France. The pasha well knew that this intelligence would please the emperor, who had been for a long time tormented with so violent a tooth-ache, that all applications had been ineffectual to relieve it. When the pasha was speaking to the emperor of the French surgeon and dentist, the shootings of the pain were so tormenting, that the emperor immediately gave orders to have Dr. C—— brought to the castle, intending to put himself under his care.

The pasha returned quickly to the prison, followed by several negroes carrying a complete dress for Dr. C——. The orders of the emperor were signified to him; and without being yet informed of the cause of this change of fortune, he was requested to be dressed. He was stripped of his great coat, and richly dressed in the Moorish fashion. Instead of his cocked hat and wig, a turban was substituted of studied elegance. He was perfumed with all kind of essences, and unable to inform his companions, because unable to guess himself the purport of all this ceremony, he saw himself carried away in a very honourable manner, and conducted to the palace of the emperor through a crowd of courtiers, who were already informed of his good fortune.

Every body prayed for the happy success of the means to be employed by the French dentist; for the emperor, since he had suffered so cruelly, was become very savage and untractable. He often condemned to death persons who, but for his tooth-ache, would certainly have obtained a pardon. To cure, or at least, relieve him, would be a benefit to the whole empire of Morocco.

The pasha introduced the doctor into a hall of the castle; and making him repose himself in a chair of

honour, he told him to wait a moment, for he was going to inform the emperor of his arrival, who would soon pay him a visit.

Dr. C—— remained alone, not knowing what to think. The idea of a visit from the emperor excited in him a certain shuddering of awe and terror which it would be difficult to describe.—"In what will all these ceremonies end?" said he to himself, "have they dressed me in this manner only to perish with more distinction?" He had not, however, much time for reflection before the emperor presented himself with an interpreter. The surgeon, confounded at the sight, rose and made an obeisance: he was invited to sit down; the emperor seated himself also, supporting his jaw with his hand, and making terrible grimaces. The interpreter began to speak, and held this discourse in French with Dr. C——, "The august emperor of Morocco, Mohammed Ben Abdallah, descendant of the Great Prophet, having heard of you as a great surgeon and dentist, gives you your liberty from this moment, and the title of his surgeon in ordinary; and if you shall succeed in curing the pain in his teeth, he engages himself by oath to grant you any request you shall make, let it be what it may." Figure to yourself the astonishment of Dr. C—— at these words! It was no time to hesitate: "If I obstinately refuse," said he, "it is clear I am a dead man. If I undertake an operation above my skill, and which my natural timidity will render still more difficult, I certainly run a great risk of perishing. To draw the tooth of a private person is a delicate operation; but to draw one of an emperor, and an emperor of Morocco, is of all things the most hazardous:

but since death is presented to me on all sides, let me examine this fatal tooth: happen what may, at least I will not die without having extracted it." He resigned himself entirely to the will of heaven, recommended his soul to God; and said he was ready to do all they desired of him.

The emperor at this news felt a moment of momentary joy in the midst of his pain. He came to the dentist, and, placing himself properly, begged him to examine the seat of the evil. The emperor was of a figure capable of intimidating the boldest operator. His breath was infected, and his teeth were in a terrible state. Dr. C——, after examining with the utmost attention the lower jaw, of which the emperor particularly complained, discovered a decayed tooth, and, unfortunately, a very large one, the removal of which would be extremely difficult and painful. He begged for a delay of two days before he extracted it, to recover a little courage, to make some experiments on animals, and to have an instrument made proper for the purpose.

The two days passed quickly, and the fatal hour at length arrived when the operation was to take place. The necessary preparations were made...the emperor presented himself, still suffering the most acute pain. The doctor had already got the dreaded instrument in his hand, when he thought fit to address a short discourse to the emperor by means of the interpreter. "August emperor," said he, "since you have permitted me to extract this tooth which gives you such cruel sufferings, I beg one thing of you, which is that you will order six of your slaves, under pain of death, to obey me during four minutes, in whatever I may command them with

regard to your person." The emperor consented. Dr. C—— then ordered six strong negroes to seize the limbs of the emperor, and hold them so fast that he should not be able to make any resistance during the operation.

Dr. C——, rousing all his courage, fastened the instrument on the suspected tooth; and when he was sure that he had got hold, he exerted all his strength. "I shall probably lose my life," said he to himself, "but the tooth shall come out: however fast it may be, I will not quit my hold." He pulled indeed; and notwithstanding the firmness of the tooth, notwithstanding the cries of the struggling emperor, he had the courage to drag him forcibly all round the hall; and he would have pulled longer, if the large tooth had not at length yielded, and being torn, with its monstrous roots, out of the bleeding jaw. "Here it is," cried he in a transport of joy. But the emperor was still furious, and almost frantic with pain. In his rage he gave orders for strangling the dentist, the slaves, the pashas, the masgarines, and all his court. Fortunately the pain soon became less violent, and then ceased entirely; so that the delighted emperor not only revoked the cruel orders he had given the moment after the operation, but sent for Dr. C—— and publicly testified his gratitude to him. He paid him a large sum, and made him several presents of very great value. Dr. C—— received the same day two fine horses, a camel, a cloak and turban of very rich stuff, a gold-hilted sabre, and a pair of horse pistols; besides which the emperor gave him apartments in his palace, and told him to ask that favour to which he attached the highest value. The generous doctor had no difficulty in deciding what favour this should be; he asked, and immediately ob-

tained, the liberty of his companions in misfortune. A pasha was quickly sent to inform us that we were free, and it is easy to imagine the delight with which we received the intelligence.

We passed some time at the emperor's palace, and were present at all the festivals given on the occasion of his recovery. The emperor was overwhelmed with the visit of courtiers, pashas, alcaides, envoys from neighbouring powers, consuls, and foreign merchants. All those who had favours to ask, and who during the emperor's illness had prudently deferred their solicitations, came in crowds to present their request. Never had a descendant of the great prophet been so generous or so compliant. Wishing to profit by this favourable circumstance, we resolved to present ourselves before the emperor, and inform him of our desire of leaving Morocco. Dr. C—— was become all-powerful at court, therefore we obtained soon leave to undertake a journey in Africa. The doctor told us that the emperor wished to heap benefits upon us. "Consider," added he, "how much I am to be pitied! Reflect on my situation. I am more a slave than when I was with the moor. The negroes who surround me constrain me more than they serve me. Since I drew that tooth for the emperor, every body is coming to me to examine theirs. I have already been obliged to view the jaws of a hundred sheriffs and as many pashas. The ladies of the court send for me at all hours. I have not a moment's rest. I would most willingly dispense with all the honours I receive; for I forsee that they will chain me to a barbarous country, where I shall die of melancholy. And what troubles me the most is, the fear that all the teeth of the emperor should successively decay. I have suc-

ceded once; I may be less fortunate a second time, and in this case I am a ruined man."

Our departure took place some days afterwards. Never was a train more brilliant than ours. Dr. C—— had tears in his eyes at our parting, and this separation was to him a real calamity. He then saw himself left alone in a barbarous court, with no person to whom he might confide his thoughts. Struck with his mournful situation, he fell into so deep a melancholy, that his health would undoubtedly have suffered, had he not taken the courageous resolution of addressing himself directly to the emperor, to obtain his permission for trying a change of air.

One day, when the emperor was coming out of his council, Dr. C—— threw himself at his feet, according to custom, and presented to him this request in a pathetic tone: "Great emperor! the care of my health requires that I should quit the court for some time, and go to breathe the air of the country. If your orders will not permit me to absent myself from time to time from your palace, I must soon sink under them.

The emperor in a fit of generosity raised his dentist, and immediately promised him an imperial farm in the neighbourhood of Morocco. "I will give you the pleasure," added he, "of going to take possession this very day." Orders were instantly given. A palanquin was brought superbly decorated: the doctor was placed in it on superb cushions; four negroes carried him on their shoulders, and two others mounted on camels, rode by his side, holding parasols, that the heat of the sun might not fatigue the doctor's eyes. This train, preceded by an alcaide, crossed the streets of Morocco, and all the

inhabitants were mounted on their roofs to see it pass. It arrived at length at the estate of Shambuck, which contained within itself meadows, woods, orchards, spacious gardens, fruits in abundance, a little stream shaded with orange and palm-trees, vines, and an elegant house. A fine menagerie was attached to this imperial farm, in which were assembled several curious animals, natives of Morocco and other parts of Africa. In a word, the farm granted to Dr. C. united every beauty and convenience. He made the tour of it three times in his palanquin, but the more delightful he found this estate, the more he regretted inhabiting it without his wife and children.

Dr. C. remained some months at the imperial farm, where he felt himself so dull that he could bear it no longer. Neither his hills covered with evergreen olives, his valleys shaded with sycamores, nor his groves of palm-trees were able to divert his attention. The variety of gazells scattered through his woods could not make them agreeable to him. He returned to court, hoping that the bustle of the palace might divert his melancholy; but soon finding himself fatigued with his busy life at Morocco, he returned to his estate of Shambuck, and ventured, not without apprehension, to beg permission, through the medium of a pasha, to take a voyage to France; promising, if he obtained this favour, so necessary to the peace of his mind, to return to Morocco at the end of three months, or sooner, should his health permit.

Mohammed Ben-Abdallah, who was naturally passionate, gave way to all his ill-humour on hearing this proposal: "He wishes then to leave me!" cried he

ngrily, "he despises my benefits and disdains my favours! He shall know, at length, that I can make myself feared, if not loved; and that if my benefits cannot bind him voluntarily to my court, I know how to bind him in another manner." These harsh expressions were repeated to Dr. C. who felt the more sorrow in secret, as he was compelled by prudence to conceal it. He was walking one day alone in a palm-grove, when six masgarines, with a pasha at their head, came upon him by surprise, and, without any explanation, placed him in a palanquin, and carried him away. The bearers took the road towards Morocco; and relieving each other alternately, arrived in great haste at the emperor's palace. All the court was in motion, and the crowd of people was so great, that all the streets of Morocco were blocked up. It was the day on which the emperor was to set out from his southern, for Mequinez*, his northern capital: all his household attended him; and Dr. C. being comprised in it, in quality of dentist, orders had been given to fetch him from Shambuck, in order that he might make part of the train.

This train was very brilliant; but the emperor's dentist figured in it rather unwillingly. Never did Dr. C. make more philosophical reflections on the advantages of an independent mediocrity, and the inconveniences of a servile elevation. He bitterly regretted the time when he retired in the evening into the bosom of his family, and disposed, according to his own will, the occupations of the morrow; or, related an anecdote of

* That city is eighty leagues from that of Morocco.

his youth to his attentive children, while grimalkin, his cat, rolled up in a ball, snored in a corner of the sofa.

But these reflections pressed still more heavily on his mind, when, on his arrival at Mequinez, the emperor perceived that one of his remaining teeth began to decay, and to give him some shooting pains. Dr. C. was sent for every day, and terror already began to take possession of his soul. He felt that his situation was again become critical, and resolved to attempt every thing to withdraw himself from the risk of a second operation, which might not have equal success with the first. By bribery he contrived to secure his flight. One night, by favour of darkness and disguise, he left Mequinez, conducted by a faithful guide, and directed his course towards Salee, where a ship, ready to sail, awaited him.

Morning appeared, and an obscure rumour announced the disappearance of the emperor's dentist. Mohammed, at this terrible news, flew in a rage: instantly the whole city was in motion, and all the houses regularly examined; but in vain.

A GLANCE ON THE AUSTRIAN LITERATURE.

By education most have been misled,
So they believe, because they were so bred.
The priest continues what the nurse began,
And thus the child imposes on the man. DRYDEN.

EXCLUSIVE of the Italian provinces, the literary history of the Austrian dominions cannot ascend to a remote period. That of Austria Proper, in particular, is little interesting; and even the chronicles and lives of saints

e comparatively recent. If the Emperor Maximilian, ndfather of Charles V. be the author of an eccentric em, alluding to the events of his own life, and ually ascribed to him, though many assign it to s chaplain, he may be considered as the father of *ustrian literature*, as well as of Austrian greatness. ut the succession of authors is interrupted; and many those who flourished at Vienna were aliens. Wolf- ngus Lasius is but a dreaming antiquary; and, in ie same century, Cuspinian has ridiculed Haselbach, ie professor of divinity, who having begun a course f lectures on Isaiah, had not, in twenty-one years, nished the first chapter. The like perversity of taste ntinues to modern times, and Riesbeck has depicted, warm colours, the metaphysical absurdities of the Austrian professors, and the abject tone of slavery nd flattery which pervades even the little solid litera- ure that is known; for, at Vienna, the emperor is onsidered as the successor of Augustus, as absolute nonarch of Germany; while, in the other provinces of hat wide region, he is more justly regarded as a nomi- nal head, though highly respectable as king of Bohe- mia and Hungary. In the medical branch, Van Swieten, Storck, and others have acquired deserved celebrity; but though Vienna swarms with pretended literati, or men who can talk and write nonsense in Latin, there are a few who have acquired a shadow of reputation, such as Stell, Martini, Denis, and Sonnerfels; yet the first was a Silesian, and Denis from Bavaria. In antiqui- ies occur the name of Froelich, and of one or two other numismatic writers, who compose vast volumes upon small subjects.

Bohemia and Hungary have no ancient claims to literature. Cosmas of Prague, a venerable historian, flourished about the year 1130; and Hungary has a contemporary father of history in the anonymous notary of king Bela. Yet, the encouragement given to writers by the celebrated Matthias Corvinus, little stimulated native literature, for Bonfinus was an Italian. Nor is there any Hungarian writer particularly celebrated among the modern Latin classics; nor the native language yet known by any work commanding celebrity. Baron du Born, a native of Transylvania, has written many able works in natural history; but he used the Latin and French language. An enquiry into the causes which have retarded the progress of letters and philosophy in the Austrian dominions, would be more useful than the bare enumeration of a few names. They would be found to arise from the coarseness of the German dialect, and the absence of the Sclavonic and the Hungarian from the learned languages of Europe; partly from numerous wars of ambition, which sometimes endanger the very existence of the state; in yet greater measure from the military education of the nobility, or rather indeed from their ignorance, for many consummate officers have been men of letters: but, above all, this defect must be ascribed to that metaphysical bigotry which perverts the rational powers, and blights every bud of genius and solid knowledge. The books prohibited at Vienna probably exceed in number those of the Index Expurgatorius; and though the government has, no doubt, a right to watch over those of a political tendency, yet this jealousy needs not to be extended to works of

iere science written by heretics. On the other hand, ome blame must doubtless extend to authors who introduce into scientific productions their political dogmata and visionary views of social perfection, with ttacks upon established forms of government, totally nlike the procedure of the ancient philosophers, who vere teachers of content and moderation. Yet a government should select the happy mean between that anatic bigotry, which alike freezes literature and every ranch of industry, and that licentiousness of the press, which, by wantonly sapping personal reputation and the laws, tends to destroy every habit of virtue, and can lead only to anarchy*.

THE COMBATS OF THE ALPHABET, OR THE ORIGIN OF PROVINCIAL DIALECT.

Teach me, some power, that happy art of speech,
To dress my purpose up in gracious words!——Rowe.

A GREAT many years ago, in those days of learning which, alas! are fled, like solemn visions, never to return, at least, if we may presume to judge from present appearances, a very violent warfare broke out among the letters which compose the English alphabet.

* Is not the chilling influence which the ingenious author attributes to the bigotry of the Austrian government, probably much overrated? Narrow as the notions of that government may be, we have never heard that the sentiments of the government of Spain have been supposed more liberal; yet the literature of Spain is highly respectable and rich, though little known in the other countries of Europe

Many very ingenious and fabulous accounts are given of the origin of this quarrel; and, if we were not pinched for time and room, we should, in imitation of our *comical* brother historians, set our poor brains to work, and produce a number of marvellous tales which *every* body will allow to be very *pretty*, though *nobody* will allow that they are very *true*.

The grand foundation, then, of this contest, originated in the partiality of many celebrated authors and orators of the day to particular and favourite letters, in *expunging* some, and thrusting others in violently by the *head and shoulders*, without the least apparent symptom of *necessity* or *provocation*. The injured letters thinking themselves a very respectable corps, rose, *vi et armis*, against this formidable attack on their credit and validity.

The war I am about to describe will have an evident advantage over many other recorded contests. For instance, the war of Troy, the battles of the frogs and mice, and the combats of the cranes and the pigmies may, (be it spoken with all due reverence,) be termed *poetical* wars; now, my war is *literal*, in every sense of the word.

In this contest, the ever-renowned great A was the most formidable leader of one party, and the truly magnanimous great H was the most distinguished hero in the ranks of the enemy. Both these warriors had suffered many hardships, having been most barbarously hacked and mangled by the different *orators* of the day: besides this, they were spurred on by daily and violent encroachments on the rights of each other. Their several partisans were *equally* violent and vindic-

tive; each side contemptuously rejecting or adding its favourite or neglected letter. For instance, if the animal or building of their several names were to be mentioned, the enemy of H would talk of his *orse*, or his *ouse*, and so forth. In some particular circumstances, (as is pretty much the case among the leaders of all *parties* and *factions*,) there was a set of men who did not scruple to *drop* a small portion of their H-*onesty*. The admirers of H, equally vigilant on the other side, would always repair any loss or damage he sustained this way, by placing him before his antagonist, without rhyme or reason; they were resolved to have their H-oxen, their H-altars, and their H-ornaments.

V and W stood exactly in the same predicament. They were subalterns in the two opposite factions, and like two noisy little flies, were so fond of their finery, and so jealous of each other, that the whole army was pestered with their janglings. V, partial to himself, *(as those in the army who have the least pretensions are most apt to be,)* was always asking W V-y he V-as so foolish as to compare with him, V-en he knew it V-as all in vain? W had his reply ready, and would often answer that it was W-ery W-exatious, but that W-irtue *would* W-anquish: that V was a W-ile W-arlet, and as sour as W-inegar.

U, another inveterate enemy to great A, took every opportunity of stepping into his place, and perpetually talking of his veng-U-nce, and his defi-U-nce. U, during the whole war, continued to make stolen marches on the united troops of A and I, because he said he was cert-U-n they were two vill-U-ns.

E and R, a couple of turbulent letters, like pert swaggerers as they were, whenever they could thrust their noses in any place, never had the good manners to wait for an *invitation*, and *propriety* was very much shocked at the *improp*-ER-*iety* of their conduct.

The modern orators, *anxious as they were, with the aid of all the authors, to put an end to these perplexing disputes,)* instead of appeasing, added *fresh fuel* to the flames of discord; each letter insisting that he could produce an equal number of authorities in his favour, to those his antagonist boasted himself able to bring forward.

The *ladies* divided their favours so impartially AMONG THEM all, one day adopting one side, and changing their minds the next, that most learned philosophers were inadequate to name the parties they either countenanced or rejected.

The more *fashionable*, the more were *both* sexes in *confusion;* but the *critics* increased that confusion into a "confusion *worse* confounded."

Now, I should not describe my battle like a great scholar, if I did not *lug* in a number of GODS and GODDESSES. It is the fashion to introduce these gentlefolks into the *epic* style of writing, and it is of much use to our modern authors, for two good reasons: first, it hath been done so often, that it costs little labour, and *no* invention. Secondly, and with *us* a very materia point, it *fills up.*

Well, then, the gods and goddesses began wrangling and fighting like so many devils; *Envy, Malice,* an *Spleen* were divided between *both* parties: *Wisdom* wa for neither.

Jove, weary of this jar about nothing, called a council of all the wits and critics in heaven.

He flatly told the *Wits* they were a pack of *fools;* they *murmured,* but *Truth,* touching them with her wand, confirmed the decree. He pronounced the same sentence against the critics, who immediately began to revenge themselves by finding fault with his works, maintaining he knew nothing of what was the effect of his *own invention;* that light was darkness, and darkness light.

Jove, enraged, told them they were as *pert* as jackdaws, as *vain* as peacocks, and as *stupid* as owls.

Truth cried, Amen!

He then sentenced the rebellious critics to *tear each other to pieces;* they immediately fell eagerly to work, and have continued the practice to the present day.

As for the contending letters, they were sent into banishment to various *provinces,* where they have remained ever since, and established a wide-extended empire of *provincial barbarism.*

GUIDO FAWKES.

GUIDO FAWKES, a gentleman and an officer in the Spanish service, was purposely brought from Flanders to assist in the mine, and fire the train under the parliament house. Upon the prorogation of the parliament, he returned to Flanders, to consult with Owen and Sir William Stanley; the latter of whom hath treacherously, and contrary to his oath, delivered up Deventer, a rich town in Overyssel, gained from the Spaniards by Robert Dudley, earl of Leicester.

From Flanders Fawkes went to Italy, and from thence came to England, where he passed for the servant of Piercy, under the fictitious name of Guy Johnson.

He was principally employed in placing the gunpowder, faggots, &c. in proper order for explosion, and at the same time for concealment for too curious observation; as the doors of the cellar were left open for public inspection, to avoid suspicion.

Fawkes was apprehended at the entrance of the cellar-door, about midnight, by Sir Thomas Knevett, (a gentleman of his majesty's privy-chamber, and a justice of peace in Westminster) who immediately carried him before the privy council; before whom he affirmed, that had he been within the doors at the time of his apprehension, he would have blown himself up, with all those that were about him at the time.

He was afterwards examined at Whitehall; where no man, of whatever rank, was denied access or speech with him; and, notwithstanding the continued teasing, and impertinent questions that were put to him, it was observed, he neither changed countenance nor lost his temper the whole day; treating the better sort with contemptuous scorn, and jestingly mocking the rest.

He was from the council conveyed to the Tower; where, although he was showed and threatened with the rack, he still seemed fixed in his first purpose of denying any accomplice whatever; and it is asserted, he was prevailed on to make what confession he did from the following circumstance being told him, upon such authority as he could not doubt.

"There was a Mr. Pickering, of Tichmarsh-Grove, in Northamptonshire, who was in great esteem with

King James. This Mr. Pickering had a horse of pecial note for swiftness, on which he used to hunt vith the king. A little before the blow was to be given, Mr. Keies, one of the conspirators, and brother-in-law to Mr. Pickering, borrowed this horse of him, and conveyed him to London upon a bloody design, which was thus contrived. Fawkes, upon the day of the fatal blow, was appointed to retire into St. George's Fields, where this horse was to attend him, to further his escape (as they made him believe) as soon as the parliament should be blown up. It was likewise contrived that Mr. Pickering, who was noted for a puritan, should that morning be murdered in his bed, and secretly conveyed away; and also that Fawkes, as soon as he came into St. George's Fields, should be there murdered, and so mangled, that he could not be known: upon which it was to be spread abroad, that the puritans had blown up the parliament house; and the better to make the world believe it, there was Mr. Pickering, with his choice horse, ready to escape; but that stirred up some, who seeing the heinousness of the fact, and him ready to escape, in detestation of so horrible a deed, fell upon him and hewed him to pieces; and to make it more clear, there was his horse, known to be of special speed and swiftness, ready to carry him away; and upon this rumour, a massacre should have gone through the whole land upon the puritans."

When the contrivance of this plot was thus discovered by some of the conspirators, and Fawkes, who was now a prisoner in the Tower, made acquainted with it, whereas before, he was made to believe by his com-

panions, that he should be bountifully rewarded for that his good service to the catholic cause, now perceiving, that on the contrary, his death had been contrived by them, he thereupon freely confessed all that he knew concerning that horrid conspiracy, which, before, all the torments of the rack could not force him to do.

The truth of this was attested by Mr. William Perkins, who had it from Mr. Clement Cotton, to whom Mr. Pickering gave the above relation.

Guy Fawkes was executed with Thomas Winter, Ambrose Rookwood, and Robert Keies, within the Old Palace Yard, Westminster, not far from the parliament house, January 31, 1606.

INDEPENDENCE IS A DREAM.

"No one lives for himself." ST. PAUL.

AN INDEPENDENT MAN is a glorious object in *theory*, but in practice an impossibility. Independence is a state as contrary to the laws of nature as the laws of nations. With regard to the former, look through the whole creation, and you will see how beautifully it is contrived; that every thing alive, or inanimate, shall be linked together in a chain of progressive *dependencies*. The flower cannot blossom without the assistance of the sun: the heat of the sun is tempered by the shower. The moisture of April prepares the earth for the fragrance of May: the glow of June ripens the fruits of summer, and produces the variegated beauties of the vegetable world!

Take a short view of the animal system. Man teaches the horse to be obedient; the horse, in return, devotes his service to the use of man. The milk of the cow would be painful, were it not relieved by the exertion of human industry, and human industry is rewarded by the produce. The faithful dog loves the master by whom he is fed, the man is indebted to the brute for keeping the wolf from the flock; a new debt of gratitude here begins; and thus you may stretch the line from the ant, or the mole-hill, to the bulky elephant.

Every thing exists by favour, obligation, and the dependency which some affect to treat with scorn. Man, of all others, has the reason most potent for admiration of this benevolent system. The most helpless tribe of animals, he is dependent from his birth. Born almost without instinct, he comes into the world a crying, feeble creature. Indebted to his mother and his nurse for years that his brains are not dashed out; unable to procure sustenance for an hour, he owes all his boasted faculties to the industry of others. He gleans one idea in this place, a second in another, and all the knowledge of which he is so ridiculously proud, is but one vast loan, for which he has been a dependent on the invention and the ingenuity of other men. He arrives at boyhood: were he then left a free and independent agent, in the name of Heaven, what would become of him? He might run about like a wild cat, or a monkey, and the glory of the creation be degraded to the state of a brute. Nature has ordained dependence as the origin, the final cause of emancipation and freedom.

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We now take man in his last and most important state: he has reached the age of one-and-twenty—what is he then? Without the experience of men double his age, he would be a cork floating on the surface of a troubled ocean; a mere feather, subject to every gust of passion, every puff of caprice! Dependency still preserves him: he depends on a father for instruction, on a friend for advice, on a wife for love, on a child for duty, on the world for every thing! A man abstracted from all these ties is a savage; he is a monster divided from his species, a link hewn off from the long general chain! A social savage is a farce, a jest, a grimace! No man ever was, can, or will be a really *independent* man. The rich must depend upon the poor for labour, the poor on the rich for support; thus the grand machine moves on in sublime simplicity, jarring atoms are composed, and every thing finds its proper level. It is this teaches the parent to watch its little offspring; it is this instructs the pious youth to remunerate parents' kindness, when second childhood makes the father again depend for life on the being to whom he has given it.

THE CAMBRIDGE SCHOLAR, OR THE GHOST OF A SCRAG OF MUTTON.

In the days that are past, by the banks of a stream
Whose waters but softly were flowing,
With ivy o'ergrown, an old mansion-house stood,
That was built on the skirt of a chilling damp wood,
Where the yew-tree and cypress were growing.

villagers shook as they pass'd by the doors,
When they rested at eve from their labours;
l the trav'ller many a furlong went round,
iis ears once admitted the terrific sound
Of the tale that was told by the neighbours.

y said, that the house on the skirts of the wood
By a saucer-ey'd GHOST was infested,
hich fill'd ev'ry heart with confusion and fright,
assuming strange shapes in the dead o'the night,
Shapes monstrous, and foul, and detested.

d *truly* they said—and the Master well knew
That the ghost was the greatest of evils;
r no sooner the bell of the mansion toll'd one,
ıan the frolicksome imp in a fury began
To caper like ten thousand devils.

appear'd in all forms the most strange and uncouth—
Sure never was goblin so daring!
e utter'd loud shrieks and most horrible cries,
m'd his body and bones, and his *sweet little eyes*,
Till his impudence grew beyond bearing.

ıt at this nick o'time, as the Master's sad heart
With anguish and sorrow was swelling,
e heard that a Scholar, with science replete,
ll of mystical lore as an *egg* is with meat,
Had taken at CAMBRIDGE a dwelling.

The Scholar was vers'd in all magical arts,
Most famous was he throughout College:
To the Red Sea full many an unquiet ghost,
To repose with King Pharoah and his mighty host,
He had sent, through his powerful knowledge.

To this Scholar so learn'd, the Master he went,
And, as lowly he bent with submission,
Told the freaks of the Ghost, and the horrible frights
That prevented his household from resting o'nights,
And offer'd this humble petition:

"That he, the said Scholar, in wisdom so *wise*,
Would the mischievous fiend lay in fetters;
And send him, in torments for ever to dwell,
To the nethermost pit of the nethermost hell,
For destroying the sleep of his betters."

The Scholar, so vers'd in all mystical lore,
Told the Master his pray'r should be granted;—
Then ordered his horse to be saddled with speed,
And, perch'd on the back of the cream-colour'd steed
Trotted off to the house that was haunted.

He enter'd the doors at the fall o'the night—
The trees of the forest 'gan shiver;
The hoarse raven croak'd, and blue burnt the light,
The owl loudly shriek'd, and, pale with affright,
The servants like aspins did quiver.

Bring some turnips and milk!" the Scholar he cry'd,
In a voice like the echoing thunder—
They brought him some turnips, and suet beside,
Some milk and a spoon, and his motions they ey'd,
Quite lost in conjecture and wonder.

He took up the turnips and peel'd off the skin,
Put them into a pot that was boiling;
Spread a table and cloth, and made ready to sup,
Then call'd for a fork, and the turnips fish'd up
In a hurry, for they were a-spoiling.

He mash'd up the turnips with butter and milk;—
The hail at the casement 'gan clatter;
Yet the Scholar ne'er heeded the tempest without,
But, raising his eyes, and turning about,
Ask'd the maid for a small wooden platter.

He mash'd up the turnips with butter and milk—
The storm came on thicker and faster:
The lightnings blue flash'd, and with terrific din
The wind at each crevice and cranny came in,
Tearing up by the roots lath and plaster.

He mash'd up the turnips with butter and milk—
The mess would have ravish'd a glutton;
When, lo! his sharp bones hardly cover'd with skin,
The Ghost, from a nook o'er the window peep'd in,
In the form of a BOIL'D SCRAG OF MUTTON.

"Ho! ho!" said the Ghost, "what art doing below?"
The Scholar look'd up in a twinkling—
"The times are too bad to afford any meat,
So, to render my turnips more pleasant to eat,
A few grains of pepper I'm sprinkling."

Then he caught up a fork, and the Mutton he seiz'd,
And sous'd it at once in the platter;
Threw o'er it some salt, and a spoonful of fat,
And before the poor Ghost could tell what he was at,
He was gone!—like a mouse down the throat of a cat,
And this is the whole of the matter*!

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* The idea of this tale was derived from the following relation, which the writer met with in a miscellaneous volume entitled THE GLEANER. The relation itself is professed to have been extracted from a work called, *Jackson's State of the Defunct*, p. 97.

"An acquaintance of mine, an Oxford scholar, hath to my certain knowledge and belief, cured many disorders, and laid the ghosts of many disturbed people, when no other person could do them. In a village where I lived, I do know that there was a great house, a mansion-house, haunted by a spirit that turned itself into a thousand shapes and forms, but generally came in the figure of a boiled scrag of mutton, and had baffled and defied the learned men of both universities; but this being told to my friend, who was a descendant and relation of the learned Friar Bacon, he undertook to lay it, and that even without his books; and it was done in this manner: he ordered some water to be put into a clean skillet, that was new, and never been on the fire. When the water boiled, he himself pulled off his hat and shoes, and then took seven turnips, which he pared with a small penknife that had been

THE NEW HOTEL.

The Speech of a German to his friends.

'A house which changes so often its inhabitants is not a palace, but a caravansery.'' SPECTATOR.

It was my first intention, my honourable friends, when I was introduced into this house, to have read to you a learned treatise, in which, according to the custom of the literary world, I should have set out with a discourse on architecture, for the sake of saying something, in the sequel, of my own house. I should have cited the habitation of the Troglodites, the ark of Noah, the tower of Babel, the temple of Solomon, the palace of Semiramis, and all the renowned edifices of ancient and modern history. I had even taken down the titles of more than a hundred volumes, which I considered as a mine, out which I should have extracted all my erudition. To be brief, I might possibly have produced a most learned dissertation, if I had not reflected what a pitiful figure my house would have made, brought upon the canvas along with the palace of Semiramis or

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rubbed and whetted on a loadstone, and put them into the water. When they were boiled, he ordered some butter to be melted in a new-glazed earthen pipkin, and then mashed the turnips in it. Just as this was finished, I myself saw the host, in the form of a boiled scrag of mutton, peep in at the window, which I gave him notice of, and he stuck his fork into him, and soused both him and the turnips into a pewter dish, and eat both up. And the house was ever after quiet and still. Now this I should not have believed, or thought true, if I stood by, and saw the whole ceremony performed!!!''

the church of St. Peter; and if my vanity had not been humbled by the recollection of the caverns of the Troglodites, and the conviction that our habitations at best are but gaudy and commodious tombs. In my discourse I compared the system of the sciences to the timber-work of my house; philosophy to the tower of Babel, where the workmen could not understand each other; theology to a house without foundation; medicine to the architecture of the Troglodites, who labour under ground concealed from human eyes. I had even filled two sheets of my work, and carried on my comparisons without interruption, when I happened to hear the following dialogue between a mechanic and his man, who were at work in the adjoining chamber:

"This is a fine house," said the master, "and well lighted."

"True," replied the man; "especially compared with that which will be the last abode of him who built it."

"But, at least, in that," rejoined the master, "a man is at rest."

I threw down my pen: the few words I had heard furnished an ample field for reflection.—Yes, it is but too true, said I to myself, that our projects and desires when we consider what our last GREAT COAT, (as the Abbé Voisenon used to call his coffin), infallibly must be, are much too vast and too eager. But should we for this be content, like monks, to dwell in cells, contemplate only death's heads, and recite nothing but *memento moris?* The Creator adorns the tomb of man with flowers, and his very coffin exhibits the colour that is the symbol of hope. Why then should not I adorn

and beautify my house? In the same proportion that my last abode shall be tranquil, solemn, and confined, should this I now inhabit be spacious, gay, and busy. All the persons I love best shall live with me beneath its roof, or at least, assemble often there. for the purposes of joy and friendship. Yes, joy shall consecrate these walls; peace shall be our inmate; the gentlest slumbers shall refresh our senses; and never shall the tear of despair fall on our unsullied boards. I then paused: "Merciful God," exclaimed I, raising my hands to heaven, after a moment of recollection, "how vain a being is man, when he depends on a constant series of prosperity! This house may exist for a hundred years! How many different persons may in that interval be its inhabitants!—Every room may witness the tears of misfortune, and every bed be the receptacle of a corporeal sufferer! It will, perhaps, belong to some wretched martyr to the gout, and its walls will echo no other sounds for forty years than his cries. At this moment, I see before me the father of a family on his death-bed; his wife, with his children at her side, contemplating, in the silence of despair, the wasted figure of her expiring husband! But, gracious God! it cannot be, that no sounds but those of grief shall here be heard! No; happiness shall have its turn with sorrow, in my dwelling; should I at some time or other experience the rigours of fate, I would say with a smile—"this I have merited.—But my wife! my brother! Oh God! their sufferings I could not support! should fate pursue either of these with misfortunes, where should I find consolation? Ah! had I but a child! he, ignorant of sorrow, would smile and sport around us;

or, were he more advanced in age, would, with hopes and projects, rejoice our anxious hearts."

But, wherefore do we for ever complain? is th being so unfortunate, on whom a ray of hope doe shine, as the first rays of the sun penetrate throug darkness of night? Does not the light of eternal rise upon the unfortunate, as the sun in the mid darkness? Is not the unfortunate permitted to unfol his griefs to the being whom he loves, and by whom beloved? God of infinite goodness! can this consol be taken from the most unhappy of the human r If he is alone in the world, if he has not a single fr to whom he can communicate his sorrows, may he cast his eyes to heaven? Will he not there fin friend, a protector, a father? If misfortune must enter within the threshold of my door, ah! let it t the form of a weeping angel! not as a fury to des the tranquillity of my soul.

Dark and small is our last abode, but there is pe Let me approach it with resignation, even with p sure. And, oh! if ever I must quit this dwelling it be with the same resignation, the same plea which I felt when I entered it.

Ah! I have one more wish, but I desire what is possible; yet it is the nature of man to form wishes. May we all, my wife, my brother, and I, this dwelling at the same instant.

GONDOLINE.

A Ballad.

In the Style of the Ancient Reliques.

THE night it was dark, and the moon it shone
Serenely on the sea,
And the waves at the foot of the rifted rock
They murmur'd pleasantly.

When Gondoline roam'd along the shore,
A maiden full fair to the sight;
Though love had made bleak the rose on her cheek,
And turn'd it to deadly white.

Her thoughts they were drear, and the silent tear
It fill'd her faint-blue eye,
As oft she heard, in fancy's ear,
Her Bertrand's dying sigh.

Her Bertrand was the bravest youth
Of all our good king's men,
And he was gone to the Holy Land
To fight the Saracen.

And many a month had passed away,
And many a rolling year,
But nothing the maid from Palestine
Could of her lover hear.

Full oft she vainly tried to pierce
The Ocean's misty face;
Full oft she thought her lover's bark
She on the waves could trace.

And such a sight as she saw there,
No mortal saw before,
And such a sight as she saw there,
No mortal shall see more.

A burning cauldron stood in the midst,
The flame was fierce and high,
And all the cave, so wide and long,
Was plainly seen thereby.

And round about the cauldron stout
Twelve wither'd witches stood:
Their waists were bound with living snakes,
And their hair was stiff with blood.

Their hands were gory too; and red
And fiercely flam'd their eyes;
And they were mutt'ring indistinct
Their hellish mysteries.

And suddenly they join'd their hands,
And utter'd a joyous cry,
And round about the cauldron stout
They danc'd right merrily.

And now they stopt; and each prepar'd
To tell what she had done,
Since last the lady of the night,
Her waning course had run.

Behind a rock stood Gondoline,
Thick weeds her face did veil,
And she lean'd fearful forwarder,
To hear the dreadful tale.

e first arose: She said she'd seen
Rare sport, since the blind cat mew'd:
e'd been to sea in a leaky sieve,
And a jovial storm had brew'd.

e called around the winged winds,
And rais'd a devilish rout;
nd she laugh'd so loud, the peals were heard
Full fifteen leagues about.

he said there was a little bark
Upon the roaring wave,
nd there was a woman there who'd been
To see her husband's grave.

nd she had got a child in her arms,
It was her only child,
nd oft its little infant pranks
Her heavy heart beguil'd.

nd there was too, in that same bark,
A father and his son;
he lad was sickly, and the sire
Was old and woe-begone.

nd when the tempest waxed strong,
And the bark could no more it 'bide,
he said it was jovial fun to hear
How the poor devils cried.

he mother clasp'd her orphan child
Unto her breast, and wept;
nd, sweetly folded in her arms,
The careless baby slept.

And she told how, in the shape o' the wind,
As manfully it roar'd,
She twisted her hand in the infant's hair
And threw it overboard.

And to have seen the mother's pangs,
'Twas a glorious sight to see;
The crew could scarcely hold her down
From jumping in the sea.

The hag held a lock of the hair in her hand,
And it was soft and fair,
It must have been a lovely child
To have had such lovely hair.

And she said, the father in his arms
He held his sickly son,
And his dying throes they fast arose,
His pains were nearly done.

And she throttled the youth with her sinewy hands,
And his face grew deadly blue;
And the father he tore his thin grey hair,
And kiss'd the livid hue.

And then she told, how she bor'd a hole
In the bark, and it fill'd away:
And 'twas rare to hear, how some did swear,
And some did vow, and pray.

The man and woman, they soon were dead,
The sailors their strength did urge;
But the billows that beat, were their winding-sheet,
And the winds sung their funeral dirge.

e threw the infant's hair in the fire,
The red flame flamed high,
ıd round about the cauldron stout
They danced right merrily.

ıe second begun, she said she had done
The task that Queen Hecat' had set her,
nd that the devil, the father of evil,
Had never accomplish'd a better.

ıe said, there was an aged woman,
And she had a daughter fair,
Vhose evil habits fill'd her heart
With misery and care.

he daughter had a paramour,
A wicked man was he,
.nd oft the woman, him against,
Did murmur grievously.

nd the hag had work'd the daughter up
To murder her old mother,
hat then she might seize on all her goods,
And wanton with her lover.

ınd one night as the old woman
Was sick and ill in bed,
ınd pondering sorely on the life
Her wicked daughter led,

he heard her footstep on the floor,
And she rais'd her pallid head,
ınd she saw her daughter, with a knife,
Approaching to her bed.

And she said, my child, I'm very ill,
I have not long to live,
Now kiss my cheek, that ere I die
Thy sins I may forgive.

And the murd'ress bent to kiss her cheek,
And she lifted the sharp, bright knife,
And the mother saw her fell intent,
And hard she begg'd for life.

But pray'rs would nothing her avail,
And she scream'd loud with fear;
But the house was lone, and the piercing scream
Could reach no human ear.

And, though that she was sick and old,
She struggled hard, and fought.
The murd'ress cut three fingers through
Ere she could reach her throat.

And the hag she held the fingers up,
The skin was mangled sore,
And they all agreed a nobler deed
Was never done before.

And she threw the fingers in the fire,
The red flame flamed high,
And round about the cauldron stout
They danc'd right merrily.

The third arose: She said she'd been
To Holy Palestine;
And seen more blood in one short day
Than they had seen in nine.

w Gondoline, with fearful steps,
Drew nearer to the flame,
much she dreaded now to hear
Her happless lover's name.

e hag related then the sports
Of that eventful day,
ien on the well-contested field
Full fifteen thousand lay.

: said, that she in human gore,
Above the knees did wade,
d that no tongue could truly tell
The tricks she there had play'd.

ere was a gallant featur'd youth,
Who like a hero fought;
kiss'd a bracelet on his wrist,
And ev'ry danger sought.

d in a vassal's garb disguis'd
Unto the knight she sues,
d tells him she from Britain comes,
And brings unwelcome news.

at three days ere she had embark'd,
His love had given her hand
to a wealthy Thane:—and thought
Him dead in holy land.

d to have seen how he did writhe
When this her tale she told,
would have made a wizard's blood
Within his heart run cold.

Then fierce he spurr'd his warrior steed,
And sought the battle's bed:
And soon, all mangled o'er with wounds,
He on the cold turf bled.

And from his smoking corse she tore
His head, half clove in two.
She ceas'd, and from beneath her garb
The bloody trophy drew.

The eyes were starting from their socks,
The mouth it ghastly grinn'd,
And there was a gash across the brow,
The scalp was nearly skinn'd.

'Twas BERTRAND'S HEAD!! With a horrible scream
The maiden gave a spring,
And from her fearful hiding-place
She fell into the ring.

The lights they fled,—the cauldron sunk,
Deep thunders shook the dome,
And hollow peals of laughter came
Resounding through the gloom.

Insensible, the maiden lay
Upon the hellish ground;
And still mysterious sounds were heard
At intervals around.

She woke,—she half arose,—and wild,
She cast a horrid glare,
The sounds had ceas'd, the lights had fled,
And all was stillness there.

through an awning in the rock,
The moon it sweetly shone,
show'd a river in the cave
Which dismally did moan.

stream was black, it sounded deep
As it rush'd the rocks between,
ffer'd well, for madness fir'd
The breast of Gondoline.

plunged in, the torrent moan'd
With its accustom'd sound,
l hollow peals of laughter loud
Again rebellow'd round.

: maid was seen no more.—But oft
Her ghost is known to glide,
midnight's silent, solemn hour,
Along the ocean's side.

GLANCE ON THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND.

'Behold the mountains less'ning as they rise,
Lose the low vales, and steal into the skies.'' Pope.

der to catch the most prominent features of so
ıs and vast an object as the Highlands of Scot-
we must take our stand at a distance, we must
ight of particular parts, and yield up our minds
ıe general impression that results from the
. In so wild a field, he who should attempt to
be every thing, would in fact describe nothing.

An endless repetition of hills, glens, rivers, bays, creeks, and other minutiæ would divert the attention from the main object. Vistas must be cut through the wood, lest we lose ourselves amidst its endless recesses, and the multitude of its shrubs and trees. And as such vistas open new prospects beyond the forest in which we wander, so, in viewing the face of a country, we rise by abstraction to a point of elevation, from whence we look down on mountains, vales, and seas, as component parts of one magnificent object. We have a glimmering prospect of the highways, if I may be allowed the metaphor, by which nature carries on, and unites her operations.

In the more broken and rugged parts of the Highlands, it looks as if hundreds of mountains had been dashed into thousands of fragments, scattered about a vast plain. Rocks after rocks, which recal to the mind the fabulous wars of the giants, exhibited indisputable traces of some great convulsion of nature, which has certainly happened, although in ages so remote as to be recorded only in those marks, which we every where find, of violence and destruction. Here and there, amidst solitary and precipitous crags, a miserable hut is seen, and frequent pools of water. In such of the intervening spaces as are impervious to the plough, the poor native digs the soil with his mattock, that he may raise a few potatoes and some other vegetables, or garners the short and scanty grass with his sickle or hook. But in compensation for this sterility, the land, far indented at frequent and almost regular intervals, offers to the industry of the fisherman, and the amusement of the sportsman, great abundance and variety of fish: while

both the sea and frequent lakes and pools of water, breed wild fowl of various kinds in the greatest plenty.

To the botanist Scotland affords a field equally rich as to the sportsman. Its indigenous plants are chiefly moss, heath, fern; a species of liquorice called *currymaul*, berry-bearing shrubs, the black thorn, the oak, the hazel, the aller or arne, the elder, and above all, the birch, and the fir. Moss is found in every part of Scotland, and at all heights in the atmosphere: heath, fern, and currymauls not so far above the level of the sea; the shrubs bearing berries, on plains and the lower parts of the mountains; the black thorn, the oak, the hazel and the elder, in the valleys, and on the inferior parts of mountains and the lower hills; the aller or arne, which is also found in marshy places in the valleys, thrives at a greater height than those in the atmosphere; the fir, which spreads itself, when unopposed, and domineers, as it were, over all the shrubs and trees of the plain, and which also triumphs over hills and the sides of lofty mountains, does not however possess so wide a domain as the fragrant birch, which is found in those northerly latitudes and elevated regions in the atmosphere, where almost all vegetation seems to sicken and die, and to leave the indisputed soil to be occupied by the humble and untrodden moss. Birch enjoys a solitary reign on the western and bleak shores of Ross-shire; birch also predominates in Sutherland and Caithness. Birch is the prevailing tree in the frozen regions of Siberia, and prevails over the whole vegetable kingdom in Iceland; some sprigs of birch are even discovered in Greenland. The same congeniality between certain climates and certain na-

tural productions, which is visible in Scotlan
illustrated in a very particular manner by th
tions from one kind of plant to another, as th
traveller ascends Mount Etna. Here, at a ce
vation in the atmosphere, immediately above t
of the mountain, which produces grain and fr
the chesnuts which predominate among these, a
a little higher upon the mountain than the re
to disappear, and to give place to oaks, which
succeeded by the fir, as the fir is by the birch.

In Scotland, as well as in Sweden and No
every where see fir trees fastening themselve
naked rocks, which are evidently impregna
some principle, favourable to the growth of th
plant. At the depth of twelve, and even eight
we find the remains of trees of much larger
are now growing in Scotland. At the little
Kilmalie, opposite to Fort William, in Lochab
was a sycamore tree which was thought worth
pencil of Mr. Sandby, but unfortunately th
was lost, and the tree itself burnt down by the
in 1746. It was forty feet in circumference at
branch, and about sixty feet in girth above gro

To conclude, the face of Scotland, intersec
navigable rivers, lakes, and arms of the sea, ar
gated with mountains, moorlands, and fertile
and plains—the face of Scotland, which yields
to sloth, but refuses not any boon to the han
dustry, and thus provides for the health and h
of her sons, inspired the sagacious mind of Aa
with a presage that this *unripened* beauty will
day, and even excel her sister England, whom

pares to a gay coquet. Certain it is, that the great manufactures of England have migrated from the eastern and the western and the northern coast of the kingdom. Cheapness of labour, provision, and fuel, regularity of manners, industry, exemption from heavy taxes, these were the circumstances that effected these vicissitudes, and the same causes will continue to produce the same effects. Human industry levels all the inequalities of nature, and even converts apparent difficulties and impossibilities into the means of answering some useful or elegant purpose. On the bosom of the ocean, which seems destined to keep the nations asunder from each other, the busy merchant wafts home to the shores of the steril north, the produce of more beautiful climates, which the hardiness and activity natural to cold regions convert into articles of convenience and luxurious accommodation. Scotland, then, in the career of improvement, has started in the present auspicious era with peculiar advantages. She looks backward with pride, yet forward with alacrity, and, with enlarged views, studies to make the most of her natural produce and local situation, and of the latter too much cannot be said. The world now begins to look for the produce of the mulberry and the cotton tree to the land of thistles and sloes, and to the fierce Caledonians for such works of fancy and taste as were formerly expected from Italy and Greece.

LE TEMS ET L'AMOUR.

À voyager passant sa vie,
Certain vieillard, nommé LE TEMS,
Près d'un fleuve arrive, et s'écrie;
" Prenez pitié de mes vieux ans.
Eh quoi! sur ces bords on m'oublie,
Moi qui compte tous les instants!
Ah! mes amis, je vous en prie,
Venez, venez *passer le Tems.*"

De l'autre coté, sur la plage,
Mainte fillette regardoit,
Et vouloit aider au passage,
Sur un bateau qu' AMOUR guidoit:
Mais une d'elles bien plus sage,
Leur répétoit ces mots prudens:
" Ah! souvent on a fait naufrage,
En cherchant *à passer le Tems.*"

L'Amour gaiment vole au rivage,
Il arrive tout près du Tems:
Il lui propose le voyage;
S'embarque et s'abandonne aux vents.
Agitant ses rames légères,
Il dit, et redit dans ses chants:
" Vous voyez bien jeunes bergères,
Que l'Amour fait passer le Tems."

TIME AND CUPID.

His life in travelling always spent,
  Old TIME, a much renowned wight,
To a wide river's margin went,
  And call'd for aid with all his might:
"Will none have pity on my years,
  I, that preside in ev'ry clime?
Oh! my good friends and passengers,
  Lend, lend a hand *to pass old Time!*

Full many a young and sprightly lass
  Upon the adverse bank appear'd,
Who eager sought old Time to pass,
  On a small bark by CUPID steer'd:
But one, the wisest, so I ween,
  Repeated oft this moral rhyme;
Ah! many a one has shipwreck'd been,
  Thoughtless and gay, *in passing Time!*

Blithe Cupid soon the bark unmoor'd,
  And spread the highly-waving sail;
He took old father Time on board,
  And gave his canvas to the gale.
Then joyous, as he row'd along,
  He oft exclaim'd, "Observe, my lasses;
Attend the burthen of my song,
  How sprightly Time with Cupid passes!

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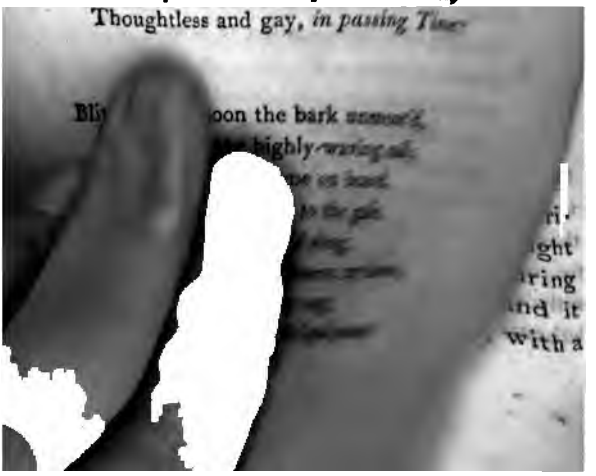

Mais tout à coup l'Amour se lasse,
Ce fut toujours là son défaut;
Le Tems prend la rame à sa place,
Et lui dit: " Eh! quoi! cèder sitôt!
Pauvre enfant! quelle est ta foiblesse!
Tu dors; et je chante à mon tour,
Ce vieux refrain de la sagesse:
*Ah! le Tems fait passer l'Amour**."

* The above stanzas were written by the Count Segur.

At length the urchin weary grew;
For, soon or late, 'tis still the case;
He dropt the oar and rudder too—
Time steer'd the vessel in his place.
Triumphant now, the veteran cries,
"'Tis now my turn, you find, young lasses,
What the old proverb says, is wise,
*That Love with Time as lightly passes**."

Though the foregoing French stanzas seem to defy all pts at translation, on account of the equivoque of the *passer le tems*, yet we think that Mrs. Le Noir has been uccessful in giving to the English reader an idea of the this little piece of poetry.

THE POWER AND CHARMS OF EDUCATION EXEMPLIFIED IN TWO MODERN FRENCH FAMILIES.

"'Tis art and knowledge which draw forth
The hidden seeds of native worth." WALLER.

....I FREQUENTLY met at a friend's house two worthy persons; the husband is a man about sixty years of age, the wife is fifty. They had often loaded me with politeness, friendship even, and had a thousand times pressed me to go and see them. This invitation flattered me; they made it with so much curiosity, that I at length resolved not to refuse any longer solicitations so obliging. One thing, however, astonished me; they were perfectly well received at the house where I met them, they were even treated there with much distinction, nevertheless it seemed to me that their *ton*, their manners, and their language formed a singular contrast with the language, the manners, and the *ton* of the common friend at whose residence we assembled. I found something particular, strange, and even unsuitable, in this intimacy; and I was at a loss to explain to myself the cause of it. The latter, a man likewise of a mature age, had formerly exercised high employments, lived a long time at court, and frequented the company of every person eminent for instruction, morals, or dignities in Paris; he had thence retained that amenity, that ease, and that exquisite politeness which renders a Frenchman a being truly excellent when he possesses them; and in him, of whom I am speaking, these qualities, united to the best heart and the most noble soul, make a man the most worthy of respect, esteem, and friendship. I certainly

ıd in the other two the same inward virtues, but r exterior was coarse; their good sense often struck but it was disfigured by their expressions. They e totally strangers to that refinement, that delicacy ıttention, deference, and civility, which the other ıessed in a supreme degree. There was, in my ıion, in the whole of their deportment a sort of le which contrasted disagreeably with the richness their clothes, the number of their servants, and elegance of their carriages: in short, they were the t worthy people in the world, but unfit for the ere in which they lived.—"Explain to me this ma," said I one day to our common friend: "how pens it, that with a fortune nearly equal, methinks e is such a distance between you? Is your amiable- a peculiar gift, which nature, less bountiful to- ls them, has withheld from them? Excuse my kness, I see unquestionably that, as for sentiments ōnour and probity, such society suits you extreme- ell; but if we take into the question that know- e of the world on which the French apparently lay ıuch stress, it is quite another thing."—"A word let you into the secret," answered he; "they are lern rich persons, but do not give to this epithet a e explanation. How many new fortunes are not ıdalous! these persons owe theirs to an irreproach- conduct; it is the fruit of great services rendered he state, and also of great services rendered to pri- individuals. In this instance, fortune has wrought ıiracle seldom to be seen; that is, in favouring n, she has acted in concert with virtue; and it ht be said, that these people have acquired, with a

noble disinterestedness, what certain others have accumulated only by means the most shameful. They have rendered to me the most signal services; it was no more than just that my gratitude should be unlimited, and that owing, like a thousand others, perhaps to their vigilance, the preservation of the greatest part of what I possess, I should contribute, for my share, to the increase of their comfort. We overlook, in so many people, riches obtained at the expence of the tears of the poor, that we may certainly overlook, in these worthy persons, a fortune secured by the gratitude of the obliged. Born of poor parents, they were without education; they carried on in their youth a very limited trade, but with regularity, honesty, and strict economy, they, in length of time, amassed a very considerable capital. For fourteen years past they have made a worthy use of it, and they deserve to prosper: fortunately for them, beneficence, this once, has not been thrown away; they required nothing from gratitude, and gratitude has paid her debt. Their sole mean was to have more judgment than policy. They do not express themselves well, I admit; they have a bluntness, an absurd familiarity of manner perhaps, but ought all that to prevent me from seeing them? To this amiable exterior, which you have the goodness to distinguish in me, I have the happiness, I own it, to join an honest heart. But how many people have that exterior, without having the essential qualities of those of whom you are speaking, yet their company is frequented? If one receives those who have a polish without virtues, why not receive those who have virtues without a polish?

TIMON; OR, THE COMFORTS OF MARRIAGE.

A Song.

"When fix'd to one, love safe at anchor rides,
And dares the fury of the wind and tides." DRYDEN.

I.

Poor Timon rail'd, poor Timon swore,
The marriage knot he ne'er would tie;
Full many a summer had pass'd o'er,
Before the youth began to sigh.
Alas, poor Timon! in his lure,
Began to think about his cure,
And he was right you may be sure.

II.

His Rosalinda often frown'd,
And bade her Timon hie away;
And she was pleas'd, whene'er she found
That Timon rather chose to stay.
"Your love," she cried, "I can't endure,"
But Timon thought her words a lure,
And he was right you may be sure.

III.

On wings of down time flew away,
When Hymen crown'd the simple pair;
A smiling race they now display,
The boys are strong, the girls are fair.
They laugh at grief, though they are poor,
For love each hardship they endure,
And they are right you may be sure.

IV.

But soon, alas! Misfortune round
Her clouds of grief and sorrow threw;
Pale Want and haggard Care were found,
And Hope with fainting pinions flew.
But Love, an angel at the door,
Still bade them smile, though they were poor,
And Love was right you may be sure.

V.

And now, how sad they sat and sigh'd,
Each day of some dear joy bereft;
Their little smiling infant died,
And not one ray of hope was left,
Save that, in heav'n-born love secure,
She bless'd him still, though he was poor,
And she was right you may be sure.

VI.

Domestic love! celestial spark!
Still shall thy lasting flame survive;
When all around is still and dark,
Keep life's all-changing scene alive.
They grieve no more that they are poor,
In love they find out sorrow's cure,
And they are right you may be sure.

RELIGIOUS CEREMONIES OF THE INDIANS.

"Religentem esse oportet; religiosum nefas." AUL. GEL.

"A man should be religious, not superstitious."

HE remarkable display of Indian manners, which are re (in the bay of Condatchi) seen in all their va-ties, is perhaps the most striking object of all those hich most attract the attention of a stranger during e pearl fishery. Every cast has its representatives; e arts practised by some, the ceremonies performed others, and the appearance of all, present the richest past to the curiosity of a European. In one place may see jugglers and vagabonds, of every descrip-n, practising their tricks with a degree of suppleness d skill which appears supernatural to the inhabitants a cold climate; in another, he may observe bakers, ahmins, priests, pandarams, and devotees of every sect, ther in order to extort charity, or in consequence some vow, going through the most painful operations ith a degree of obstinate resolution, which I could arcely have believed, had I not been an eye witness. The most painful acts of penance which the Indians ndergo, are in order to regain their cast*, when they

* Those who, by any crime, or neglect of superstition's tes, have, according to the decrees of the priests, forfeited their ist, are not only condemned to infamy themselves, but their ildren, and children's children to all generations, are sup-osed to share in the guilt and contamination. No one of other cast will intermarry with them, they are allowed no ade or profession, and obliged to beg continually for suste-ance; thus become a dead weight on society.

From such a dreadful state of defilement
purified only by paying a large sum of m
undergoing the most incredible penances: a
I shall mention a few of the most remark
of them will vow to hold his arm eleva
head for a certain number of years, witho
ting it down; and this he will actually con
till the arm can never afterwards be recover
tural position. Another will keep his hand
nails of his fingers absolutely grow into th
appear quite through the back of his ha
never suffer their hair to be combed, or the
be shaved; in this state the hair of their h
is of a brown or burnt colour, gets matt
pears not unlike the mops we use in
hangs down in long dishevelled strings,
that which grows on a species of Frenc
Some will vow never to lie down, while,
time, they wear round their necks a large

by ropes reeved through both, like the yards to the mast of a ship, and from the end of the transverse beam ropes and pullies are suspended to hoist up the devotee. He then is brought out, attended by a number of people dancing before him, and is led thrice round the swinging post by the brahmins and his relations, with loud shouts, accompanied by music. In the mean time a sheep is sacrificed, and the blood sprinkled about on the surrounding multitude, who are eager that it shall fall upon them. Barren women, in particular, are anxious to catch the drops, in hopes of being by this means rendered fruitful; and with a view to secure the efficacy of this charm, they contrive to work themselves up, during the ceremony, to the highest pitch of religious delirium, tearing their hair and shrieking in the most dreadful manner. After the sacrifice is performed, the devotee is placed on his belly flat on the ground, and two very large hooks, which have been previously fixed to the rope suspended from the end of the cross beam, are inserted deep into the flesh of his back, just under the shoulder; other ropes are also placed under his breast and across his thighs, to help to sustain the weight of his body. He is then, by means of the ropes and pullies, hoisted up to the cross tree, immediately under which he continues suspended, and in this position he is drawn round the post two or three times. During this painful ceremony he repeats a certain number of prayers, and continues to throw among the crowd flowers, which he had taken up with him for the purpose: these are considered as sacred relicks, which will keep away all disease, and ensure happiness ever after; and

the surrounding multitude scramble for them as eagerly as an English mob for money thrown among them.

This ceremony is by no means unfrequent, and I have had occasion to be present at more than one at Columbo*. In the last I saw there, performed in 1799, the cross beam broke, and the man, falling to the ground, was killed on the spot. A Moor, of the Moply cast, had previously observed to the crowd, who were principally Malabars, of the same sect with the devotee, that the timber was not strong enough to bear the man, and would certainly break. This proving actually to be the case, the Malabars affirmed that the Moor had, by his prediction, bewitched it; and, in revenge, they attacked him with such fury, that he would certainly had been killed, had not a few European officers rescued him out of their hands.

MARTINA.

——— "To weep is our prerogative;
To show, by pitying looks and melting eyes,
How with a suff'ring friend we sympathise."
TATE's *Translation of Juvenal.*

.....WHEN Dives and the Philanthropist Hayward were left alone, the latter, after a struggle in which he

* Columbo is the capital of the island of Ceylon, and all together, for its size, one of the most populous towns of India. You meet there, besides Europeans and Cingalese, the proper natives of the island, almost every race of Asiatics.

ned sensibly moved, began thus:—"I am come, . Dives, to talk to you on a subject of the most de- .te nature. I have always had a very strong aver- a to any thing like an interference in the concerns any man's family; but a circumstance has occurred yours, which has lately much employed my thoughts, d deeply interested my heart. If I am growing at impertinent, a word from you shall check me. Am to proceed, or shall I here desist?"

Dives assuring him, that he had by far too high an)inion of him, to look on any thing he could say as resuming or impertinent, Hayward, after colouring nd breathing very hard for a few moments, resumed ne thread of his discourse. "I am convinced, that here is no philosophy so dangerous to society as the ate liberal theory, which has endeavoured to explain tway right and wrong, confound virtue with vice, and nercy, the attribute of Heaven, with the whimpering forgiveness of a school-boy. Yet, still there may be palliating circumstances, when the wanderer has strayed from the path of rectitude; has been hunted through the world with guilt, with infamy, and want. When tears of true repentance have galled the cheek of the wretched sinner, the arms of a father may afford that shelter a husband's honour would forbid him from offering. Your daughter was not married*;

* Betrothed to a man whom she loved, Martina had been guilty of an imprudent weakness, when her relations, thirsting after money, commanded her to abandon him, in order to marry a richer and nobler man. By that order, the poor girl was confined with a brain fever to her chamber. She had

her crime and her punishment mostly related t
self. I see the tears filling your eyes, Mr. I
those tears convince me that you are a man, an
you are a father."

Every nerve in the frame of poor Dives beg
shake; every fibre trembled with an ecstasy whicl
dered upon pain; big dews stood upon his fore
his face was pale, and his lips quivered as he f
exclaimed—"Oh, God! Mr. Hayward, whith
you lead my fancy? What, what would you
Hayward filled him a glass of cold water, which,
Mr. Dives had taken, he declared himself much
composed, and begged for the speedy explanati
the speech he had so mysteriously commenced.—'
had a daughter, Sir."—"Alas, I had!"—"And
one still." Mr. Dives begged him, as he prize
happiness, his reason, and his peace, not to deal l
in these dark hints, but to let him know the whol
disguised truth.—"I will," said Hayward; "thi
lamb, which has so long strayed from the fold, I
at length found; but I have found her emaciat
illness, and bending to the grave under the com
sensations of guilt and shame. Arm your hear

---

talked wildly, but her parents were ignorant of the fatal
of her malady. Soon she escaped, unperceived, fro
apartment, leaving in it the following billet:

"To my dear parents,

"Reason has returned, would it had neve
so! Oh, Heaven! I can never again look you in the
face-not to trace my steps: I would die for your hap
but indeed I can never see you more. God bless you!"

ad for a scene which will put your fortitude to the dest test to which humanity can be exposed: alas! cannot live!"—"Not live?" Oh, my poor girl! retch that I am! Savage that I have been*!"—Be calm, Mr. Dives; she has declared, that a father's ssing would rob death of every terror, and deprive in of all its agonies. I thought too, that you uld feel some consolation from pouring your bene-ction on the head of this poor, broken-hearted, fallen ne. Thus I have not suffered poor Martina to die nknown to you."

Hearing that his daughter lay desperately ill, at a small town in Oxfordshire, Mr. Dives got instantly into a chaise with Hayward, and drove away.

During the journey Hayward recited the means by which he had recovered the long-lost Martina to her anxious and impatient father. He communicated to him this intelligence in the following words:

While I was travelling through Oxfordshire my attention was attracted, my curiosity and my feelings very much interested, with the many accounts I heard of a very singular young woman, who had been a long time the common subject of conversation through the whole of that county. She generally made her appear-

* Often, however, had Dives lamented the effect of his boasted policy, of his covetous heart; often had he lamented his having broken the heart of a daughter, and destroyed every domestic joy for money. He advertised his child, and solicited her return in the most affectionate manner, but all in vain. Day after day had rolled heavily on, and no news of his lost child had arrived to gladden the heart of the miserable Dives.

ance at a lesser inn, at about eleven o'clock at
her countenance was said to be extremely be
though her eyes were wild to an appearance
rium; her clothes bore the marks of former ge
and were always remarkably clean, but so ragge
on a windy day, they fluttered with every bla
were agitated by every passing breeze! her fi
flowed wildly down her back, and her white sl
terribly defaced with thorns and briars. She c
large bundle in her arms, from which she would
no one to relieve her, and betrayed signs of th
violent agitation, if any body attempted to exam
contents. When she came to the inn, she seat
self by the kitchen fire, placed the bundle on he
and wept and sobbed over it for some momen
the most passionate expressions of tenderness
then began to sing aloud, in a tone so wild, s
and yet so melodious, that the most savage hear
softened at her mad ditties, and the rough l
melted at her sorrows, and offered her the alms
variably refused, with expressions of wounde
and mortified vanity.

She generally commanded respect where
went. Once a brute, in human shape, use
coarse words to her, as she sat warming her h
a wood fire, in a little solitary public house upo
moor; yet, though the night was dark and rai
snatched up her bundle, and, darting a look
tempt upon the savage who had insulted her
arlessly exposed herself to all the inclemenc
ements? She carried an incomprehensible
about her, which made her beloved and respe

n as she was seen, and pitied before she was known. ere was not a master or mistress of an inn, within ty miles round, who had not a bed for the mad girl, ich was the name by which she was known), whener her melancholy wanderings chanced to lead her to eir house.

I heard so much of this daughter of sorrow, that my art yearned to see her—to soothe her—and to learn e story of her sufferings. Heaven heard my prayer, ad was most mercifully pleased to grant it.

I arrived late at an inn one night, and was sitting own to a solitary meal, when a voice struck upon my ar, which thrilled upon my very heart-strings; the tone as so melancholy, yet so loud and shrill, that I felt the most sympathetic sadness I had ever experienced in the whole course of my life. The tears ran like rain down my cheeks, and my heart heaved with swelling emotions, more violent, yet more soft, than any I had ever felt before! I enquired of the waiter the meaning of those extraordinary sounds?

"It is the poor mad girl, Sir," said he, "who comes here to sleep on the eight of every month."

I enquired the particulars of the man, who recapitulated every thing I had heard so circumstantially, that I was convinced it must be the young woman I had been so long and so anxiously desirous of meeting.

The feeling emotion of the fellow, while he told her little history, delighted me! it convinced me at once of the worth of his own heart, and the merits of the unfortunate creature he so pathetically lamented.

I begged to see her, and he conducted me to the little neat kitchen, where she sat singing by the fire. When

to deprive their own children of a portion of their earned bread to give it to her. She was hurt a and made an attempt to escape from them: they detected her in this undertaking, and, for a long watched her more strictly than ever. She was however, upon quitting them, and made her with her little boy in her arms. From that time, hour when I was so fortunate as to meet her, all a like a dream to the poor wretch. She remembe thing but walking in a constant round, from m till night, with her baby in her arms, and resting several inns whenever the call of hunger demand stay. She had found very great humanity from one, but had taken care not to render herself b some, by never taking up her lodging in the same above once a month.

She remembers being obliged to lie, all one stormy night, under an oak tree. When she a the morning, she found her baby cold and sti poor child had perished through the inclemency weather. She would never believe that the ch dead.

Once at an inn, the master and mistress of th proposed to bury it: shocked at the idea, she re consent. The people executed their purpose wh was asleep. She rose early the next morning, a appeared with the child's clothes, carefully wrap in her apron, resolving never more to approach t where she thought they wished to bury her bab and to keep it concealed from every eye in futu

"This," said Hayward, "is all her shattered r would allow her to unfold; and this account, im

› it is, she related with great difficulty, and at many ifferent intervals. What remains* is easily told. I rdered her to be kept, with every care, at the inn, hich we are approaching, and sent for an able physi- ian from Oxford to attend her. I came to London to ee how your heart was disposed towards her. If I had ot found some reason to imagine that sorrow had oftened it, trust me, my good Sir, I had never sought ou out. I candidly confess that your former life, our ardour in the pursuit of money, had so disgusted ne, that nothing but your misfortunes could ever have nterested me in your behalf. You have had many olemn lessons. It would be a barbarity in me to add o them by unavailing regrets or fruitless admoni- ions*."

Here Hayward concluded. The rest of the journey was assed in a melancholy manner. When they arrived at he inn where Martina lay confined, the waiter informed Hayward that the lady had been attended according to is directions, that she was now much worse than when e left her, and that the doctor was at present with her. When the physician came down stairs the tears were in is eyes: he declared he had never been more truly in- erested for a patient in the whole course of his prac- ice; that if ever there was a true penitent in the world,

* Dives, a year after his daughter had quitted him, had ex- erienced sad reverses of fortune: his business had fallen into ecline, one of his agents had run away many thousands in ar- ear, his name had appeared in the Gazette, and several of his reditors obstinately refusing to sign his certificate, he had ived many months in all the apprehensions of a gaol.

she was one, but that he feared he had paid l
visit; she was speechless, though still sensible:
an hour, said he, and pain and suffering will be
no more.

"Thank God!" fervently ejaculated the m
father; then I shall yet bless her before she dies
goodness of the Almighty is infinite! He is n
even in his chastisements. This is more than
serve."

He then implored that he might be led to the
ber of Martina. Hayward vehemently oppose
proposition, but the physician declared that he c
no harm, and that it would be an act of mercy
dying girl, who had reconciled herself to her he
father, to know that she had made her peace w
earthly parent also.

He conducted the mournful Dives to an apar
and made him wait at the door till he had com
cated the tidings to his patient, who, though i
pain, still was sensible of all that was passing
her. She kissed the doctor's extended hand, wh
learned the good tidings he had brought her; t
tears rolled down her woe-wan cheek, and she
towards the door with a placid, yet an anxious
tation. The physician came to Dives, and, after
him many cautions to repress the vehemence
feelings, bid him enter. He approached the bed
aside the curtains—there was Martina; but so a
the beauty which had charmed him was fled; l
was hollow, her cheek was pale; still it was his
and while the angel of death had altered her fe
those features to him were lovely yet. He let

wer of tears on her pillow as he kissed her pallid ek; then, seating himself by her side, he took her nd. Her languid eyes that moment were illumined th two streams of animated fire: he looked at her nestly; they were rivetted eye to eye above an hour. he prayed to her and blessed her, she smiled with gel sweetness on his face. The convulsive agonies death came on: the physician begged him to quit e room; but she clasped his hand so hard, and gave m a look of such expression, that he sobbed out, Oh! impossible!"

Convulsions rent her delicate frame; she struggled, it still quitted not the hand of her father; at last, ith the violent effort of pain, she raised herself on her ed, cried in agony—"now, now." A smile played n her face as she murmured, "I go—my sins are for- iven! Father, bless...."

With this last word she left her grasp, but left it not ill the last breath of life had passed her lips, and the nce-loved child was now cold and lifeless.

Hayward tore the father from the corpse. A hearse vas ordered to convey the body to London, whither, in wo days afterwards, they all set forward.

The procession was a sad one. The spirits of both were so dejected, that the friend, the benevolent, the good Hayward was unable to console the afflicted. He groaned inwardly at the melancholy scenes he had witnessed; yet such, said he to himself, are the daily consequences of unlawful love! and wilful man still perseveres.

ODE À CYNTHIE.

De la nuit pale souveraine,
Que l'amour invoque tout bas,
Lorsque ta lueur incertaine
Vers le plaisir, guide ses pas:

Satisfais mon ame inquiète;
Divine Cynthie, apprens-moi,
Si l'objet que mon cœur regrette,
Te prend pour tèmoin de sa foi.

Veille t'il quand ton règne sombre
Occupe la voute des cieux?
Aime-t'il à suivre des yeux,
Le cours que tu traces dans l'ombre?

Errant dans ces climats lointains,
Où dardent les traits de ton frère,
Sait-il à sa vive lumière,
Préférer tes feux argentins?

Ou dans la pompe d'une fête,
Fuit-il l'éclat de cent flambeaux,
Pour s'égarer sous les berceaux,
Ou perce ta clarté discrète?

ODE TO CYNTHIA.

As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night,
O'er heaven's clear azure sheds her sacred light,
The conscious swains, rejoicing in the sight,
Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful light." Pope

Pale regent of the midnight sky,
Whose soften'd beam allows the gaze
Of the wan lover's fixed eye,
As by the fav'ring glade he strays.

Say, does thy noon my love delight?
Does he salute thy rising ray?
And woo thy mild, auspicious light,
To muse on me.—sweet Cynthia, say?

Does he prefer thy sober reign
To all the charms of perfect day,
In that soft clime, whose jocund train
Rejoice in Sol's still fost'ring ray?

Where his warm beams delight to glow,
Reflected in each laughing eye,
In age, as youth, glad spirits flow,
Sweet produce of a cloudless sky.

Does he prefer thee, gentle queen,
To the gay taper's mimic glare,
That lightens up the festive scene,
Where sparkle all the blythe and fair.

Car l'amant fidele à ses vœux,
En proie aux ennuis de l'absence,
Eprouve la douce influence,
De tes rayons mysterieux.

De son soufle à peine zephire,
Trouble le calme qui te suit,
Et ta marche seule interdit
Les faux plaisirs et le vain bruit.

D'une tendre mélancholie
Mon cœur savoure les attraits,
Quand, dans le silence et le frais,
Ton orbe à rever me convie.

Souvenir d'un époux chéri,
Rien alors ne vient te distraire;
En fixant l'astre qui l'éclaire,
Je crois me rapprocher de lui.

Ah! quelle consolante idée!
Oui, Cynthie, en songeant à toi,
De mon Edward la pensée
S'élance au même instant vers moi.

Pour suivant l'aimable chimère;
Nos ames franchissent les airs;
Et des deux bouts de l'univers,
Vont s'unir dans ta sphère.

For, dear to love's abstracted thought
Is the soft radiance of thine eye;
Thy silver horn with calmness fraught,
Wild joys and frantic pleasures fly.

And, oh! congenial to my mind,
Thy rays their timid lustre shed;
To tender sadness oft inclin'd,
How soothing the pale day they spread!

Oh! in this hour of still repose,
When all the azure vault serene
Thy lovely face unclouded shows,
Say, does my Edward view the scene?

Oh! let me think his pensive eye
On the same object fixt with mine;
Fond fancy, sweetest truth supply,
Then, Cynthia, in thy world we join.

SKETCH OF THE ENGLISH AND FRENCH MAN

"Qui mores hominum multorum vidit."

"Who many towns and change of manners saw."

....The English are generally esteemed to ex the use of animal food*; but after the recent i ations of French emigrants of all classes, this begins to be doubted. If stomachic diseases b more frequent than in other countries, they ma justly be ascribed to our potations of heavy malt which deservedly strikes foreigners as a singul English diet. Even our lightest liquors of th have not escaped their remark; for a late Fren veller has observed, that the English commonly their meals a sort of medical ptisan which they c *beer*. Our ancestors prided themselves in the and richness of their ales; and old writers ent many sorts, as Cock, Stepney, Stitchback, Hull, Northdown, Nottingham, Sandback, betony, grass, sage ale, college ale, China ale, Butler's a nor, even at present, do we refuse praise to the qualities of our Burton, Dorchester, Taunton, S and other ales. But the most peculiar malt-b is *porter*, which ought to be solely composed of or high-dried malt, hops, liquorice, and sugar;

* Such is the observation of a late traveller, Nic rasmin: he asserts that "roast beef and beef steak usual food of Englishmen," and hence, he adds, "th becomes thick, and themselves phlegmatic, melanch not unfrequently self murderers."

netimes debased by other ingredients: that of Lon-
ı is particularly famous, and is an article of exporta-
ı, being esteemed a luxury on the banks of the
laware and of the Ganges. Punch was another
ional liquor, composed of spirits, water, acids, and
ar; but its use is now on the decline, though the
Dr. Cullen esteemed it a salutary potation in a
st and variable climate. The prodigious consump-
of tea is another peculiar feature, the use of this
ıt being rare in other European countries; to phleg-
ic constitutions it may be beneficial; but, among
common classes, its enervating powers are often
mpted to be corrected by the use of spirituous
ors. The latter bane has been long known in
sia, and other northern kingdoms; but in the milder
es of Great Britain and Ireland, is destructive of
health and morals of the people. The legislature
been often forced to interpose, to prevent the
vth of drunkenness, wretchedness, and vice; and it
ı be wished that a late committee of the House of
ımons had sanctioned a motion that was made to
ict spirituous liquors to their ancient boundaries,
shops of the chemists

he simplicity of the English cookery strikes fo-
ners as much as that of dress, which, even among
great, is very plain, except on the days of a court
. A Frenchman drinks his wine during dinner;
the late Mr. Gibbon has remarked, that the luxury
daily table in England permits a gentleman to
: half a dozen sorts of wine during dinner, and to
k his bottle of claret afterwards. The red wine
ortugal is, however, a greater favourite than that of

France, as its astringent and antiseptic qualit
found highly salutary in a moist climate.
French traveller (St. Fond) has remarked th
English know not the proper use of coffee, t
swallow several cups of a brown water, instead
cup of the real strong coffee drank in other cou

The houses in England are peculiarly comm
neat, and cleanly; and domestic architecture see
arrived at its greatest perfection. The dress,
been before observed, is rather plain and nea
splendid; a praise which also applies to that
ladies, who have now abandoned the tight f
prejudicial to health, and have assumed much
Grecian ease and elegance.

The amusements of the theatre and of th
and various games of skill or of chance, ar
mon to most nations. The baiting of bulls an
is, it is believed, nearly discontinued. One of t
peculiar amusements of the common people, is t
ing of long peals with many changes, which
those who are so unhappy as to live within th
bourhood of the church.

.....

The manners and customs of the French ha
so often delineated, that the theme is becom
and familiar. The most pleasing parts of the
are vivacity, gaiety, politeness, a singular dis
towards social enjoyments, and that *savoir viv*
enables the adept to dispose of his occupati
pleasures in an agreeable succession, free from
ness or fatigue. In general, Frenchmen reg
as a mortal poison, and study, if possible, to

most distant approach. On the other hand, ancient and recent events conspire to fix a sanguinary stain on the national character, which one would little expect amid so much gaiety and seeming benevolence. The causes of this incongruity might afford an ample subject for philosophical enquiry. Even the violent changes which have taken place seem to have little affected their characteristic gaiety, and Paris continues to be one of the happiest cities in the world: while the screams of massacre resounded in some parts of the city, in others the theatres were crowded, and nothing was heard but sounds of pleasure.

The ancient and rooted enmity between France and England nourished many prejudices against the French character, which have since disappeared in the reports of more candid authors. Yet, with travellers accustomed to the elegance of English life, many of the French manners and customs cannot be reconciled to ideas of physical purity: and the example of the personal and domestic cleanliness of the English must still be recommended to imitation. The laws and decencies of marriage are also frequently sacrificed; and the looseness of the French morals, in regard to the sex, has become proverbial. A republican form of government* has not superinduced republican manners, nor has the liberty of divorce proved any bond of chastity. As every thing continues to be ruled by fashion, it is

* Mr. Pinkerton, the author of this picture of French manners, considers the present government of France as republican in form only: for he elsewhere describes it, as it really is, "*Military despotism, the despotism of freedom.*"

not unreasonable to hope that even virtue may become fashionable.

While some physicians have attempted to account for English melancholy from the quantities consumed of animal food, it appears, on the contrary, that a Frenchman will consume as much as two Englishmen; disguised, indeed, and modified, so as to beguile and stimulate the appetite to larger indulgence. In the difference of climate, therefore, and in the use of light wines, must be sought the chief physical causes of this discrepancy. The houses of the French often display a strange mixture of magnificence and nastiness: and while even a cottage in England will show attention to the comforts, conveniencies, feelings, and infirmities of human nature, in France the nose may be assailed, while the eyes are enraptured. France has long afforded models of dress to all Europe; nor have the fashions of Paris yet totally lost their fantastic authority. In the frequent and ridiculous allusions to the ancient republics, none of which bore the most distant resemblance of modern France, it was natural that the Grecian and Roman dress should afford models of imitation, and an infallible consequence that the dress would become more elegant. In a country where life itself is an amusement, it is to be expected that the diversions should be infinitely varied. In the capital, theatrical representations bear the chief sway, and every evening about twenty theatres are open, and full. Yet these republicans do not rival their favourite Greeks and Romans, in opening theatres and amphitheatres at the expence of government; an institution worthy of modern imitation, as to afford amusement to the peo-

ple, may frequently save them from finding their own amusements in drunkenness and other low vices*.

The revolutionary spirit, which has lately raged with such violence in France, has not, says a late delineator of French manners†, been limited to political and civil institutions. Monks and abbés with muffs, silk coats, arm-hats, and all the assimilating costume have disappeared. The well-dressed men are either military, or habited so like the English, as to appear almost the same people. They are chiefly to be distinguished from the English by difference of deportment, differ-

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* The wisdom or propriety of this last sentiment is doubtful: to furnish, in any state, the people with amusement at the public expence, though, in some degree, it might at first preserve them from drunkenness, would, we think, at last have the infallible effect of eradicating all the habits of industry, (which is the guardian of good morals,) and of plunging them into those of inveterate idleness, and of its constant concomitant, unbridled licentiousness.

† The following observations, on the French manners and character, are taken from Mr. Holcroft's interesting travels, lately published.

On this subject we beg leave most decidedly to differ from Mr. Holcroft; and we think we could remind him of the time, when a cropped head was an object of his partiality. The writer is evidently attached to many regulations of the ancient Greeks and Romans; and hence we are surprised how he can condemn the imitation of them in their personal appearance, which was certainly bold and majestic. Far be it from us, however, to condemn the use of hair powder *in toto*. It is advantageous, in as much as it contributes to furnish the means of carrying on the war; while there are many professions to whom it is indispensable: Such are judicial and clerical characters, physicians, attorneys, and elderly people:—but the black-headed British youth who would sacrifice a pair of manly whiskers, and fill his head with a dust which would be more appropriate for his food, places himself on a *level with the effeminate inhabitants* of Italy. B.

ence of physiognomy, and by an overgrown bush of hair on each cheek. Some of the English affect this disgusting appearance, which, without powder, gives a man the air of an assassin, and with it that of a grey baboon: nothing but the frequency of the object can reconcile it to the eye.

But the well-dressed men are very few: the revolution has far from entirely corrected the propensity of the lower orders to slovenliness. That the phlegmatic German, who sits, walks, or works with his pipe in his mouth, should be careless concerning his appearance, is but the result of his corresponding habits; but that the great mass of a nation, with so much vivacity, so vain, so continually boasting of superior grace, and of giving the ton to all Europe, I mistake, to the whole universe; that the great mass of such a nation, I say, should be slovenly, is a phenomenon which, at first view, astonishes an Englishman, who has only heard their character from their own mouth. Long pantaloons, once put on and never changed till they are entirely worn out; linen not fit to be seen, and therefore concealed; a great coat dangling to the calf of the leg, buttoned up, and worn also while it will last; a rusty round hat, uncombed hair, fierce whiskers, and a handkerchief tied, not under, but over it, and not of muslin or silk, but of a coarse, coloured linen, rarely washed; such is the figure, not perhaps of the majority, but of great numbers of the men to be met, of an evening, even in coffee-houses. Such are hundreds of the figures that crowd together, at all hours of the day, and walk the Palais Royal, fill the billiard-rooms, and exhibit themselves in all public places where the entrance is free. At some, even of the dancing gardens on the

boulevards, they find it necessary to write over the door, "Admittance to persons decently dressed."

The French character is enterprising, forward, impelled by curiosity, not easily repulsed, and with little of that shyness which, in the English is sometimes pride, and sometimes a foolish feeling of shame, but often likewise a decent sense of propriety. It appears as if a Frenchman imagined he has only to show himself to be admired. If he publicly write, speak, or act, he assumes importance. If his portrait be painted, his head must be thrown back, his breast forward, and his air must either be smiling, dignified, or disdainful; in his own language, it must *impose*. Would he permit his numerous good qualities to act unaffectedly, and without ostentation, he would indeed be admirable: but he hides the real worth of his character, which is often great, by his open and extravagant claims to superiority; and, when he happens to have less than a common share of understanding, sometimes his ludicrous impertinence almost levels him with the ape.

SOLILOQUY OF A LOVER BY MOONLIGHT*.

"Love mounts and rolls about my stormy mind,
Like fire that's borne by a tempestuous wind." DRYDEN.

....THE immeasurable vault of heaven is spread over the head of an atom! I am lost in the immensity

* We present to our readers the following extraordinary fragment, translated from a German novel, as an instance of the fervid, impassioned, but metaphysical language with which the Germans express the effusions of love.

of space, nevertheless, Henrietta! oh, adorable woman! this eye, composed of the dust, discovers the brilliant *Sirius;* and penetrates to scenes immensely removed. My mind embraces thousands of worlds. It is greater and more vast than creation itself: the whole of creation is its domain. It measures the universe, comprehends all existence, prescribes all its laws. I stand beneath innumerable worlds, which glitter over my head; they fall, they cease to shine, but I remain! My soul shall not be hid by the thick curtain which separates worlds, for it penetrates eternity with confidence!

It is with thee, my beloved, that I long to enjoy this eternity! I adore thee! those words raise me above all temporary and fragile matter. I adore thee! and thou shalt be mine! Never have my arms pressed thee to my heart; never has this heart beaten with transport against thine, yet thou art mine, Henrietta! although destiny should place immense seas between us, although death should separate us in this world, still thou art mine! I shall rise victorious with thee from the tomb! We will take our flight together through the heavens, while suns shall gild the flowing folds of thy robe!

....For what do I languish? What passion is it that draws tears from my eyes? What desire expands my breast? I wish for thy love! I wish for nothing beside. I am thine! ah, be thou mine!

....Will not those bright and lovely eyes be also extinguished in the grave—alas! if thou didst even now press me to thy heart, would not the tomb open to separate us?

....*To be silent and to die!* Henrietta, such is my fate. If I dared to speak, if a beneficent Providence

itted me to say to thee, be mine! If, at these
, those resplendent eyes, glistening with love,
l upon him who pronounced those words; if thy
pressed mine; if thy lips uttered—I am thine!
hould expire with rapture! or, if I survived that
nt, Henrietta, my mind would lose the character
vhich thou hast reproached it; my soul would
o be a stormy sea; joy, happiness, repose would
i me wholly!

. Yes, my beloved, my heart is the victim of
. Thou art the destiny of my life: it depends
will. Tranquillity is the gift of thy pure and
heart: oh, when shall I possess it! ah, may I
Henrietta, that thou wilt one day be mine?

I perceive the neighbouring scene, which the
vet faintly illumines, begins to be enveloped with
they rise slowly, and gather into an immense
. I no longer can descry the house in which
at sleep. The resplendent *Sirius* no longer casts
upon me. Alas! if it is true that thou canst
ve me, Henrietta, then a dark and eternal cloud
velop the heavens and all nature!.... When thou
eak, a sudden emotion agitates me. I prefer
o your indifference. From the whole world are
timents of my heart concealed, unhappy am I
are also concealed from thee; if thou dost not
y what irresistible necessity I am thine.

Lately didst thou take an infant in thy arms,
at time the child was the object of my friend-
pressed it to my heart—ah, had I been that
...

HISTORY OF A FEMALE WARRIOR.

"Ravished with wars' and danger's horrid charms,
She with impetuous ardour flew to arms."

SIR RICHARD BLACKMORE.

THE father of Jane Wildfire was an old soldier, who, with a wooden leg and four wounds in various parts of his body, was at length discharged the service. He arrived at his old cottage, where he found his wife, his daughter Jane, and his son, all stout, robust, and hearty. They had lived as well as they could, and the best they could was hardly enough, They spun, weeded gardens, and did any laborious work that fell in their way.

Jane was always remarkably strong, and could earn some shillings per week, which was a chief source of wealth, by cutting wood, and selling it to the cottagers for fuel in winter time.

The sudden appearance of the father was a heavy blow upon this poor family, who could hardly scrape up money enough to keep themselves from starving during the hard season of the year. Affection, however, will go a great way; they resolved, therefore, to work double tides for the old man. He was very grateful for their attention, and often made their work seem lighter, by telling them stories of the scenes he had been engaged in. He was so justly proud of his own king and country, that he hated the French almost as much as he adored the name of an Englishman. While he was speaking, Jane felt a sensation unlike any thing she had ever known before. She dreamed of nothing but fighting, and her father was so pleased

er earnestness, that he cut a piece of timber into
pe of a gun, taught her the manual and platoon
es, gave her a correct idea of the marching,
and all the minutiæ of military manœuvres.
led to this a complete knowledge of the broad-
and could wield any heavy instrument with un-
n facility. She almost forgot she was a woman;
iny of the neighbouring rustics offered her an
she immediately laid aside the delicacy of her
d, with a stout cudgel in her hand, seldom failed
ing the aggressor heartily sorry for his temerity.
illness of her brother Tom, who laboured hard
support of this little family, soon involved them
te of the most deplorable poverty. At this sad
it, their hopes were a little revived by the arrival
in of fortune, who came to settle in the neigh-
od.

stranger was one Captain Popinjay, a young
nan, to whom the old soldier had formerly ren-
very material service. The captain had been
his regiment a raw, inexperienced youth. He
very accomplished gentleman: he could sing,
d dance, he could speak French, but unluckily
totally ignorant of the duties of a soldier. He
tted so many blunders, that the commanding
expressed his intention of complaining to the
, who was expected to superintend an ensuing
. Captain Popinjay would, most likely, have
bjected to some rebuke and mortification, had
happened to have old Wildfire for his servant.
s so zealously attached to his master, that he
ed to make all his difficulties easy. The captain

attended to him, and the veteran's explanations were so very simple, that, on the review day, he was enabled to take the field with confidence. When the general arrived, he was assailed on all sides with complaints of the idleness and total want of all discipline in the new captain. The general determined to keep his eye particularly fixed on the company against which these charges were preferred; but, to the astonishment of the whole camp, the men under the command of Popinjay, in regularity, order, and celerity in their manœuvres, outstripped all their competitors. The general was in amazement, and the accusing officers were all struck dumb with confusion. The young captain was honoured with the highest compliments in front of all the troops; nor was the reviewing general contented with this negative reparation of the injustice which he imagined had been done him, but promised to omit no opportunities of advancing his interests. The captain was in such raptures with the old fellow for having made him master of his art with so little trouble, that he swore he would make a man of him, and never rest till he had given him some substantial proof of his regard. His preferment, however, soon removed him to another regiment, and for many years the veteran soldier never heard a single word of him. A handsome fortune, now left him by his father, had enabled him to retire from the army; and Wildfire heard with joy of his arrival in the neighbourhood, as he now looked upon himself in possession of a secure shield against poverty and misfortune. Vain man, to rely on so feeble a prop as gratitude!

The adjoining estate to the captain's was occupied by

a Mr. Scamper. This gentleman was a great man at all elections, and the captain was now very ambitious of being a *parliament* man: no one ever dreamed of succeeding in that part of the world till he had first conciliated the interests of Mr. Scamper.

Henry Scamper, Esquire, had passed the earlier part of his life by being, in the most literal sense of the word, the very *obedient humble servant* of every great man in power, and serving them in every way which could be effected by the most abandoned prostitution of his character and his principles: as Sir Pertinax M'Sycophant says, he

> "Bowed, and bowed, and bowed,
> And wrought, and wriggled,
> And wriggled, and wrought,"

till he had at last wriggled himself into the estate he now possessed; and where he was feared, hated, and despised, or flattered, fawned upon, and cringed to by all the surrounding gentry: for, although he was looked upon as a scroundrel that was a disgrace to the community of which he was a member, yet did he hold a scourge in his hand, with which he could lash all who dared oppose his tyranny; and as men sometimes hold the candle to the devil, he was often smiled upon by those who cursed him in their hearts, and had a party at his command by whose influence he could have any candidate elected or rejected, as it concurred with his interest or caprice.

Before the return of the veteran soldier, Mr. Scamper had been visited by the son of a peer, of great consequence in the metropolis. His name was the Honourable Mr. Whiffleton. His face was as ugly as

affectation could make it; he was longer dressing than a lady, and his dress, when finished, only tended to make him ridiculous.

Poor Jane was a well-looking, healthy girl. Mr. Whiffleton, though one of the ugliest men ever seen, took it into his head that no girl could look at him without falling in love with him. He placed his affections on poor Jane; but as she always shunned him, by the advice of Mr. Scamper, he sent his French valet, Monsieur la Jeunesse to her, with a proposal. This valet informed her, that his master was waiting an answer some hundred yards from the cottage. She conducted *Monsieur* to her mother, and begged him to repeat his message to her. This ancient dame no sooner understood that the minikin gentleman's message was levelled against the honour of her daughter, than she seized the astonished valet by his two ears, and, after pulling them till he roared with pain, locked him in a cupboard, where she bade him stay until she had inflicted the same punishment upon his master.

Jane, however, desired the old lady to trust the management of her lover to herself. She found him as spruce as hands could make him. She took him by the hand, and walked with him for near a quarter of a mile, till she came to the bankside of a muddy ditch. Here, making a full stop, he began to press hard for a salute, which she as rigourously refused: he persisted, and was advancing to snatch the favour by *force*, when, darting out her sinewy arm, she gave him a blow on the pit of the stomach, which sent him screaming and sprawling into the mud and filth below. Jane then ran laughing home, and released the shivering Frenchman.

Mr. Scamper, who knew his interests too well to run the hazard of offending the family of the Whiffletons, assured Jane that if she did not make the most submissive apology, he would make her and her family repent their conduct. She told him she defied both him and his threats; that she was convinced she had right on her side; and that if he himself was to behave as Mr. Whiffleton had done, she should not make the least ceremony of serving him the same trick she had played his friend.

The father of Jane, by the appearance of Captain Popinjay, thought himself very sure of protection against the tyranny of Mr. Scamper. He waited on him, was admitted, and saw the captain: but what was his astonishment when, instead of the kind reception he expected, the young soldier asked him if he was the father to the saucy young woman who had the audacity to behave in so insolent a manner to his dear friend Mr. Scamper, a man of honour, a gentleman! The father boldly answered that he did not look upon him as either; and that he was glad his child had acted like a soldier's daughter, and a girl of spirit. The captain informed the veteran, that he was willing to give him a trifle, knowing his poverty, if he made his girl ask pardon on her knees for her rudeness to the friend of Mr. Scamper. Then the father showed him his wounds, told him he was a soldier, and that a soldier's child, whether the daughter of a general or a private, had her honour to defend, and that he should always love his girl for defending hers; and as for going down upon *her knees*, it was what none of his family had ever done, except when they prayed to GOD ALMIGHTY. The captain

enraged, bade the old man to leave the room. ' other obeyed with indignation.

Captain Popinjay gave out that old Wildfire wa idle fellow, to whom he had formerly done a thou good actions while he was in his regiment, for w he had behaved in the most ungrateful manner. ' could get no work; they were half starved; the brother died; pay-day came round, and they had shilling in the world to pay their rent. They had completed their misfortunes, and received orde turn out in five days time.

In this scene of calamity, they had not a str eling to, until chance raised them a friend in B Wildfire, a hard-working cottager, in a village five miles off. Bob had been an old sweethe Jane's; but, in one of their quarrels, while they making hay, he said something which, not pleasi mistress, she had taken up a large stick, and give a severe beating with it. From that time forwar swore he would have nothing to do with her, and to a small cottage with his old mother, where, so people, they lived tolerably well. When Robert of Jane's conduct towards Mr. Whiffleton, he con the violence of her behaviour into a partiality for self, and began to feel very uneasy about her. ' he found how much she had suffered from her principles of virtue, he set off directly to her villa renew his former offer of his hand and heart, a same time promising to place her parents in the cottage with his mother: he could leave them all fortable, he said, especially as he could get a high

a substitute, (the war with America then raging),
: army.

be a soldier's wife had always been the height of
Jane's ambition; and indeed, had Bob been in the
, he would certainly have been accepted long be-
this period. The father and mother were thus
d in another parish, where the squire was a de-
. enemy to Mr. Scamper, on account of a late
on: as soon as he heard he wished to ruin these
le, they were taken into favour, and met every
uragement from their new landlord, who, though
of the most hard-hearted men in the world, was
ys ready to do good, when, by so acting, he could
ify those who were not of his own opinion.

ıe parents thus provided for, she trudged away
her dear Robert. He soon joined his regiment,
h was ordered abroad. A few of the women were
ıitted to embark with their husbands, and she was
: than happy in being admitted into the number.
' were soon landed on the then hostile shores of
rica. The scenes of universal confusion she at
met with were so like those that her father had
erly described to her, her senses were bewildered
the novelty of the scene: this novelty soon va-
:d, and she waked to sorrow, to suffering, and to
ship. Sometimes they marched whole days together,
ıle to enjoy a comfortable meal: sometimes they
: compelled to lie on snow hillocks, or sleep in
ıes nearly frozen by the intenseness of the cold.
saw many a lusty fellow faint with hunger; many
ıut heart expire with fatigue. Many months were
ed this way previous to their coming into action.

One day, after fording a deep river up to their knees in water, they met the enemy drawn up to double their number on the other side. A hot action immediately took place. The English forces were wasted by famine and fatigue; the enemy's were fresh and vigorous; and during the engagement their women could supply them with brandy, into which they put a quantity of opium, which inflamed them almost to madness. Our poor fellows could get nothing but water, yet they fought like heroes. Overpowered by numbers, they were at length compelled to fly. Jane snatched up a dead serjeant's sword, and retreated with her dear Bob. They fell in with a straggling party, who were bearing off an officer prisoner. The enemy were three in number; but the husband and wife resolved to attempt his rescue; and chiefly by the undaunted courage of the woman, they had the gratification of releasing the officer, and arming him with the sword of one of his captors. In this exploit, her face and eye were terribly mangled by a pistol shot. In various actions she met with wounds which horribly mutilated a face once admired for its beauty. While General G—— was colonel, he lay wounded on the ground, in a hot action, a soldier advanced to dash out his brains with a musket, Jane received the blow on her mouth, and shot the soldier in his attempt. Her husband fell in battle. She was inconsolable for his loss; for, although her nerves were strong, her heart was tenderness itself. When she returned, she found all her relations dead. Left alone in a wide world, she was compelled, in opposition to her pride, to seek relief from those she had rescued from death and danger.

General G—— settled fifteen pounds a year on her; and her parents being no more, poor Jane thought this a vast sum, took a small cottage, and by vigorous exertions, was able not only to support herself, but to do a great deal of good to many poor people around her: she never was so proud as when she had it in her power to show the gratitude of her heart. She was, she is, and she will die a heroine. Such is the story of this poor but singular woman; singular for virtue, courage, and for fidelity. Had Jane been the wife of a colonel or a general, she had been extolled in prints, recorded in history, and held up by poetry to the example and imitation of future ages. Good fortune is a great agent in conferring fame, and good fortune alone was wanting to render *Jane* the equal of *Joan of Arc*, or the celebrated *Jane de Montfort!*

LIBELS.

A Dialogue between a Bookseller and a young Author.

"Slander, the worst of poisons, ever finds,
An easy entrance in ignoble minds." HARVEY'S *Juvenal.*

....In London I had not been known to many, and I thought that, by changing my name and residing in a different quarter of the town, I might escape detection, and live free from observation. I took a small lodging, and resolved to make an essay of my literary talents in the capacity of an author. I had often amused myself in making a version of Horace's Satires, and had translated two of the most beautiful of Ovid's Epistles; I

mean those of Œnone to Paris, and Medea to Jason; the first being, in my humble judgment, a most finished example of the *pathetic*, and the last a specimen of the *sublime*. With these materials I waited on a bookseller; he looked at my epistles in the first place. I acknowledge, upon my mended judgment, that I now think they were extremely bad; but that is more than he could have possibly known at the time, for, without *looking* at them, he plainly told me they would never pay the price of the paper. I then told him that I had some satirical pieces: his eye brightened up at this intelligence, but the name of Horace, in the title page, had the same effect upon him as physic upon a boy (who has made *illness* a pretence for idleness,) at school. He shook his head, and told me these works would never produce salt to my meals; but that if I would bring him a satire, highly peppered with abuse of certain great people, he might then, perhaps, have something to say to me. I knew the characters he pointed out to be persons eminently great and good, and expressed my surprise that he should be ignorant of their worth and value. He assured me, this was by no means the case; he knew their merits as well as any man alive.

Good God! is it possible?"

"You are young, Sir: when you have been long enough an author to know your trade, you will learn, that *abuse* sells much better than *eulogium**:—No man pays his money to see a person praised."

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* We cannot refrain from observing here, that, misled perhaps, by the impetuous, raw, and injudicious editor, the pub-

I was warm in the defence of the character I had adopted; and, as I always esteemed a literary man as one of the most exalted and dignified beings in the scale of society, I felt my cheek burn with indignation at hearing the sacred functions of genius thus tarnished and reduced. I urged, that to lash general vices, to expose corruption, to tear the mask from the visage of pretended patriotism, and gibbet the sons of rapine and oppression, was indeed a calling worthy the thunder-brandishing hand of the gigantic genius of satire; but that, to attack vice and virtue with undiscriminating rancor, to plant a thorn in the bosom of an honest man, to betray the confidence of families, and ruin the honest efforts of individuals, was to assume a character which, like Nero's, ought to be hunted from the face of the earth while living, and held up to the execration of posterity when no more.

The bookseller gravely shook his head, said he was perfectly right, and that his own conscience often gave him many twinges when he published a work of the nature I had been describing. He observed, however, that while the world was ill-natured, and wicked enough to encourage this general rage for malice and detraction, a man in business had much difficulty in keeping

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shers of the *Annual Review* seem to have adopted the illiberal nd false opinion of the above bookseller. We entreat them o remember, for their own sake, that *Rien n'est beau que le rai;* that *abuse* is not *criticism;* and we venture to predict to hem, that the number of the purchasers of their work will ecrease in proportion to its accumulating illiberal satires gainst literary characters deservedly esteemed: for the public i always just and indulgent.

his hands out of this disagreeable branch of l functions*.

I assured him, that I would much rather beg r daily bread, from door to door, than put one mor into my mouth, which was earned by any means so i famous and dishonourable; and that if ever I owed r existence to ways so base and unmanly, I should all t rest of my life look upon a scavenger as my superi inasmuch as, though he meddled every day with di work, his filth was of prejudice to no one but himsel

The profession of a bookseller is one which demar the respect and gratitude of society, and, when all said and done, the arguments which my new frie had urged were certainly not without their weig While scandal and detraction are encouraged by t world, it is the fault of the world that we have many libels pouring upon us from all quarters.

He then asked me if I had any objection to transl: I freely replied that I was driven to the necessity writing for bread, and that I had no inclination shun any means of earning my meal by *any honest* w He then invited me to dine with him, and I met m: men like myself, who had every morning "to prov for the day which was to pass over their heads."

I had a portion of work given me, in which I cc

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* The editors of this work congratulate themselve being connected with a respectable bookseller, who is a f enemy to libels, and who thinks with them, that to be u: to the cause of morality, vice should be assaulted without ting personal feelings. If we draw then a faulty character reader may rest assured, that it will always be in the spi benevolence, and with a love of mankind.

neither evince my fancy nor exert my imagination. The pay I reaped from labours of this mechanical nature was small; nor could I expect it to be greater. I kept life and soul together with difficulty; but as I never violated my private nor my moral character, I tugged at the oar, and was contented with my lot. I, however, hailed my release from the drudgery of writing and book-making, as the dawn of returning freedom. A slave of every description is to be pitied, but none more so than the slave to writing for his bread.

HEROISM OF CONJUGAL AFFECTION.

" Are ye not one? are ye not join'd by Heav'n?
Each interwoven with the other's fate." ROWE.

ELIZABETH, countess of Greifenstein, or Grafenstein, says an ancient chronicle, sold all her property and went to the East, to ransom her husband, who was a prisoner among the Saracens. She arrived at Jerusalem, and thence continued her route, accompanied only by a faithful servant. This woman, young, beautiful, and of a delicate frame, crossed the burning deserts of Syria, and arrived, after a dangerous journey, at a castle on the banks of the Euphrates, where her husband groaned in fetters. The lord of his castle was struck with her beauty, and would have made her his mistress; but, faithful to her husband, she resisted every seduction and every threat.

The barbarian was at length touched by her constancy, and promised her husband liberty on certain

conditions. The first task imposed on her, was to procure the deliverance of the Saracen's brother, then a prisoner with a savage people on the other side of the Euphrates. Elizabeth did not hesitate an instant; she passes the river, won by her prayers the hearts of the savages, and led back the tyrant's brother to the castle.

She was then commanded to descend a cataract in a slight boat. She enters the boat trembling, thousands of people cover the banks, applauding the courage of this generous woman. The boat, drifting slowly down the river, approaches the precipice, Elizabeth binds her veil over her eyes, places herself on her knees, and thus drifts into the torrent. Beneficent genii bear the boat along; she reaches, unhurt, the banks of the river, and returns to the castle amidst the acclamations of the multitude.

"Go, and free thy husband with thy own hands," said the Saracen, presenting her the keys of the dungeon. She is led towards a court, surrounded with an iron grating, which inclosed hungry lions. Elizabeth opens the gate without fear; the famished animals rush upon her, but suddenly they stop, creep to her, and lick her feet. Faint with apprehension, she rests her arms on one of the lions, while opening the door of the dungeon; she frees her husband from his chains, and leads him forth between a double row of Saracens, who sing her praises.

She again traverses the same deserts, accompanied by her husband; supports his courage, searches roots for his food, and dips her veil into every well she finds to procure him water. They at length reach Jerusa-

ke shipping, and arrived happily at the count's

at was the recompence of so many sacrifices,
1 courage, and such exalted virtues? Ingrati-
id infidelity.
dships and a burning sun had tarnished the deli-
eauties of the countess, anxiety had effaced the
rom her cheeks, and tears had dimmed the fire
eyes. She was still lovely; but her beauty was
re than the shadow of that which was fled. Her
young and beautiful, lived with her. The count
day saw Erdmutha, and a guilty passion was
l in his heart. In vain did he abhor his treachery,
present to himself, that to the countess he owed
id liberty: every day his love acquired new

en it happened that Elizabeth related what she
ffered among the savages, and the dangers she
ncountered to save her husband, his eyes were
nly on the tears which fell during the tale from
utha, and her beautiful bosom agitated with

reproached himself with his injustice to his wife;
n shed tears; but his remorse was transient; had
own himself, he would have fled from the com-
stead of combating his passion.
mutha observed the melancholy into which the
had fallen, and her heart was moved with com-
n. Perceiving the efforts he had made with
lf to conceal his sorrow from his wife, she con-
him to reveal the cause to her, in the hope of
ishing his anguish. He cast down his eyes and

was silent. She took his hand and redoubled her entreaties, but he abruptly fled from her, and shut himself up in his own room.

The kind Erdmutha still did not lose all hope. She made new attempts to learn the secret of his sorrows, and, at length, too fatally succeeded.

"I love you, Erdmutha," he said, with a voice in which there was something terrible: "there is no peace for me but in death." He rushed from her presence in a paroxysm of despair, and left Erdmutha overwhelmed with affright; for, in attempting to express her horror of the count's passion, she had, alas! discovered that she partook his crime—that she loved him.

The castle, once the abode of peace and joy, now became the dreary habitation of perpetual sighs and tears. Nor was it long ere the countess perceived that her husband was the victim of some devouring grief; she blamed her own want of vivacity, and made continual efforts to appear more gay; she conjured her sister to aid her, in endeavouring to chase the dejection of the count; and frequently led her husband to the apartment of Erdmutha, where, engaging them in conversation, she would find some pretence to leave them together.

In these trying situations, Erdmutha, however, had sufficient empire over herself to conceal from the count that she returned his love. He also, after the avowal that her solicitations had torn from him, maintained an inviolate silence: but his passion consumed him; he fell sick, and the countess, transported with grief, supplicated her sister to assist in her cares for his re-

storation. Erdmutha, from that time, scarcely quitted the side of his couch.

One day, when they were alone, the count opened his almost-extinguished eyes, and said, in a feeble voice, "Oh, Erdmutha! let me be permitted to press my lips to thine, and I die satisfied." She did not immediately reply, but seeing the tears fall from his eyes, which were eagerly fixed on her, she bent over his pillow and touched his cheek with her pale and cold lips, saying, "Ah! why cannot I die with you?" The count pressed her to his heart, and turning from her, he almost fainted with the excess of his feelings.

"Oh, my friend!" cried Erdmutha, with an emotion bordering on despair; "be more calm, I give myself up to thee! Elizabeth, by her heroic virtues, saved thee from slavery, I would save thee from thee death!"..

The countess had heard their discourse from an adjoining apartment: she had scarcely strength to return to her own chamber. She took up the chains from which, with so much peril, she had delivered her husband, and bathed them with tears.

She was informed the next day that the count was better, and within three days he was restored to health. She knew that love had been the cause of this sudden change; but the grief she observed in his looks, and those of her sister, together with their tenderness for her, convinced her that the crime was not consummated.

She gave a grand entertainment to celebrate the count's health. At night she led the count to the most retired apartment of the house, took the chains she had brought with her from the east, and taking

his hand, she said, "dearest husband, can these chains attach thy heart to mine?"

The count, pressing the chains to his bosom, replied, "No one but you could give such proofs of a pure and constant affection. Elizabeth! for you I would brave death, as you have done for me." Then embracing his wife, as if for the last time, he vowed eternal fidelity to her; in saying which, he meditated a journey to the Holy Land. Elizabeth comprehended him, and did not hesitate to take her resolution.

She besought him to defer his journey some days; "because," added she tenderly, "my strength fails me hourly. I am more feeble than you imagine; my days are numbered. Do not abandon my sister when I shall be no more: become her friend, as you have been mine; and, if Heaven grants my ardent prayer, you will become more than the friend of Erdmutha."

She folded him in her arms, to conceal her pallid countenance and her tears; afterwards she entreated him to conduct her to the convent in which she had been educated, "for there," she said, "I will pass some days with my friend, the abbess."

He accompanied her to the convent; but instead of returning to the castle, where he knew he must remain alone with Erdmutha, he remained in the neighbourhood of the countess. Eight days afterwards, the abbess announced to him the death of his wife, and communicated her last wish. The countess had besought him, in her last moments, not to abandon her sister, but to remember her late prayer to Heaven in their behalf.

This intelligence was not true. The countess caused

apel and a tomb to be erected, and beneath its roof remained till sorrow had terminated her life. The ess ordered a monument to be erected over her es, with this inscription to be engraved on it:

"Love is more powerful than gratitude;
These chains could not secure his love*."

ON SEEING A VESSEL SAIL.

"What divine monsters, O, ye gods! are these
That float in air and fly upon the seas." DRYDEN.

YON ship prepar'd the port to leave,
Her canvass swells, her anchors heave,
She courts the fav'ring gale;
Her jovial crew, her rudder's guide,
Wait but the slowly-rising tide,
To spread their vent'rous sail.

Oh! wond'rous proof of bold design,
Of art that's only not divine,
Say, whither art thou bound?
What barb'rous coast, what hostile shore,
What distant world wilt thou explore,
What unplough'd ocean sound?

The chapel and the monument were situated at a little nce from a town of northern Germany, surrounded by ading oaks. According to an ancient record, the chapel's s were rung on a certain day. The tomb was of marble, ell as the statue of the countess, who, on her knees, with hands laden with chains, had her eyes turned towards en. It is reported, that shortly after the countess's death, count enjoying the chase, accompanied by Erdmutha, m he had married, for the first time discovered this chapel, killed *himself.*

Whom does this spacious hold contain?
Sons for whom mothers weep in vain,
  The father torn from home;
(While sisters hope to stay the tears
Of their last parent's widow'd years,)
  In thee, alas! may roam.

Some tyrant youth in thee may part,
The sov'reign of a virgin heart,
  That beats for him alone;
Whose plighted vows of endless love,
She never doubts will faithful prove,
  Still judging from her own.

Tell not the fond, confiding maid,
How oft her trust will be betray'd,
  How oft the youth forsworn;
Wound not her unsuspecting breast,
In fancy's sweet illusion blest,
  And absence may be borne.

Be thou, kind Heaven, the vessel's guide,
For her the whelming waves divide,
  The stormy winds control;
Whither she steer her devious way
To distant India's fervent day,
  Or seek the frozen pole.

Yet dost thou, in thy wrath, ordain
That the fair fabric ne'er again
  Shall bear her wand'rers home?
If, given to the greedy tides,
The storm must rend her parting sides,
  And ruin be her doom,

Spare, in thine ire, her gallant crew,
Spare, in their lives, their children's too,
The mother and the wife:
The troubled deep awhile assuage,
Speak, and appease the fearful rage
Of elemental strife.

From fell Arabia's barren strands,
Her ruthless sons, her burning sands,
The vessel far convey;
Nor let the hapless crew be thrown
Where gen'rous pity is unknown,
Or monsters howl for prey.

Their tedious toils and travels o'er,
May Albion's snow-white cliffs once more
The weary wand'rers gain;
And each, his dangers at an end,
Recount them to the wond'ring friend,
With joy enhanc'd by former pain.

ADVICE ON THE EDUCATION OF A PRINCE.

*Letter of the Unfortunate Lewis XVI. to the Abbe ****; Paris, March* 11, 1791.

"His goodness was diffus'd to human kind." DRYDEN.

Ask me, Sir, for such instructions as may be fitted
ect the education of the Dauphin, at that tender
hen the passions are yet dormant, but when rea-
rnishes the child with the disposition and the
of improvement.

These instructions appear to me the more necessary, as there are but few works extant proper to serve as guides for preceptors, and to train up a child with usefulness. I send you a series of reflections which have been suggested to me by the study of good writers, and which I have endeavoured to simplify as much as possible. I have performed this task with the zeal dictated by a father's tenderness, and the feelings of a man deeply penetrated with the duties which belong to that rank which my son is called to fill by his birth.

You have to form the heart, and perfect the moral and physical faculties of a child.

Example, seasonable advice, praise bestowed with address, and reproof tempered by mildness will awaken in the heart of your young pupil a tender sensibility, the dread of doing wrong, the desire of acting well, a laudable emulation, and the wish of pleasing his preceptor.

Few books, but those well chosen; elementary works clear, concise, and methodical; agreeable occupation, which, without burdening the memory, excites curiosity, inspires a taste for study, and the love of labour, will soon form the mind of a well-organised, docile, and studious child.

Extracts often repeated, walks, and rural labours, the toils and pleasures of which the preceptor should partake, and which may be limited to the cultivation of a small garden; a few sports with children of his own age in the presence of the master. Such are the infallible means of preserving the child's health, of saving him from the languor of idleness, and of strengthening his constitution.

You ought to fix the hours of your studies, your walks, and your manual occupations, so as to render them commodious to yourself and useful to the child.

I will set apart some moments to instruct my son in geography; the first elements of history will be unfolded to him; and we will lay before his young mind the annals of ancient and modern nations.

I should not be displeased that my son made himself acquainted with some mechanical art, in the moments of leisure or recreation. I am well aware that people blame me, and make it the subject of pleasantry, that I handle the tools of the smith whilst I wield the sceptre of kings. This taste I inherit from my ancestors. One of our superlatively-sage philosophers has made an apology for me in his writings, and this, perhaps, is all I found good in his *Emile*, all at least that appeared to me worthy of being excused.

Let the principles of the different branches of knowledge be engraven on my son's memory; I despise superficial minds; they are ignorant, presumptuous, and more liable to error than other men.

Never encourage, by adulation, the caprices of your pupil; my son will learn, but too soon, that the time approaches when he will be at liberty to indulge them.

Magnify in his eyes the virtues that constitute a good king, and let your lessons be adapted to his comprehension. Alas! he will be one day but too strongly tempted to imitate such of his ancestors as were distinguished only by their warlike exploits; military glory dizzies the brain, and what species of glory is that which rolls its eye over streams of human blood, and desolates the universe?

Teach him, with Fenelon, that pacific prin
are held by the people in religious remembran
first duty of a prince is to render his people h
he knows what it is to be a king, he will alw
how to defend his people and his crown.

He must be made familiar with our be
authors, in order to unfold, in his intellectual
that purity of expression which ought to belo
language and writings of a prince, whom all
jects will have a right to judge.

Teach him early to know how to pardon
forget injustice, and reward laudable action
spect morality, to be good, and to acknow
services which are rendered to him.

Speak to him often of the glory of his ance
present to him, as a model of his conduct, I
a religious prince, and a friend to morality a
Lewis XII. who would not punish the co
against the Duke of Orleans, and on whom t
conferred the title of Father of his People.
to him also Henry the Great, who fed the cit
while it insulted and made war against h
Lewis XIV. not while he gives laws to Eu
when he pacifies the world, and becomes the
of talents, of the sciences, and the fine arts.

Curb the passions, and never conceal the
your pupil. Let the calm of private virtues
his desires, and he will become mild, pa
worthy of being beloved. You will then ha
the success of your undertaking; you will be a
and will partake of that gratitude which natio
those who have imitated the wisdom of Fene

as employed in the discharge of those duties which
d him to immortality.

is not on the exploits of Alexander, or Charles XII.
you ought to dwell with your pupil—those princes
) have devastated the earth. Discourse with him,
| that often, of such princes as have protected com-
rce, enlarged the sphere of knowledge—in short, of
:h kings as have been really useful to their people,
d not of those on whom history has been too lavish
praise.

You are acquainted with the best authors, and the
oper methods of instruction; and you appear to me
have benefited from your studies, and the first lessons
youth: you possess knowledge. Endeavour to do
r my son as much as was done for yourself; but do
t be too eager to enjoy the fruits of your labours, or
ur proceeding too slowly; and, be convinced that
ur pupil understands your preceding lessons before
u widen the limits of instruction. Never dissemble
ith him, or suffer him to appear more learned than
: really is: it is shameful for a prince to possess only
perficial knowledge, and his preceptor should spare
m that disgrace.

Pretend to study with your pupil, and thus excite
s emulation by awakening his vanity. This method
sometimes successful, and is honourable to the master,
ile it is delightful to the pupil.

Speak to him, sometimes, and ever with respect, of
d, his attributes, and his worship. Prove to him that
: authority of kings proceeds from God, and that, un-
s he believes in the power of the master of kings, he
ll soon become the victim of those men who believe

in nothing, despise authority, and imagine themselves to be the equal of kings.

Let him be taught, from his earliest years, that religion is worthy of all his homage, and all his admiration; that incredulity and false philosophy undermine imperceptibly the throne, and that the altar is the rampart of religious kings.

In an age so enlightened as our own, your pupil must be sufficiently versed in the knowledge of experimental philosophy, to be able to appreciate useful discoveries. It would be very humiliating for him not to know how to discuss certain subjects, which, in that case, would only serve to discover his ignorance. "When he had given his measure," to use an expression of Montaigne, "he would be only a king in name."

While your young pupil is acquiring the art of governing, let some rays of light be reflected on him from the mirror of truth; above all, be careful to impress those truths which may remind him, that he is placed above other men only to render them happy. Remember to teach him that, when every thing is in our power, we must be extremely sober in the use of our authority. Laws are the pillars of the throne; if they be violated, the people think themselves absolved from their engagements. Civil wars have taught us, that it is almost always those who govern who have caused, by their errors, the effusion of human blood. The just king is the good one.

Teach your pupil that vices and excesses dishonour those who ought, one day, to be cited only as models of imitation.

Display to him the charms of meekness, goodness,

leration. Repress the impetuous feelings of
re: never be the slave of his caprice, and seek
idship of your pupil, not by a dangerous com-
e, but by rational confidence, by the pure ca-
f affection and well-directed affability.
iot superfluously fatigue his memory, but let
oment of his existence be occupied. Let alter-
iour and recreation fill up the moments which
ied with you. Use all your efforts to lead him
to see you, to be with you, and to regret your

.

l transcribed for the use of my son, the late
i, a great number of ideas upon education;
rrors, borrowed from modern philosophy, had
hemselves into my work: experience has taught
ter. I think I have sent you a copy of my
; make a choice from it, but beware of all
roneous principles which are the offspring of
, of the spirit of the age, and of the poison of
lity.
ie from him all those works, or that philosophy,
retends to judge God, his worship, his church,
divine law. The passions will one day but too
illy incline your pupil to shake off the yoke of
; and flatterers will avail themselves of that
t. Teach him to respect holy things; and un-
ore him false philosophy.
uld have many things to say to you, which my
ess for my son would dictate, and my wish to
s heart and mind; but I fear taking too sen-
i a tone, and having the air of giving laws to
ceptor. I have perfect confidence, Sir, that my

letter will sometimes be consulted by you; but I do not desire that it should be the only rule of your conduct. I must see you from time to time: come and see me with your pupil. Amidst the griefs that rend my soul, my consolation is in my son; and I observe with complacency, the progress he daily makes, and which he owes to your care and your friendship*.

BRITANNIA'S PRAISE.

"Oh, happy shepherds! who, secure from fear,
On open downs preserve your fleecy care;
Oh, happy fields! unknown to noise and strife,
The kind rewarder of industrious life." ANON.

O BLEST Britannia! on thy favour'd isle,
The mildest suns, the softest seasons smile;
Not long the breath of winter chills thy plains,
Or fervid summer melts thy toiling swains,
Ere genial spring the mellow'd soil unbinds,
Ere lib'ral autumn glads thy lab'ring hinds.
Calm are thy seasons, fruitful is thy soil,
Yet much to art is due, and manual toil.
Thy herds and flocks a thousand meads adorn,
Oaks clothe thy hills, thy valleys golden corn;

* To these counsels, which wear the forms of unaffected philanthropy and enlarged benevolence, we have not added the observations of their editor, Helen Maria Williams, a female who often loses herself amidst the wilderness of politics, in which she delights. We could have wished to have the correspondence of the unfortunate Lewis XVI. without such erroneous accompaniments.

ıy dales meand'ring currents glide,
ılver waves reflect thy various pride;
ıs and cottages, on ev'ry hand,
h their rural groups to dress the fertile land.

. . . . . .

. . . Around my natal soil I see,
'd effects of peaceful industry;
e, fair Freedom! thine the gen'rous hand
ırds, improves, and dignifies the land.
ut smile, fair Ceres' jocund train
er the trembling swamp, th' unfertile plain;
d on wilds, or frowning heaths, the day,
ıasons rise, and gradual roll away:
h subdu'd and tam'd th' obdurate soil,
ıt harvests crown their various toil.
decks their trees with flow'ry gems,
ld and rubies load the burden'd stems;
tation's humbler powers expand
d carpet o'er the smiling land.
opulation, in the arms of peace
ş, sees the social train increase;
ns and cottages innumerous rise,
ɔent churches pointing to the skies;
nmerce, proudly bids her gay canals
rough the hills, and shine alone the dales;
er her streams the waving pennants fly,
lthy cities meet th' astonished eye.

. . . . . .

re yon roofs that rise beside the hill?
ıumble names these decent mansions fill?

What, though nor stone, nor brick the walls sustain,
Nor slate, nor tile, avert the falling rain;
Content and happiness may there reside,
Nor breathe one sigh for seats of costly pride.
His *little field* th' industrious peasant plants,
Richly supplying all his domestic wants.

. . . . . .

Whate'er of fruits the British islands know,
There bloom in spring, in fervid summer glow;
And though, Britannia, climates mild as thine,
Not India's spices boast, nor Gallic wine;
Though here no fig, nor priz'd anana grows,
Nor golden orange in thy vineyards glows;
Nor that sweet cane—the curse of many an isle—
Nor gold, nor diamonds sleep beneath thy soil;
Yet, thy own wealth attracts the richest stores,
With power magnetic, to thy favour'd shores.
And chief thy flocks, that crown each mountain's brow
And deck each vale, from these thy riches flow;
These meet my view, innumerous, grazing wide,
Their unshorn lambs, yet sporting by their side,
Some destin'd soon, by unrelenting fate,
To smoke on tables of the rich and great;
But those of finest shape, and noblest size,
Again must view the vernal year arise,
Spread their young progeny around the land,
And yield their fleeces to the shearer's hand.
These eyes have seen when ant-hills cloth'd yon field
And gorse where clover now its fragrance yields,
And swells its cluster'd flowers: behold how tall
The stem uprise, and waving wait their fall!

Hence fragrant ricks and glowing cones shall rise,
Reserv'd till vegetation shrinks and dies;
Till yon fair spotted tribes, that range the dale,
And frequent wait the ruddy milk-maid's pail,
View the gay plains where verdure wont to glow,
Incas'd in ice, or buried deep in snow.

Benignant clime! here autumn's choicest store
Fails not, while winter's latest tempests roar!
Far other scenes proclaim his tyrant reign,
Where chill Siberia bounds the northern main;
All powers of life and vegetation fled,
The fields repose as nature's self lay dead,
The earth to rock, the sea to crystal turns,
Till the bright sun with tropic splendor burns.

Yet, sure yon patient, woolly tribes demand
The generous care of man's providing hand;
Unless for them his shivering limbs must bear
Th' enfeebling rigours of th' inclement year;
And Ceres, still thy fostering care supplies
Abundant food when wintry glooms arise.

. . . . . .

But chief, when Phœbus' vivifying ray
Glows on the painted scenes of rosy May,
Where'er thy hand its plastic power applies,
Herbs, flowers, and fruits in rich profusion rise;
Vanish the glooms that mark the steril soil,
The rocks relent, the wildest deserts smile.

THE VILLAGE FAIR.

"Let mirth go on, let pleasure know no pause,
But fill up ev'ry minute of this day." ROWE.

EPITOME of human life,
Behold a village fair,
Contrast of jollity and strife,
Of merriment and care.

Here crockery spreads the verdant ground,
Pans, plates, and dishes see;
Flower-pots and pitchers, crackt and sound,
And sets of cups for tea.

Of pedlars' stalls, arrang'd in rows,
How glittering is the ware!
Gay buckles, necklaces, and bows,
And top-knots for the fair.

Of cakes and spice-nuts shall I sing,
All tempting to behold?
Of gingerbread, each queen and king
Their noses tipt with gold.

Of stalls for children fraught with bliss,
Where round you hear them prattle;
Horses for master, dolls for miss,
And for the babe a rattle.

Of many a ballad-singing whine,
  The unharmonious sound;
And blind musicians, that combine
  To deafen all around.

Wild beasts are here, and screaming birds,
  And puppet-shows, and apes;
Mountebanks, free of drugs and words,
  And cheats in various shapes.

Here they break heads, and there shake hands,
  Now blood, now liquor flows;
Now friendly are the motley bands,
  Presto—be gone—they're foes.

Here am'rous youths, with each a mate,
  Proffer gay toys or gloves;
And, whisp'ring as they go, relate
  The secret of their loves.

The gay, the busy, here you view,
  For diff'rent ends repair;
Of mortals what a picture true
  Exhibits such a fair!

EQUALITY.

A Kitchen Conversation, in a retired Country Village.

" Non possidentem multa vocaveris
Recte beatum; rectius occupat
Nomen beati, qui deorum
Muneribus sapienter uti,
Duramque callet pauperiem pati*." Hor.

.....The weather is wet, and I have nothing to relate of the present; I shall therefore go back a little, in order to retail a kitchen conversation, wherein I made a conspicuous figure at our last washing time. Miss P— usually irons her own small linen, I do the like; and sometimes upon these occasions we are quite a large party, for there is a chairwoman besides the servants. This person, who is called Mrs. H—, is always well provided with subjects of conversation, as she knows every thing that passes in the parish. She is extremely communicative, and very free of her remarks. Her chief topic, at the time I hint at, was the dearness of provisions, the scarcity of money, the hardships of the labouring poor, on which she descanted in

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TRANSLATION*.

Believe not those that lands possess,
And shining heaps of useless ore,
The only lords of happiness;
But rather those that know
For what kind fates bestow,
And have the art to use the store;
That have the gen'rous skill to bear
The hated weight of poverty.

manner that savoured much of the doctrine of equality nd Tom Paine. I was at length, little as I love alteration, roused to take a part in the argument, and had, t least, the satisfaction of being attended to, as well y the servants as by the person to whom I addressed myself; who, if they were not convinced I was in the ight, seemed, however, flattered that I thought it worth my while to aim at convincing them.

"If it were possible, Mrs. H—," said I, "to make n exact partition of all the money and estates in the world, at so much a head, I would give you about six months to see every thing restored to much the same, r even a worse, state than at present, to have at least s many poor, and far more discontented. The frugal, he provident, the industrious, would always augment heir stores: the avaricious, the selfish, and the designing would spoil from the indolent and the improvident, till ou would find the extremely indigent nearly the same ersons as now; and those who have grown rich, no matter by what means in the present system of things, he same would contrive to grow rich again. There would, however, be this additional evil, that those who ere born and bred to great expectations, without prulence to save their money, or ability to earn more, ithout restraining laws to supply their ill-conduct, and revent their despoiling their families, would be begared without resources; for, do not suppose that the iserly, who have grown rich by their folly, will be of disposition to relieve their distress; that would be a ontradiction in nature. No, my good friend, till you an so order matters as to contrive that every body hall be born with equal natural abilities, and the same

dispositions, never believe that their fortunes can remain equal; human nature, as it is, will oppose it. However, admitting, for argument sake, that such an order of things were possible or lasting, how should we be bettered? Who would be found to plough, to till, to do all kinds of necessary labour? When all were equally rich, we should run the risk of wanting, in the midst of our own equallity of riches, all the necessaries of life; and, supposing every thing to be provided us, another great evil would arise; half our virtues would have no exercise, and, consequently, scarce an existence. Where must the benevolent seek the most refined and delicious of all delights, that of relieving the unfortunate, if there was no unfortunate to relieve? Man, not standing in need of his fellow creature, would be even more selfish and narrow-minded than at present. Believe me, Mrs. H—, we cannot mend God's work, though each, by mending ourselves, by striving to correct our natural bent to discontent and repining, may make our lot supportable, however hard it may appear, compared to that of others. You are, I suppose, a Christian, and consequently believe that this is not the world we were made for. I grant, that to such as have no hope, the fate of many poor would be hard indeed; but when we reflect that this is only a state of probation, that by supporting hardships and poverty with patience and resignation to the divine will, we secure to ourselves everlasting happiness, that the poor are exempt from numberless temptations to which people in high stations are exposed—" "Ah, Madam!" said Mrs. H—, interrupting my fine harangue, "but I never wish to be great; all I desire is, to be about as

ich as you, or Madam P— here, to do as I pleased, and not work more than I cared for."—"And you, perhaps, would then be more unhappy than at present; you probably do not know that it requires a mind well cultivated, or a happy natural disposition, to know how to dispose of a great deal of leisure pleasantly, if not always profitably. You see we are glad to take up your trade to amuse ourselves."—"O yes, Madam! but you do no more than you like; if you was obliged to slave all day, and every day, and glad too to slave so, or want bread."—"That is very true, Mrs. H—, yet, nevertheless, I am convinced that you are a happier woman, if you will but bring yourself to make the best of your lot, and bear the bitter of it with patience as the disposition of Providence, and the burthen destined you to bear, than many whom you are disposed to envy, because they appear to live at ease, and have nothing to do.—Of the irksomeness of time hanging heavily on your hands, that you know not how to employ, you have, happily, no idea, any more than of a plentiful table, of which you have no relish, for want of an appetite, to its dainties; the rest that is not purchased by labour is no longer an enjoyment; the meals, in expecting which you have not suffered a little hunger, have no zest; and, be assured, no money gives such satisfaction, or does one so much good, as that which is of our own honest earnings. There are many instances of persons, who, after having spent the best part of their lives in acquiring a fortune, when having arrived at the summit of their wishes, they retired to enjoy themselves, have found a life, without its daily avocations, so irksome, as to seek to engage in business again.

I have heard of one in particular, who, after having made an easy fortune, by selling pork in London, had retired into the country, found himself so at a loss, that he was glad to pay the persons who succeeded him so much per week to be allowed to cut out the meat, and serve his customers as before."

"So Mrs. H—," said Miss P—, "when you have made a fortune by your trade, you will be so at a loss that you'll come and pay us by the day to rub over our fine linen." Every body laughed at this lively observation, and the lecture concluded with Harriet reading aloud the numbers 558 and 559, from the 8th volume of the *Spectator*, where the doctrine I had been endeavouring to support is so admirably illustrated, under the semblance of a vision.

"Now suppose, Mrs. H—, you could in this manner lay down your load of poverty, what would you chuse to take up in its stead? Some burthen, you know, we poor mortals must inevitably bear. Would you chuse bad health, a worthless husband, an ill temper, the listlessness and apathy of enjoyment so common to people who have nothing to do nor to wish for? what would you prefer?"—"Why, Madam," said she, "I would change burthens with you, for I don't think you are very heavy loaded."—"That is," said Harriet, "because Mrs. W— bears her afflictions with patience: she would do the same under your circumstances, could you exchange your poverty for her continual anxiety, separated from an amiable husband, whom she adores, and for whose safety she is under continual alarm; loaded like you, she would still trip lightly on, and bear her lot with cheerfulness, you would think her to be

envied, and propose another exchange."—" I believe," said Mrs. H—, " I shall get nobody to change with me here; indeed the worst off would have the worst of the bargain."—" Why then, my good friend," said I, " be advised by me; to prove that you have profited by what has been read to you, consult patience instead of fancy; instead of your poverty, get rid of your discontent, and you will no longer have a wish to exchange with any body."

Mrs. P— now proposed to me to exchange a sotting husband for an absent one. I refused the bargain; and Mr. Thomas P— asked his sisters if they would change their troubles of no husband at all, against mine of an absent one; " thof it be much the same," continued he, " you may as well be old maids as you be."—" Pray, Tom," said Miss P—, " what may your burthen be, you've a pretty good pair of shoulders; what would you chuse to take up in the room of nothing to lay down?" " I think, Miss," said he, " I've a pretty good load to bear with two fine lady sisters; I would back them both for a wife, the heavier the better, so 'tis with weight of metal."—" Well," retorted the eldest sister, " I'm sure you're plague enough to me; I would exchange you, almost, for Mrs. H—'s poverty."—" For a knapsack, Miss, you mean," replied Mr. Thomas, where you will be sure to find Mrs. H—'s poverty so close packed with it; 'tis odds you'll never be able to lay it down *....

* It seems from this sharp retort of the clown, Mr. Thomas, that his eldest sister had a *foible* for a red coat and a feather.

TERMINATION OF THE DEADLY REIGN OF THE SMALLPOX.

"The purple conqueror in chains you bind,
And are to us physicians very kind."

GARTH.

WHERE's the blind child, so lovely and so fair,
With guileless dimples, and with flaxen hair
That waves in ev'ry breeze? he's often seen
Beside yon cottage wall, or on the green,
With others match'd in spirit and in size,
Health on their cheeks and rapture in their eyes;
That full expanse of voice, to childhood dear,
Soul of their sports, is duly cherished here:
And, hark! that laugh is his, that jovial cry;
He hears the ball and trundling hoop brush by,
And runs the giddy course with all his might,
A very child in every thing but sight;
With circumscrib'd but not abated pow'rs,—
Play the great object of his infant hours;—
In many a game he takes a noisy part,
And shows the native gladness of his heart;
But soon he hears, on pleasure all intent,
The new suggestion and the quick assent;
The grove invites, delight thrills every breast—
To leap the ditch, and seek the downy nest,
Away they start, leave balls and hoops behind,
And one companion leave—the boy is blind!
His fancy paints their distant paths so gay,
That childish fortitude awhile gives way,
He feels his dreadful loss—yet short the pain,
Soon he resumes his cheerfulness again;

ond'ring how best his moments to employ,
le sings his little songs of nameless joy,
reeps on the warm green turf for many an hour,
nd plucks by chance the white and yellow flow'r;
moothing their stems, while, resting on his knees,
le binds a nosegay which he never sees;
long the homeward path then feels his way,
ifting his brow against the shining day,
nd with a playful rapture round his eyes,
resents a sighing parent with the prize.
She blest that day, which he remembers too,
Vhen he could gaze on heav'n's ethereal blue,
ee the young spring, so lovely to his eyes,
nd all the colours of the morning rise.—
'When was this work of bitterness begun?
low came the blindness of your only son?"
hus pity prompts full many a tongue to say,
ut never, till she slowly wipes away
h' obtruding tear that trembles in her eye,
his dagger of a question meets reply:—
—"My boy was healthy, and my rest was sound,
When last year's corn was green upon the ground:
rom yonder town infection found its way;
round me putrid dead and dying lay,
trembled for his fate, but all my care
vail'd not, for he breath'd the tainted air;
ickness ensu'd—in terror and dismay
nurs'd him in my arms both night and day,
When his soft skin from head to foot became
ne swelling purple sore, unfit to name:
lour after hour, when all was still beside,
When the pale night-light in its socket died,

Alone I sat; the thought still sooths my heart,
That surely I perform'd a mother's part,
Watching with such anxiety and pain
Till he might smile and look on me again;
But that was not to be—ask me no more:
God keep smallpox and blindness from your door!"

Now, ye who think, whose souls abroad take wing,
And trace out human troubles to their spring,
Say, should Heav'n grant us, in some hallow'd hour,
Means to divest this demon of its power,
To loose his horrid grasp from early worth,
To spread a saving conquest round the earth,
Till ev'ry land shall bow the grateful knee,
Would it not be a glorious day to see?
That day is come! my soul in strength arise,
Invoke no muse, no power below the skies;
To Heav'n the energies of verse belong,
Truth is the theme, and truth shall be the song;
Arm with conviction ev'ry joyful line,
Source of all mercies, for the praise is thine!

.....

Dear must that moment be when first the mind,
Ranging the paths of science unconfin'd,
Strikes a new light; when, obvious to the sense,
Springs the fresh spark of bright intelligence.
So felt the towering soul of Montagu,
Her sex's glory, and her country's too;
Who gave the spotted plague one deadly blow,
And bade its mitigated poison flow
With half its terrors; yet with loathing still,
We hous'd a visitant with power to kill.

Then when the healthful blood, though often tried,
Foil'd the keen lancet by the Severn side,
Resisting, uncontaminated still,
The purple pest, and unremitting skill;
When the plain truth tradition seem'd to know,
And simply pointed to the harmless Cow,
Doubt and distrust to reason might appeal;
But, when hope triumph'd, what did Jenner feel!
Where even hope itself could scarcely rise
To scan the vast, inestimable prize?
Perhaps, supreme, alone, triumphant stood
The great, the conscious power of doing good,
The power to will, and wishes to embrace
Th' emancipation of the human race;
A joy that must all mortal praise outlive,
A wealth that grateful nations cannot give.
Forth sped the truth immediate from his hand,
And confirmations sprung in ev'ry land;
In ev'ry land, on beauty's lily arm,
An infant softness, like a magic charm,
Appear'd the gift that conquers as it goes;
The dairy's boast, the simple, saving *Rose!*
Momentous triumph!—fiend! thy reign is o'er;
Thou, whose blind rage hath ravag'd every shore*,

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* In 1520, says Mr. Woodville, when the smallpox visited New Spain, it proved fatal to one half of the people in the provinces to which the infection extended: being carried thither by a negro slave, who attended Narvaes in his expedition against Cortez. He adds, about fifty years after the discovery of Peru, the smallpox was carried over from Europe to America by way of Carthagena, when it overran the continent of the new world, and destroyed upwards of 100,000 Indians in the single province of Quito. *History of Inoculation.*

In village paths, hence, may we never find
Their youth on crutches, and their children blind;
Nor, when the milk-maid, early from her bed,
Beneath the May-bush that embow'rs her head,
Sings like a bird, e'er grieve to meet again
The fair cheek injur'd by the scars of pain;
Pure, in her morning path where'er she treads,
Like April sunshine and the flow'rs it feeds,
She'll boast new conquests; Love, new shafts to fling;
And Life, an uncontaminated spring.
In pure delight didst thou, my soul, pursue
A task to conscience and to kindred due,
And, true to feeling and to nature, deem
The dairy's boast thy own appropriate theme;
Hail now the meed of pleasurable hours,
And, at the foot of Science, strew thy flow'rs!

CHRISTIAN NAMES.

"I am fond of your little *Louisas*: to say truth, I was afraid of a *Bess*, a *Peg*, or a *Sukey*, which all give me the ideas of washing tubs and scouring of kettles*."

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU'S *Letters*.

.....FROM our motto the reader will remark, that, even in her ladyship's days, they began to con-

* How much must her ladyship have been mortified, when coming to those years of discretion, which enable us to look back to the past, she discovered that she herself had a name which almost always "gives the ideas of washing tubs and scouring of kettles." Few names, it is well known, sunk lower in sen-

der certain names as more honourable than others. Having by degrees drunk more and more of the spirit of this new heraldry, we have now almost completed a system of nomenclature for the parlour, the hall, and the kitchen. This appears to have been effected, first, by purifying, and, in some instances, recasting old names; and secondly, (for I wish to be very methodical in a dissertation on so important a subject,) by inventing new names.

In our endeavours to purify or recast our old names, that nothing filthy or culinary might attach to them, I am not certain whether we did not begin with *Mary*. This name became common in this country, I suppose, from our having some queens so called, and a very beautiful one, the patroness of the Scottish *Maries*. But in time, as we began to sentimentalise upon names, we discovered, that although we had some Maries who were queens, we had many more who were kitchen-wenches, a circumstance which sunk the name so precipitately, that there was an absolute necessity for altering, or abolishing, it in all genteel families. It so happened, however, from the obstinacy of rich maiden aunts, dowagers with fortunes left in their own hands, and other persons on whose reversions it was necessary to keep a prudent eye, that *Mary* could not be abolished without great risk; and it was therefore agreed,

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timental opinion than *Mary*, and the mortification one feels on being saddled with such a name is yet more exasperated, when we reflect with what ease it may be turned into *Moll* and *Molly*, two names which are as constantly affixed to mops and pails as their handles.

to change it to *Maria*, in which position it now stands, although very seldom by itself. For, I know not how it was, that, in the process of time, some parents, highly skilled in the grammar of sentiment, discovered, or thought they discovered, that *Maria*, instead of being a noun, was an adjective with a noun understood. They therefore tacked to it *Anna*, and *Anna-Maria* is now a most beautiful designation in all families, except those who, not understanding Latin, chuse to adopt the English name of *Mary-Anne*, or, as it is much more sentimentally written, *Marianne*.

The next name which, according to Lady Montagu, gives one "the ideas of washing tubs and scouring kettles is *Bess*. Here too we are indebted to a sovereign lady queen, whose memory is very dear to our country; but all her merits, as a monarch, could not save her name from falling into the kitchen sink; and it was surely a dreadful thing, when we looked for a sceptre to find a basting ladle, and for a throne a kitchen dresser. But great as these hardships were, the name was not to be entirely abolished for the potent reasons I have assigned in the case of *Mary*. It was therefore analised carefully by some sentimental chemists, who first explained it as Peter, in the 'Tale of a Tub,' did his father's will, *totidem syllabis*, and then *totidem literis*. In the course of this examination, it was discovered that all the *kitchen-stuff* of the name resided in the last syllable, *Beth*, from whence, by an easy process, came *Bet*, the scullion, and *Bess*, the butter-woman; not to speak of the numerous *Betties* who distribute play-bills, and "choice fruit" at the

theatres. It was agreed, therefore, that this very obnoxious, although productive, syllable should be cut off, and buried in the dust-hole. There remained then *Elisa*, perfectly genteel and poetical, and fit for a parlour or drawing room of any dimension.

As to the *Sukeys* and *Pegs*, I believe we must agree, that they are irremediably consigned to the most menial offices. They were examined in every way, taken to pieces, and put together again in all forms, but nothing could be extracted from them that did not remind us of tubs and kettles. The *Jennies* had the same fate, although a few *Lady Janes* contrived to hold up their heads by the influence of title; but, without the title, it was found that the *Janes* degenerated fast into *Jennies;* and the late Mr. Arkwright, having found them in this forlorn condition, changed them into spinning-wheels. The *Barbaras*, with the exception of a few *Lady Babs;* the *Sarahs*, who were easily perverted into *Sallies;* the *Rebeccas*, who also became exceedingly vulgar, *Beckies;* the *Marthas*, who had a natural disposition to *Patts* and *Patties;* the *Judiths*, who were homespun *Judies;* the *Winifreds*, who were not only *Winnies*, but *Welch women* to boot; the *Deborahs*, who, becoming *Dollies*, were only fit to point out where a beef-steak could be got; and the *Bridgets*, who were most unharmonious *Bids* and *Biddies*, were all consigned to their proper stations, and were condemned for life to be "sober and honest," to be "good-tempered and cleanly," to "have a character from their last place," and "to put their hands to any thing."—A very few, however, of the old culinary names were spared, on account of the same change

that took place in the Maries and Betties. *Lucy*, for example, became of importance when *Lucinda*; and *Fanny*, having appeared in sundry novels and plays, was admitted into the parlour, while *Frances* "looked after the children." *Theodosia* would have shared the same honours, but for an obstinate propensity to become *Doshy*; and the *Eleanors* might have been addressed in a very poetical style, if they had not occasionally submitted to be *Nells*.

....Now, when the old names were thus purified or abolished, it was soon discovered that too few were left for family use, especially where families happened to be very numerous. A new set were therefore imported, or invented, which will answer all purposes. I will mention a few of the most remarkable; as, *Sophia*, uncommonly sweet and pretty; *Silvia*, admirably calculated for a country life, and a prodigious addition to groves, nightingales, and purling streams; *Arabella*, which is a sort of pirated edition of *Isabel*; *Priscilla*, rather dangerous, as it is apt to become *Priss*, which does not rhyme very prettily; *Matilda*, very fine; *Magdalena*, not very common, but exceedingly sentimental when *Maddalena*; *Laura*, highly poetical; *Angelina*, *Flora*, *Euphemia*, *Amelia*, *Emilia*, *Diana*, *Clementina*, *Camilla*, *Celia*, *Cecilia*, all admirably adapted to lyrics, sonnets, and other methods of courtship, and all calculated for the coach, the chariot, or the curricle. *Wilhelmina* is not very common, and I can scarcely find in any genteel family *Prudence* or *Patience*.

Louisa deservedly ranks amongst the first of our sentimental names, and a novel without a Louisa must,

I should suppose, be a very insipid composition. I will notice an improvement that has of late years taken place in these new and melodious names, and that is their being joined in pairs, as *Laura-Matilda, Sophia-Louisa, Matilda-Clementina.*

I might now allude to the alterations of old, or the manufacture of new, names for my own sex. But our progress in the sentimentality of names has been but slow, and, like Falstaff, we ought to wish we knew where "a commodity of good names was to be bought:" at present, those in most repute are our *Edmunds, Charleses,* and *Frederics.* The truth is, we have very few new ones to supply the place of the vast cargo of *Bobs,* and *Toms,* and *Jacks* which we have dismissed, or which we employ in the stable or the butler's pantry. Whoever arranges his family, and christens his children according to the canons of the circulating library, will always keep his *Edmunds, Charleses, Fredericks,* and *Henries* in the parlour, while *Tom* is a footman, *John* is a coachman, and *Humphrey* goes to market with eggs and butter. There is, however, a great dearth amongst us, and we are frequently obliged to pair our names, as *Charles-Frederic, William-Henry,* &c in order to get a little eclat. *Augustus,* too, has been pressed into the service with some advantage; but still, I must confess, we have among us names as nauseous as *Barnaby Brittle,* or *Napper Tandy.*

I shall conclude with observing, that a taste for new nomenclatures is growing among us. There is a new *anatomical* nomenclature: whether bones, and arteries, and muscles will be the better for this, I know not. Not many years ago, likewise, the whole science of

chemistry was revolutionised by a new set of names*, I cannot, therefore, if all this be proper and requisite, see any reason why men and women should not be gratified by a similar process†.....

AN ELEGY,

Written by a British Fair, doomed to live far from her native Land.

"And now, by Mem'ry's soft enchantment led,
Britannia! o'er thy peaceful plains I tread.
Near the green confines of my natal dale,
Emotions fond with pleasing sway prevail;
Imagination, through the reign of night,
Soft leads where Nature first illum'd my sight."

T. Batchelor.

Dear, native Britain, can I e'er forget
Thy fertile pastures, verdant through the year!
Thy smiling landscape must I not regret,
Thy cherish'd borders ever, ever dear?

* Thus *antimonial powder* was called *oxidum antimonii cum phosphate calcis; and Ethiop's mineral, sulphuretum hydrargyri nigrum*, &c. &c.

† The writer of this humorous and satirical essay has perhaps, not unseasonably, but without doubt elegantly touched on a fashionable caprice, connected with the ever changing manners of modern times. The folly he has exposed appears, however, to be not absolutely modern, or recent. That, not inconsiderable, part of the public, that are guided by the fashion of the day, must ever be the creatures of whim, fancy, or habit, without a wish to bring their opinions to the test of reason.

Scar'd by the sun of this too-southern coast,
For thy soft summer frequently I sigh,
Chill'd by its long and unrelenting frost*,
How do I covet thy oft-varying sky!

Mild glows thy sun, a timid virgin's blush,
The toiling traveller can thy heats abide;
No storms impetuous thy fair harvests crush,
And scatter dearth and desolation wide†.

The hind, laborious, gaily binds his sheaf,
The long, oppressive day content to bear;
For ev'ning comes, with regular relief,
Nor fills with pois'nous insects all the air.

The gaunt wolf prowling through the shades of night,
Thy tranquil folds have never learnt to fear;
Dread howlings echo'd from the mountain's height,
Fall not at eve upon the wounded ear.

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* Contrary to the received opinion, it may be asserted with ıth, that the winters in France, except altogether in the uthern latitudes, are severer, though shorter, than with us; generally freezes more intensely, and with less interruption.

† Another unpleasant thing in the climate of France is, e hail storms to which, in summer, it is so exposed, and ıich usually lay a whole tract of country w[illegible]. A gentle-m, who was of the late unfortunate French [illegible]-ard, relates, that he was hunting with him [illegible] in the forest Fontainbleau, when they were surprised by so tremendous a il storm, that a stone, which was brought to the king, at a m house where he had taken shelter, being weighed by his ler, was found to weigh above five pounds. This storm cut a number of trees in the forest, killed men and horses, and l immense damage to the adjacent country.

The mild west, temp'ring every ruder gale,
O'er man and brute with softest influence reigns,
In the same tender mould their tempers cast,
Peaceful thy cities, populous thy plains.

Nor gentleness than beauty less their pride,
Thy gen'rous coursers feeble hands restrain;
And ductile to the fair or infant guide,
Turn to the bit, and yield them to the rein*.

Oh! what are golden fruits and roseat bow'rs,
When the heart sickens and enjoyments cease?
Oh! what are clamorous mirth, the gayest hours,
Compar'd with comfort and domestic peace?

Give me again to hail my native shore,
These vaunted climates cheerful I resign:
Oh, Albion! might I greet thy cliffs once more,
What were a monarch's happiness to mine!

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* The extraordinary gentleness of the animals in this country, is a fact that strikes the observation of all foreigners, particularly the French. They are astonished to see, what is usual here, that no one thinks of remarking it, a fine, showy horse standing with his bridle upon his neck, waiting contented the return of his master from the post-office, perhaps, or some other place of business, in a market town, never offering to move till he feels him on his back, then pricking up his ears and displaying as much mettle and willingness to go, as he lately had shown patience and docility to stand still. They could not venture to leave a French horse in this manner, *en bonne foi*, as they call it.

"But *Hudibras*, who us'd to ponder
On such sights with judicious wonder,
Could hold no longer, to impart
His animadversions from his heart:
Quoth he, in all my life, till now,
I ne'er saw so profane a show." HUDIBRAS.

three festivals of Easter, Whitsuntide, and Christ- were anciently commemorated by the kings and nobility of England, with the utmost expence magnificence. Our elder annalists, apparently ler it as one indispensable part of their office, to d where and how the sovereigns of this realm ce- ted these periodical seasons of conviviality. One on of the gaiety and amusement on these occa- , consisted in the exhibition of plays, mummeries, lisguisings. That the convivialities of these im- nt periods might be conducted in a suitable man- and proceed in uninterrupted succession, it was a ent practice to appoint a temporary officer to de over them, who was variously styled the *Lord*, he *Abbot of Misrule*. This mock officer, as might pected, was looked to rather to increase than to h over the decorum of the festival[illegible] as eign of Edward VI. in the year 1[illegible] gi- y was in so high repute, that [illegible] Ferrers, of the most considerable writers in [illegible] celebrated sitory of English poetry, 'The Mirror of Magi- es,' was appointed by the privy council to exercise ring the twelve days of Christmas; "who," says old chronicler, "being of better credit and estima-

tion than commonlie his predecessors had beene before, received all his commissions and warrants by the name of the maister of the king's pastime. Which gentleman so well supplied his office both in show of sundrie sights and devices of rare inventions, and in acts of divers interludes, and matters of pastime plaied by persons, as not onelie satisfied the common sort, but also were verie well liked and allowed by the councell, and other of skill in the like pastimes: but best of all by the yoong king himselfe, as appeered by his princelie liberalitie in rewarding that service*."

A whimsical account has been preserved of the election and mode of proceeding of an officer bearing the same title, not resident at court, but chosen by persons of inferior rank dwelling in their several parishes. This deserves to be cited, as particularly illustrative of the taste and manners of our ancestors. "First of all," says the author, "the wilde heades of the parish, flocking togither, chuse them a graund captaine of mischiefe, whom they innoble with the title of *Lord of Misrule*; and him they crowne with great solemnity, and adopt for their king. This king anointed chooseth forth twentie, fourty, threescore, or an hundred, like to himself, to waite upon his lordly majesty, and to guarde his noble person. Then every one of these men he investeth with liveries of greene, yellow, or some other light, wanton colour; and, as though they were not gawdy ynough, they bedecke themselves with scarffes, ribbons, and laces, hanged all over with gold ringes, pretious stones, and other jewels. This done, they tie

* Hollingshed, ad ann.

ite either legge twentie or fourtie belles, with riche lkerchiefes in their handes, and sometimes laid osse over their shoulders and neckes. Thus all ges set in order, then have they their hobby horses, dragons, and other antickes, together with their lie pypers, and thundering drummers, to strike the l's daunce with all. Then march this heathen com- towards the church, their pypers pyping, their mers thundering, their belles jyngling, their hand- hiefes fluttering about their heades like madde men, hobbie horses, and other monsters skirmishing ngst the throng; and in this sorte they go to the ch, though the minister be at prayer or preaching, ing and singing with such a confused noise that no can heare his own voyce; and thus these terrestrial s spend the sabbath day. Then they have certaine ers wherein is painted some babelerie, or other of gerie worke, and these they call *My Lord of Mis-* s badges or cognizances. These they give to every that will give them money to maintain them in their heathenish devilrie; and who will not show self buxome to them, and give them money, they l be mocked and flouted shamefully; yea, and many s carried upon a cowlstaffe, and dived over heade eares in water, or otherwise most terribly abused*." he coarseness of manners, the broad humour, and ribaldry displayed on these occasions are essential ures of the character of our ancestors in these early s. Historians, who, from a misjudged delicacy of iment suppress them, by no means discharge the

* Stubs' *Anatomie of Abuses*, 1595, apud Strutt.

the office which they have rashly and unadvisedly undertaken; and are in danger of painting all scenes with insipidity, and all ages alike. Critics who do not bear these features in their memory are by no means qualified to do justice to our ancient poets; and will often impute their flat or indecorous passages for a fault, whereas, if they saw the subject in its full extent, they would be impressed with admiration and awe of the men, who, in the midst of so much rudeness and ill taste, preserved, in so high a degree, the purity of their thoughts.

THE THREE WARNINGS.

A Tale.

"The weariest and most loathed worldly life
That pain, age, penury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death."——SHAKSPEARE.

THE tree of deepest root is found
Least willing still to quit the ground;
'Twas therefore said, by ancient sages,
That love of life increas'd with years
So much, that in our latter stages,
When pains grow sharp, and sickness rages,
The greatest love of life appears.

This great affection to believe,
Which all confess, but few perceive,
If old assertions can't prevail,
Be pleas'd to hear a modern tale.

When sports went round, and all were gay,
On neighbour Dobson's wedding day,
Death call'd aside the jocund groom,
With him, into another room;
And looking grave, "you must," says he,
"Quit your sweet bride, and come with me."
"With you! and quit my Susan's side!
With you!" the hapless husband cry'd:
"Young as I am! 'tis monstrous hard!
Besides, in truth, I'm not prepar'd:
My thoughts on other matters go,
This is my wedding night, you know."
What more he urg'd I have not heard,
His reasons could not well be stronger.
So Death the poor delinquent spar'd,
And left to live a little longer;
Yet calling up a serious look,
His hour-glass trembled while he spoke,
"Neighbour," he said, "farewell! no more
Shall Death disburb your mirthful hour;
And, further, to avoid all blame
Of cruelty upon my name,
To give you time for preparation,
And fit you for a future station;
Three several *warnings* shall you have,
Before you're summon'd to the grave.
Willing, for once, I'll quit my prey,
And grant a kind reprieve;
In hopes you'll have no more to say,
But, when I call again this way,
Well pleas'd the world will leave."
To these conditions both consented,
And parted perfectly contented.

What next the hero of our tale befel,
How long he liv'd, how wise, how well,
How roundly he pursu'd his course,
And smok'd his pipe, and strok'd his horse,
The willing muse shall tell:
He chaffer'd then, he bought, he sold,
Nor once perceiv'd his growing old,
Nor thought of Death as near;
His friends not false, his wife no shrew,
Many his gains, his children few,
He pass'd his hours in peace:
But while he view'd his wealth increase,
While thus along life's dusty road
The beaten track content he trod,
Old Time, whose haste no mortal spares,
Uncall'd, unheeded, unawares,
Brought on his eightieth year.

And now, one night in musing mood,
As all alone he sat,
Th' unwelcome messenger of fate
Once more before him stood.

Half kill'd with anger and surprise,
"So soon return'd!" old Dobson cries.
"So soon, d'ye call it!" Death replies:
"Surely, my friend, you're but in jest;
Since I was here before
'Tis six-and-thirty years at least,
And you are now fourscore."
"So much the worse," the clown rejoin'd;
"To spare the aged would be kind;

However, see your search be legal;
And your authority—is't regal?
Else you are come on a fool's errand,
With but a secretary's warrant.
Besides you promis'd me *three warnings*,
Which I have look'd for nights and mornings;
But, for that loss of time and ease,
I can recover damages."
"I know," cries Death, "that, at the best,
I seldom am a welcome guest;
But don't be captious, friend, at least:
I little thought you'd still be able
To stump about your farm and stable;
Your years have run to a great length,
I wish you joy, though, of your strength."
"Hold," says the farmer, "not so fast,
I have been lame these four years past."
"And no great wonder, Death replies;
However, you still keep your eyes;
And sure, to see one's loves and friends,
For legs and arms would make amends."
"Perhaps," says Dobson, "so it might,
But, latterly, I've lost my sight."
"This is a shocking story, faith,
Yet there's some comfort still," says Death;
"Each strives your sadness to amuse,
I warrant you hear all the news."
"There's none," cries he, "and if there were,
I'm grown so deaf, I could not hear."
"These are unjustifiable yearnings;
If you are lame, and deaf, and blind,
You've had your *three* sufficient *warnings*."

So, come along, no more we'll part:"
He said, and touch'd him with his dart;
And now old Dobson, turning pale,
Yields to his fate—so ends my tale.

THOUGHTS ON THE FRENCH INVASION.

From a Charge of the Bishop of Llandaff to the Clery of his Diocese.

" Britons! relax the ties of love,—of home;
Brace every sinew for the glorious field,
Where floats the royal standard; act like men;
And trust the God of battles for reward."—T. White.

At no period, since I have been your diocesan, have I interfered with your political opinions, or shown the least anxiety of any particular party in the state. Had I followed a contrary conduct, I should have acted in a manner unbecoming the nature of my office, ill-suited to the character I wish to maintain, and disrespectful to yourselves. I have, unquestionably, my political principles, as well as other men have theirs; and, how unfashionable soever they may have become, I have never scrupled, and never shall scruple, to confess that those on which the revolution was founded, and the present reigning family seated on the throne of these kingdoms, are, in my judgment, principles best calculated to protect the liberty and property of the subject, and to secure the honour and happiness of the sovereign.

You will not, I think, be guilty of a breach of Christian charity, in the use of even harsh language, when you explain to your flock the cruelties which the

French have used in every country they have invaded; for no language can reach the atrocity of the fact. They every where promise protection to the poorer sort, and they every where strip the poorest of every thing they possess; they plunder their cottages, and they set them on fire when the plunder is exhausted; they torture the owners to discover their wealth, and they put them to death when they have none to discover; they violate females of all ages; they insult the hoary head, and trample on all the decencies of life. This is no exaggerated picture: whoever has read the account of the proceedings of the French in Suabia, in Holland, in Italy, in Switzerland, know that it is not.—And can there be men in Great Britain of so base a temper, so maddened by malignity, so cankered by envy, so besotted by folly, so stupified as to their own safety, as to abet the designs of such an enemy? It is said there are such men; but I have too firm a confidence in the general good sense of the people of Great Britain, to believe that such men are either many in number, or respectable for character, or formidable for connection. The men of this principality, (Wales), at least, have nobly shown, in a late instance, that they inherit the spirit of their ancestors, and have too ardent a love of their country to submit to a foreign yoke, under whatever specious promises, of supporting the rights of men, of introducing liberty and equality, the invaders may attempt to deceive them.

What are these rights of men, this liberty, this equality, of which every man has heard so much, and of which few have any proper conception?—Let us see what they are in France itself.—There no man has any

right in his person, or in his property, both are absolutely at the disposal of the few persons who have usurped the government.—There no man has any liberty, except the liberty of submitting to the worst of slavery; for what slavery can be worse than that of being subject to laws which are perpetually changed, according to the caprice of the ruling faction?—*Ubi jus incertum, ibi jus nullum.*

Are the French coming hither to enrich the nation? Will they pay attention to the poor of this country, when they have so many thousands of infinitely poorer persons in their own?—Will they reward their seditious adherents amongst us?—Yes, they will reward them, as all history informs us such traitors have ever been rewarded—they will reward them with contempt, pillage, beggary, slavery, and death. The nation will be ruined by exorbitant impositions,—our naval power will be destroyed,—our commerce transferred to France,—our lands will be divided, not amongst those who wickedly covet their neighbours goods, but amongst French soldiers, who will be every where stationed, as the Roman soldiers were of old, to awe the people, and collect the taxes,—the flower of our youth will be compelled to serve in foreign countries, to promote the wicked projects of French ambition,—Great Britain will be made an appendage to continental despotism.

I would say to the most violent democrat in the kingdom—suppose the business done, after seas of blood have been shed, millions of lives lost, towns plundered, villages burned, the royal family exterminated, and unutterable calamity has been endured by persons of all ranks;—after all this has been done, what advantages

vill you have obtained beyond what you now possess? Will your property be better protected? Will your ersonal liberty be more respected? Will your code of arisprudence be improved? Will our laws be more npartially administered? Quite the contrary of all his now takes place in France. I do not say that when nings are settled there, the present wretched condition f its inhabitants will be continued, and I hope it will ot; but I am sincerely of opinion, that few of us will ve to see such a system established in France, as will rocure to its inhabitants half the blessings which our ncestors have enjoyed, which we do enjoy, and which : is our interest to take care that our posterity shall njoy under the constitution of Great Britain.

o the above sound reasoning of the celebrated Prelate, on the subject of Invasion, we will subjoin the following animated description of an unknown writer on the same subject. Strong as it may appear to some, it is, we are persuaded, but a faint representation of our fate in the event of our conquest by Republican France.*

....If they gain this promised land, this Canaan of ieir wishes, will they leave us *honey* to our *milk*, or an aten cake, that is not steeped in the gall of our own bitrness? It is not only the sumptuous palaces of our nolity and opulent gentry, venerable by time, and the nourable fortunes by which they were raised; it is ot only those ancient forests, our country's pride, trees, ideed, of genuine true born liberty, that will be wrested om them and their posterity; but the accursed spoil-

* The author of *Alfred's Letters*.

ers, *infamously minute*, will pluck from us all that the *heart* or *memory* holds most dear, the mourning miniature of departed love from the breast, or the bracelet, sacred to nuptial fidelity, from the arm. The rich man's silver cistern, deep with generous wine, and the poor man's humble pitcher from the limpid spring;—the golden goblet and the maple cup, shall share an equal fate. Buildings, whether of the doric, ionic, or corinthian order, or of no order *at all*, shall be laid low.

Fire and faggot shall be applied to all alike; blood and thunder shall prevail every where, *clamorque virum, clangorque tubarum*, "and the shout of warriors, and the hoarse shrilly braying of trumpets!" Oh, if allowed, they will shear us to the very *quick;* from the common paper currency to the meanest family trinket; the infant whistle, that our pious forefathers have blown, the coral they have used, or the bell that they have jingled for ten generations past; and grubbing up every thing from your little garden and mine, leave us not a *single weeping willow to plant in its disconsolate place.*

Here I could wish to check my pen, but truth commands me to proceed. In the midst of this scene of desolation, where is your wife, your sister, or your daughter? almost breathless, perhaps, through apprehension, on the earth; in the ferocious fangs of a violating soldier of liberty, or a petrified image of monumental horror for the hand of —— at the beastly and the bloody scenes which are acting round. The distracted father calls aloud for his son, to protect the honour of his family; but his son, alas! is bound—imprisoned—slain, nay basely butchered before his astonished eyes! What do these refiners, these architects of

ruin, as they have been finely called, accomplish next, but feast their eyes upon the unhappy victim, extorting a luxurious confession of his agonizing heart, and sharpening a-fresh each agony, with a corresponding grin of accomplished malice....

We will conclude these thoughts on Invasion, by the following energetic address of the REV. WILLIAM BARROW, *to the Southwell Volunteers.*

It is no common foe that we have to resist; it is no common battle that we have to fight. Do not let us flatter ourselves that this formidable armament will not be able to reach us; that it is impracticable for the invader to effect a landing.....The zeal and the wishes of the French army are ready to second every attempt against us.....To despise the efforts of such an enemy is to give him strength; to imagine ourselves secure against his assault is to contribute to our own ruin.... *In the name of the Lord you have set up your banners,* Loyal Volunteers! Let them wave only to his honour and your own! To your protection we willingly intrust ourselves, and whatever is most dear to us. And, should fatal necessity require it, with you we shall at last meet the dangers of the field, and share the common fortunes of the country....

FLOR SILIN, THE BENEVOLENT RUSSIAN PEASANT.

"High o'er the grov'ling, selfish, reptile crew,
A noble, powerful, gen'rous race I view,
Still prompt, at pure humanity's command,
To banish mis'ry from their native land." T. Batchelor.

Let Virgil sing the praises of Augustus, genius celebrate merit, and flattery extol the talents of the great.—"The short and simple annals of the poor" engross my pen; and while I record the history of Flor Silin's virtues, though I speak of a poor peasant, I shall describe a noble man. I ask no eloquence to assist me in the task—modest worth rejects the aid of ornament to set it off.

It is impossible, even at this distant period, to reflect, without horror, on the miseries of that year, known in Lower Wolga by the name of the famine year. I remember the summer, whose scorching heats had dried up all the fields—and the drought had no relief—but from the tears of the ruined farmer. I remember the cold, comfortless autumn—and the despairing rustics, crowding their empty farms, with folded arms, and sorrowful countenances, pondering on their misery, instead of rejoicing, as usual, at the golden harvest. I remember the winter which succeeded—and I reflect with agony on the miseries it brought with it. Whole families left their homes, to become beggars on the highway. At night, the canopy of heaven served them as their only shelter from the piercing winds and bitter frosts. To describe these scenes would be to harrow up the feelings of my readers. Therefore my tale:

In those days I lived on an estate not far from Sim-

; and, though but a child, I have not forgotten the
ession made on my mind by the general calamity.
a village adjoining lived Flor Silin, a poor labour-
easant—a man remarkable for his assiduity, and
kill and judgment with which he cultivated his
: He was blessed with abundant crops, and his
s being larger than his wants, his granaries, even
is time, were full of corn. The dry year coming
ad beggared all the village, except himself. Here
n opportunity to grow rich! mark how Flor Silin
. Having called the poorest of his neighbours
t him, he addressed them in the following manner:
My friends, you want corn for your subsistence—
has blessed me with abundance—assist in threshing
quantity, and each of you take what he wants for
mily."
ie peasants were amazed at this unexampled gene-
;—for sordid propensities exist in the village as
as in a populous city!
ie fame of Flor Silin's benevolence having reached
villages, the famished inhabitants presented them-
s before him, and begged for corn.
iis good creature received them as brothers: and,
his store remained, afforded all relief.
: length, his wife seeing no end to the generosity of
oble spirit, reminded him how necessary it would
think on their own wants, and hold his lavish
before it was too late.
[t is written in the scripture," said he, "Give, and
all be given unto you."
he following year Providence listened to the prayers
e poor, and the harvest was abundant. The pea-

sants, who had been saved from starving by Flor Silin, now gathered around him.

"Behold," said they, "the corn you lent us. You saved our wives and children; we should have famished but for you; may God reward you—He only can—all we have to give, is our corn, and grateful thanks."

"I want no corn at present, my good neighbours," said he, "my harvest has exceeded my expectations. For the rest, thank Heaven—I have been but a humble instrument."

They urged him in vain.

"No," said he, "I shall not accept your corn. If you have superfluities, share them among your poor neighbours: who, being unable to sow their fields last autumn, are still in want.—Let us assist them, my dear friends; the Almighty will bless us for it."

"Yes," replied the grateful peasants, "our poor neighbours shall have this corn. They shall know that it is to you they owe this timely succour—and join to teach their children the debt of gratitude due to your benevolent heart."

Silin raised his tearful eyes to heaven.—An angel might have envied him his feelings!

At another time, fourteen farm houses were burnt down in an adjoining village. To each sufferer Silin sent two roubles and a scythe.

Some time after, a like misfortune happened at another village. It was entirely consumed, and the inhabitants, reduced to the last degree of misery, had recourse to Silin. But his former benevolence had impoverished his means. He had no money to help them. What was to be done? "Stop," said he, and

denly recollecting himself, "here is a horse, I do not actually want him, take and sell it."

He set at liberty two female slaves, whom he bought in the name of the lord of the manor, educated them as his own daughters, and, when they married, gave them a handsome dowry.

As long as thou continuest, noble Silin*, to inhabit this world, so long will thy life be spent in acts of generosity and benevolence towards thy fellow-creatures; and, when thou hast exchanged this for a better life, the recording angel shall proclaim thy virtues in heaven, the Almighty will place thee high above kings and princes, and thou wilt still be the friend of the comfortless, and a father to the poor and indigent on earth.—If ever I revisit that country whose ornament thou art, I shall approach thy cot with reverence, and pay homage to thy virtues. But, if the minister of peace hath removed thee into bliss, I will visit thy grave—sprinkle it with my tears—and place a stone upon the spot, on which with my own hand, I will write,

HERE REST
THE BONES OF A NOBLE MAN.

EXTRAORDINARY GERMAN IMPOSTOR.

"And oft the mighty necromancer boasts,
With these to call from tombs the stalking ghosts." DAVD.

A MAN named Schröpfer was for a long time waiter in a coffee house at Leipzig, and nobody observed any

* Silin is still alive, and having read this sketch of himself, he wept, and exclaimed;—"No, I am unworthy of this—I cannot deserve such praise."

thing extraordinary in him. He disappeared of a sudden, and it was not till several years after that he again made his appearance at Leipzig, in the character of the Baron Schröpfer. He took a large house, hired a great number of servants, and puffed himself off as a *sage*, to whom all nature, and even the world of spirits, were subject.

By pompous promises of splendid discoveries, he allured a multitude of credulous people, and pupils thronged to him from all quarters. Some actually expected to learn things of him that cannot be acquired at any university; others were delighted with the excellent table he kept. He frequently received by post large parcels, addressed to Baron Schröpfer. Several bankers received orders to pay him large sums. He spoke of his secrets, which he pretended to have learned in Italy, with a seductive eloquence; and he showed people the spirits and shadows of their deceased acquaintance. When he had heated the imagination of his hearers; "Come and see," he cried to all who were inclined to doubt; they came and actually saw shadows, and various terrible sights, which made the hair of timorous persons stand on end. It must be observed, that his warmest adherents were not men of learning, or such as were accustomed to logical deductions; for people who placed more reliance on their understanding than on their senses, would not at all suit Schröpfer's purpose. Thus his pupils consisted entirely of noblemen and merchants, who were totally ignorant of the sciences. He exhibited the wonders of his art to others, but he taught them to none, and at last he only performed his miracles at home, in private apartments prepared for the purpose. Amongst others

. M. came in company with his friends to Schröp-
, to see his apparition. He found a great number of
ests there before him, who were incessantly plied
th punch. M. refused to drink any thing, but
hröpfer pressed him very much to drink at least a
ss, which M. as firmly refused. At length they
re all conducted into a large hall, hung with black
th, the window-shutters of which were closed.
hröpfer placed the spectators together, and drew a
rcle around them, beyond which he strictly enjoined
em not to stir. At the distance of a few paces a
all altar was erected, on which burned spirits; this
st the only light that illumined the room. Schröpfer,
covering his breast, threw himself on his knees be-
re the altar. He held in his hand a large glistening
ord, and prayed with a loud voice, and with such
rnestness and warmth that M., who had come
th the intention of unmasking the impostor and the
posture, felt in his heart a pious awe, and sentiments
devotion. Fire flashed from the eyes of the suppli-
nt, and his breast was powerfully agitated. He was
call the shadow of a well-known character lately de-
ssed. After having finished the prayer, he called the
ost with the following words: "Oh! thou departed
irit, who livest in an immaterial world, and invisible
the eyes of mortals, hear the voice of the friends thou
st left behind, and who desire to see thee; leave, for
short time, thy new abode, and present thyself to
eir eyes!" Hereupon the spectators felt in every
rve a sensation similar to an electric shock—heard a
ise like a rolling of thunder, and saw above the altar
light vapour, which grew thicker by degrees, till it

assumed the figure of a man. However, M. observed that it was not a striking likeness of the deceased. The figure hovered over the altar, and Schröpfer, pale as death, flourished the sword above his head. M. resolved to step out of the circle and to go to Schröpfer; but the latter perceiving his intention, rushed towards him, holding the sword to his breast, and crying with a terrible voice, "You are a dead man, if you stir another step!" M. was so terrified at the dreadful tone in which Schröpfer uttered these words, and at the glistening sword, that his knees shook under him. The shadow at length disappeared, and Schröpfer was so fatigued, that he lay extended on the floor. The spectators were conducted into another room, where they were served with fruits. Many of the more sensible people went to Schröpfer's house as to a theatre; they knew that his boasted art was nothing but imposture, yet they were delighted with the serious comedy which he performed.

This continued for some time; but Schröpfer all at once got into debt with several trades-people of Leipzig, and unfortunately of that class who did not wish to see his ghosts. The bankers would not advance him a penny; and the miserable magician, worked up to the highest degree of despair, shot himself through the head in the Rosenthal*. Nobody knows, to this day, how he got his money, and for what purpose he played off his phantasmagoria.

* It is a place in Leipzig.

THE PRESENT EMPRESS OF THE GAULS.

" What's royalty, but pow'r to please myself,
And if I dare not, then am I the slave." DRYDEN.

UGH Madame Napoleon disposes, at present, of sands of louis d'ors, as she did formerly of livres shillings, she is, by her extravagance in dress and by gambling, several millions of livres in debt. Late- t Brussels, she lost, in six days ,at cards and dice, thousand louis d'ors, paid for her by the minister ie national treasury, Marbois. According to the odical print, "Les Nouvelles à la Main," of Vende- e, year 12, or October 1803, Madame Napoleon r puts on any plain gown twice, and she changes dress four or six times every day. In the summer, makes use of four dozen of silk stockings, and e dozen of gloves and shoes; and, in the winter, uses three dozen of the best English cotton stock- , and two dozen of French silk stockings *every* . She never wears any washed stockings, nor puts wice the same pair of gloves and shoes. All her *ises* are of the finest cambric, with borders of lace cost ten louis d'ors each; six dozen of *chemises*, lace, are made up for her every month. Every e months she exchanges her diamonds and jewels, has them newly set, according to the prevalent ion. Four times in the year her plate, china, fur- re, tapestry, hangings, carpets, &c. are changed rding to the seasons. She has ordered, as her re- r establishment, two new carriages, and twelve rent horses every month; and of the thirty-six

horses in her *private* stable, her master of the horse has a power to dispose of twelve every three decades, to be replaced by twelve others of a fashionable colour. Twelve times in the year, all persons belonging to her household receive new accoutrements, or liveries. Her own wardrobe is divided, every thirty days, between her maids of honour.

Madame Napoleon has four distinct established wardrobes, different diamonds, &c. for travelling, for the Thuilleries, for St. Cloud, and Malmaison; and though she cannot reside but in one place at the same time, in the Thuilleries, as well as at St. Cloud and Malmaison, four changes of furniture, &c. are always ordered for the same period. At St. Cloud she has, at the expence of thousands of louis d'ors, improved the bathing cabinet of the late unfortunate queen. By touching certain springs, she can command what perfumes her caprice demands to mix with the water; the reservoir always containing, for fifty louis d'ors, the finest odours and best perfumed waters. By handling other springs, she commands the appearance of drawings, or other pictures, elegant or voluptuous, gay or libertine, as her fancy desires. When she wishes to leave the bath, at the signal of a bell, she is, by a mechanical invention, lifted, without moving herself from the bathing machine, into an elegant, moderately warm, and perfumed bed, where she is dried in two minutes; and from which she is again lifted and aid down upon a splendid elastic sofa, moved, without her stirring, by another piece of mechanism, into an adjoining cabine for her toilet, of which the furniture and decoration cost 100,000 livres. For the improvements only o

r luxurious, though less expensive, bathing-cabinet, the Thuilleries and at Malmaison, the French republic has paid 200,000 livres.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTES OF VOLTAIRE.

"Ουτος εστι γελωτης γερων." MENANDER.

"A cunning old fox this!"

...I FOUND the philosopher, relates the accomished monk of Italy, M. Bettinelli*, to be in his conrsation very like what he is in his writings. Epirams stood upon his lips and sparkled in his eyes, hich resembled two torches; in which, as well as in s discourse, the graces accompanied by malice were nspicuous. He had a particular style as well in conrsing as in writing; he rarely spoke with simplicity, like other men; and every thing that he said had ther a witty or a philosophical turn. When I arved at Delices, his then residence, he was in his garn, whither I went to him, and told him who I was. What!" cried he, "an Italian, a Jesuit, a Bettinelli! is too great an honour for my cottage. I am but peasant, as you see; (showing me his staff, which

* M. Bertinelli has disclosed, in a paper to be found in ard's *Literary Miscellanies*, the particulars of a visit he paid Voltaire, and of which the following is a fragment. The nk confesses, that though he had been repeatedly invited by poet, he had been always fearful of complying, for that he aded his versatile humour and licentious principles; but t he resolved on an interview with him, at the request only Stanislaus, king of Poland.

had one end in a mattock form, and the
a pruning knife fitted to it;) it is with t
that I set my seeds, grain by grain; bu
here is more abundant than that which a
books, though sown there for the good
race." I expressed the pleasure which
in finding him in such health, as to be
the rigour of winter. "Oh! you Italian
"think that we are obliged, like dormic
selves up in holes; but your alps are to u
than a picture, and beautiful objects i
Here, on the banks of my lake, Leman,
the north winds, I envy you not your l
and of Guarda. In this solitary retre
Catullus in his isle of Sirmio; he there c
tiful elegies, and here I compose good
length I delivered to him the king of P
and I instantly perceived that he had
object of my visit, and that an epigran

* M. Bettinelli being at Luneville, and in
the king of Poland, the conversation turned c
had just written to that prince, stating, that
dred thousand livres, with which he was desi
sing land in Lorraine, in order that he migh
Marcus Aurelius. Stanislaus wished nothin
draw him to his court; and, as he loved th
would gladly have seen expended among them
thousand livres of Voltaire. "But," said
place no confidence in him; I know he wis
way for his entrance into France; however,
rational, I would see him with pleasure." A
tended to pass near Geneva, the king desire
Voltaire, with which request the monk compl

directed against my royal commission. "Oh, my ar Sir!" cried he, taking the letter into his hand, tarry with us; we breathe here the air of liberty and of mortality. I have just laid out a large sum of money i the purchase of a small estate near this place, Ferney, here I propose to end my days, far from knaves and yrants. But let us go into the house." These few ords of the crafty old man made me comprehend, hat there would be no negociation to carry on, and tripped me at once of the honours of an ambassa-lor.....

....The conversation often turned on the king of Prussia. Voltaire had received recent information of certain achievments of that prince: "Is it possible?" said he. "This man always astonishes me; I am sorry that I ever quarrelled with him." He was accustomed to say that the king had the rapidity of Cæsar, but his admiration always ended in some epigram against Cæsar. He had a monkey, which he called Luke, and which name he often applied to the king of Prussia. Expressing my surprise at this, "Don't you see," said he, laughing heartily, "that he bites every one whom he comes near."

....In one of his letters to me, after having thundered, as usual, against the inquisition and the slavery of Italy, and extolled in high terms the free government of England, he added: "have you ever heard of he poetry of the king of Prussia? He is no hypocrite: ie speaks as freely of Christians as Julian would have lone. It seems likely that the *Greek* and *Latin* churches will excommunicate him with cannon balls; ut he will defend himself like a devil. You and I

are very certain he will be d—d, but we are not so sure that he will be beaten."

....Sometimes Voltaire said that he was dying; at other times, that he was beholden for his life and health to Tronchin, his physician; and, in the same moment, he would ridicule both medicine and its dispenser. Tronchin, on his side, was no way satisfied with his patient. When I told this skilful man that I was about to take my leave, he said, "You are right; it is very astonishing that, since you have been here, you have experienced from him no ill behaviour: *nemo sic, impar sibi.* "Depart, father, few persons can boast that they have seen Voltaire so long in a good humour."

....Helvetius had a place at court, presented his book to the royal family, and was graciously treated on the occasion. I was delighted with this news, for I knew the author, who was a mild, dispassionate man, generally beloved, but had not been deemed capable of producing such a work as that intitled 'De l'Esprit.' The dauphin extolled it, and recommended it to the attention of the queen. The tempest, however, was not long ere it burst over the book and the author. "What folly," cried Voltaire, "to attempt to be the philosopher at court, and the courtier among philosophers!"—Voltaire was hostile to the work, and spoke of it in these terms: "It is an unmeaning title, a work without method, with abundance of common-place and superficial observations; and what is new in it is false, or problematical." Madame Graffigny, the celebrated author of the 'Peruvian Letters, maternal aunt to Helvetius, one day addressing me, said, "Would you believe it, a great part of the work 'De l'Esprit,' and

almost all the notes, are the mere sweepings of my apartment; he has made a collection of what was valuable in my conversation, and borrowed about a dozen *bon mots* from my friends? Voltaire laughed heartily while I related to him this anecdote, and recounted to me a multitude of others of the same kind, which related to the first wits at Paris; and, among others, to his own most zealous admirers. The only person of whom Voltaire spoke uniformly with esteem and enthusiasm, was Madame de Chatêlet, of whom he had many portraits in his apartments. Showing me one of them, one day, he said, "behold my immortal Emily*."

.....

...."I asked Voltaire," says a fair writer, "what he thought of M. Condorcet's eulogium on Pascal."—"It is so exquisite," said he, "that it alarms me."—"How is that, Sir?"—"Yes, Madam, if that man was so great, we are arrant fools not think as he did. M. Condorcet would do much harm if he publishes this work in its present state: admit that Racine was a good Christian, that is not extraordinary; he was a poet, a man of imagination. But Pascal was a reasoner, and we must not have the reasoners against us†;

* Here end the particulars of Voltaire related by Bettinelli: we have found the following in a paper of *Seward's Literary Miscellanies*, intitled *A Journey to Ferney*. They are detailed by a young married lady, who had been captivated to enthusiasm by the works of the philosopher.

† The above observation shows, in a strong light, the prejudiced mind of the philosopher, and is characteristic of his

desire to be hanged, at least do not set o
it."

....By the side of Voltaire's bed hun
vings of the family of Calas; I had neve
that which represents the wife and chil
victim of fanaticism embracing him at t
ment in which his enemies were leading h
and it made the most painful impression
reproached Voltaire for having placed th
have them constantly under his eye: his a
remarkable, and, if founded in truth, it did
credit to his feelings.—"Ah, Madam! d
years I was taken up with this unhappy
with that of the Servens; and, during that
smile that escaped me I regarded as a cr
he related to me in an accent so natural an
as deeply to affect me.

.....In his conversation with me, conti

writer, he did not represent himself as by any means sanguine respecting the progress of those views which he was so indefatigably engaged in propagating. "The nurse," he said, pointing to the whole length of his arm, "leaves traces as long as this; while reason, when it arrives in its turn, only makes impressions of the length of one's finger." Among his disciples he seems to have regarded Condorcet with most expectation. According to his account to me, even his latter days were embittered with apprehension of harsh treatment on the part of the government; and he told me, that M. Seguier, having been recently at Ferney, had called on him, and threatened to denounce him to his corps, the parliament of Paris, who would burn him if he, Seguier, urged the matter. I exclaimed, "Sir, they will not dare to do it!"—"What is to hinder them?"—"Your genius, your age, the services which you have rendered to humanity, the voice of all Europe, all the honour that exists, all the humanity and toleration which you have called forth, will lift up their heads in your favour."—"Alas, Madam! they would be glad to see me burned; and at night, perhaps, they would say, it was a great pity."—I desired him to dismiss forebodings so distressing, and added, "I will poniard the executioner, if he dares attempt so execrable a deed*." He kissed my hand, and replied: "You are an amiable girl; yes, I rely upon you."

* To the fair writer of these anecdotes Voltaire was an object of admiration. He is the great master of the drama; the rich genius pouring out the happiest effusions; the protector of the oppressed; the avenger of the persecuted, whom she

....Voltaire, adds the interesting fair writer, was very gallant and polite with the ladies; he was fond of seeing them well dressed. The commendations which I bestowed on his appearance, induced him to dress himself with those habiliments which he regarded as setting him off to the most advantage; yet he was more than eighty years old at the time of my visit. The utmost order prevailed in his cabinet; every thing was in its proper place, and he knew the precise situation of each book; no heaps of books, no bundles of papers scattered in confusion, were seen in his apartment. A great abundance of pens lay on his desk; I begged one of him, and he kindly sought for one which he thought he had most used.

.....

M. Condorcet, in his performance, has given to the world rather a critical account of Voltaire's work, than a description of the man, of whom he was too much a partisan to delineate him with fidelity. But the various anecdotes here given, are sketches by which the true character of this astonishing personage is to be developed; a character certainly different from any that have been furnished by his biographers.

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always panegyrises, without ever attempting to justify or palliate the deformities and defects with which he was chargeable. Our readers must not wonder, to see her transforming herself into an heroine and a martyr, to defend or avenge the object of her idolatry.

MANNERS OF EUROPEANS IN THE WEST INDIES.

" —— Quærenda pecunia primùm,
Virtus post nummos." HOR.

" —— Get money, money still;
And then let virtue follow, if she will." POPE.

THE agriculture of the West Indian settlements has always been of a nature nearly allied to mercantile adventure. The persons who emigrated thither, have accordingly been either those who wished to derive vast profits from a large capital, with considerable risk; or, those who, without any substance, and ruined perhaps at home, wished to catch, by other arts than laborious industry, some of the overflowings of the wealth accumulated by the former class. The spirit of adventure, which has for its object either the rapid increase of stock, with proportionate risk; or, the acquisition of some fortune, without the ordinary means of toil and hardship, is unfavourable to morals and manners. In the class which possesses capital, it is allied to the love of deep play; in the class which has nothing to lose, it gives birth to meanness and dishonesty.

A colony, composed of such adventurers, is peopled by a race of men all hastening to grow rich, and eager to acquire wealth for the gratification of avarice or voluptuousness. It is an association formed for one common end, which, in the eyes of all, justifies any means; and that indulgence which every one requires, no one is disposed to refuse. The continuance of the members in this society is as short as possible; and the same prospect of soon leaving the spot—the same

views which induce a sacrifice of present ease to future luxury, and a neglect of the common conveniences of polished society—leads also to an indifference about those higher ornaments which become the mind, and, when once given up, cannot again be assumed. "Let us make money, that we may spend it in London, Amsterdam, or Bourdeaux. We are now in the mine: though it be unpleasant and unwholesome, we shall soon repose on beds of down; only let us get wherewithal to purchase them, and the object may justify the means, as it reconciles us to the toil. What, though our conduct is incorrect, and our manners dissolute, we shall accommodate them to those of our European countrymen when we return, as we threw off the hampering trammels of European maxims when we crossed the Atlantic. Let us but make money now, and we shall afterwards have time to build churches and endow hospitals." Such, I fear, is the natural language of men in those circumstances. But their manners are affected also by other peculiarities in their situation: the want of modest female society; the necessity of gratifying the desires engendered by a burning climate; the abundance of unhappy women, whose blood boils with still stronger passions, and renders them, in the European eyes, only an inferior race formed for the corporeal convenience of their masters; these are other causes of dissolute morals. The want of female society, while it brutalizes the minds and manners of men, necessarily deprives them of all the virtuous pleasures of domestic life, and frees them from those restraints which the presence of a family always imposes on the conduct of the most profligate men. The wit-

of the planter's actions are the companions of
baucheries, who reek with the same lust, and
in the same glutinous mire; or, the wretched
who tremble at his nod, while they minister to
ulgence of his brutal appetites, and impose no
heck upon his excesses than if they wanted that
of speech, which almost alone distinguishes
rom the beasts that surround them. The kind
stry which forms the occupation of the lower
is of a very different nature from that which
the forests of the continent. The unfitness of
an constitutions to endure the heat of a tropical
nders all work in the open air fatal to health:
iest exertions of the inferior whites are, there-
nfined to superintending the labour of others,
legated power over the slaves; and to certain
of commerce, which give a very different occu-
to the mind from the employments of tillage.
bour of the husbandman is unremitting and ex-
g; it leaves no moments, nor strength, nor de-
pursuits of vicious indulgence, even if the
of its exertion were favourable to the gratifica-
the looser passions. The shepherd, whose life
idle and easy, has not the opportunity of indul-
ose passions, to which the neighbourhood of a
his own idleness would give birth; his solitary
ion, therefore, begets habits of contemplation,
indeed with indolence, but not unfavourable to
f mind. The needy adventurer, who strives to
ch by superintending herds of human cattle, or
aging the easy and subordinate branches of a
business, without any continued exertion of

mind, and with little or no bodily labour, has all the idleness of the shepherd, without his solitude and contentment; all the temptations to vicious excesses, which constant interruptions of employment, uniform bodily ease, vacancy of thought, and the opportunities of indulgence can hold out.

But the labour which is not performed by Europeans, or creole whites, is devolved upon Africans, from whom the coercion of a master's arm can alone extort the necessary portion of work. The whites form a class of superior men, proud of their palpable distinction, and viewing their slaves as creatures of a subordinate nature, made for their use or their pleasures, and bound to move by the impulse of their will. Hence arises the most disgusting contamination with which the residence of the new world stains the character of the European: a love of uncontrolled power over individuals; a selfish reference of their situation to his own wants; a disgraceful carelessness about the happiness of a race with whose enjoyments he cannot sympathise; a detestable indifference to the sufferings of his fellow creatures; and a habit, no less odious, of indulging, at their expence, every caprice of temper or desire. Such seem to be the necessary effects of that unnatural state of society, which allots the sweat and dust to the African, and reserves to the European the fruit and the shade.

In situations far less unfavourable, the same consequences appear to have attended the institution of domestic slavery, among the most polished nations of the ancient world; although their minds were cultivated, and their manners embellished by all those happy com-

binations of circumstances which gave splendor to the the meridian height of human genius; although the slave was of the same race with the citizen, his equal in civilization, sometimes his superior in accomplishments; although the master was surrounded by his family, watched by the severities of republican virtue, and either taught the lessons of wisdom, or received them from the sages, whose precepts have guided the conduct of succeeding ages. This union of profligate and inhuman manners, with the elegance and general worth of the classic times, affords indeed no palliation of the evil; but it may teach us how inseparable those consequences are from the institution itself, when all the virtues and accomplishments of antiquity, however much they may have been obscured, could not counteract them.

If, then, the universal prevalence of speculation mingles with the character of the West Indian colonist that spirit of gambling, which forms the justly contemptible habits of the horse-jockey, and numbers among the unfortunate men who devote themselves to this occupation, the dominion over negro slaves adds to the same turn of mind, that odious cruelty which renders the cock-fighter as much an object of detestation as the jockey is of contempt*.

* We think the cock-fighter an object of the greatest detestation: all amusements, which arise from the torment of inferior animals, render their promoters objects of contempt; and the more elevated the rank of those who patronise them, the greater is the disgrace which they incur. We have often heard the defence of that barbarous sport, called bull-baiting, by one or *two celebrated characters*, whose patriotism we do

To the lowest orders of the community, the nature of West India produce cannot fail to hold out the opportunities of cheap dissipation. As the peasants of Europe, in the countries of the vine, are uniformly observed to be of a more irritable temperament, and

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not feel inclined to dispute, though we have a very contemptible opinion of their feeling; and we think that nothing can be more ridiculous than the assertion, that it tends to make men vigorous and spirited. Does not throwing the quoit, or playing at cricket, produce the same effect, and in a more harmless manner? In short, we cannot but declare that, in our opinion, the man who can take delight in tormenting any animal in open day, is only prevented from murdering a fellow creature by night, who might offend him, by the rigour of the laws, which we doubt that he would not have fortitude enough to support. As to the cock-fighters, we think them the most unfeeling set of miscreants in nature. It is impossible to conceive so disgusting a spectacle as the Cockpit, in St. James's Park, exhibits from Christmas till Easter. The writer of this article, from a residence on the spot, has had many opportunities of observing it, and will endeavour to give a faint description of the amusement and its patrons. At a certain hour in the afternoon, and again in the evening, several hundred fellows assemble, most of whom, in appearance, would disgrace a gibbet:—they consist of the lowest mechanics, just as they leave their work, with dirty aprons, &c. farmer-looking men from the country, shopkeepers, grooms, coachmen, lords, and dukes. They all pay either 3s. 6d. or 5s. each for admission, according to the extent of the match; and *they all mix together indiscriminately!!* Here is equality with a vengeance. You may see the nobleman, in boots and buck-skin breeches, laying his five guineas against the black-smith's pound, who stands beside him; and at the conclusion of each battle, they settle their accounts with the most scrupulous punctuality.

more given to excess than those of corn districts, partly from the fluctuation of their gains, and partly from the abundance of intoxicating liquors: so, we may expect the lower orders of the colonists to be affected somewhat in the same way, by the concurrence of the very same causes—an uncertain profit, and easy access to spirituous liquors.

Such, in general, are the modifications which we might suppose the manners of Europeans to receive from the peculiar structure of society, and the nature of the occupation in the West Indian colonies. It is almost unnecessary to remark, that the picture is a general one, applicable indeed to the great bulk of the population; but liable to many individual exceptions, so much the more honourable, as the common failings were more natural....

When the cocks are brought in, they are irritated by the feeders, who pat them, and hold them to each other till they draw blood.—They then set them down, and they fight furiously till one falls; when the other is suffered to strike at him, though he has not power to rise, till he is deprived, by repeated wounds, with spurs four inches long, of the power of motion!—And all his time the brutal spectators are laying their odds upon the successful animal.—I have seen a cock thus tormented for half an hour after he was unable to rise; and on once remonstrating with a member of parliament on the cruelty of the sport, he replied that my sense of feeling was ideal, as "the cocks did not mind it at all!!!" B.

PEARL FISHERY.

"*They* in their pearly shells at ease attend
Moist nutriment, or under rocks their food." MILTON.

THE pearl fishery, in the Bay of Condatchy, in the Island of Ceylon, affords occupation to some thousands of persons during the season, which begins in February and ends in April. The boats employed in this fishery carry twenty men, ten of whom are divers and ten boatmen, besides a chief, who acts as pilot. Five only dive at a time, when these come up the five others go down, and leave them to recruit their strength.

In order to accelerate the descent of the divers, large stones are employed: five of these are brought in each boat for the purpose: they are of a reddish granite, common in this country, and of a pyramidical shape, round at top and bottom, with a hole, perforated through the smaller end, sufficient to admit a rope. Some of the divers use a stone shaped like a half-moon, which they fasten round the belly when they mean to descend, and thus keep their feet free.

These people are accustomed to dive from their very infancy, and fearlessly descend to the bottom in from four to ten fathoms water, in search of the oysters. The diver, when he is about to plunge, seizes the rope, to which one of the stones we have described is attached, with the toes of his right foot, while he takes hold of a bag of net-work with those of his left; it being customary among all the Indians to use their toes in working or holding as well as their fingers, and such is the power of habit, that they can pick up even the smallest

ing from the ground with their toes as nimbly as a uropean could with his fingers. The diver, thus pre- ared, seizes another rope with his right hand, and, olding his nostrils shut with the left, plunges into the ater, and by the assistance of the stone speedily reaches he bottom. He then hangs the net round his neck, nd with much dexterity, and all possible dispatch, ollects as many oysters as he can, while he is able to main under water, which is usually about two mi- utes. He then resumes his former position, makes a gnal to those above by pulling the rope in his right and, and is immediately by this means drawn up and rought into the boat, leaving the stone to be pulled up fterwards by the rope attached to it.

The exertion undergone during this process is so vio- nt, that, upon being brought into the boat, the divers ischarge water from their mouth, ears, and nostrils, nd frequently even blood. But this does not hinder hem from going down again in their turn. They will ften make from forty to fifty plunges in one day; and t each plunge bring up about a hundred oysters. Some ub their bodies over with oil, and stuff their ears and oses to prevent the water from entering; while others se no precautions whatever. Although the usual time f remaining under water does not much exceed two inutes, yet there are instances known of divers who ould remain four or even five minutes, which was the ase with a Caffree boy the last year I visited the fishery. he longest instance ever known, was that of a diver ho came from Anjango in 1797, and who absolutely emained under water full six minutes.

The only cause of dread to the diver during this ter-

rific operation is the ground shark; and with a view to avoid his attacks, they consult their conjurer before they begin to dive, and pay a religious attention to all his directions. These directions, however, as our readers will naturally suppose, are not always efficacious; and when, in spite of them, any diver meets with an accident, the ingenuity of the conjurer is exercised in the invention of a plausible excuse for the failure....

.....The invention of these fellows, in redeeming their credit, when any untoward accident happens to falsify their predictions, deserves to be noticed. Since the island came into our possession, a diver at the fishery one year lost his leg, upon which the head conjurer was called to account for the disaster. His answer gives the most striking picture of the knowledge and capacity of the people he had to deal with. He gravely told them, "that an old witch, who owed him a grudge, had just come from Colang on the Malabar coast, and effected a counter conjuration, which for the time rendered his spells fruitless; that this had come to his knowledge too late to prevent the accident which had happened, but that he would now show his own superiority over his antagonist, by enchanting the sharks and binding up their mouths, so that no more accidents should happen during the season." Fortunately for the conjurer the event answered his prediction, and no farther damage was sustained from the sharks during the fishery that year. Whether this was owing to the prayers and charms of the conjurer, I leave my European readers to decide; but certainly it was firmly believed to be the case by the Indian divers, and he was afterwards held by them in the highest esteem and ve-

ration. His merits, however, in this transaction might be disputed, for there are many seasons in which no such accidents occur at all. The appearance of a single shark is indeed sufficient to spread dismay among the whole body of divers; for, as soon as one of them sees a shark, he instantly gives the alarm to his companions, who as quickly communicate it to the other boats; a panic speedily seizes them, and they often return to the bay without fishing any more for that day. The sharks which create all this alarm sometimes turn out to be nothing more than a sharp stone, on which the divers happen to alight. As false alarms excited in this manner prove very injurious to the progress of the fishery, every means is employed to ascertain whether they are well or ill founded; and if the latter be the case, the authors of them are punished.

.....The following is the mode observed in extracting the pearls from the oysters....

.....As soon as the oysters are taken out of the boats, they are carried by the different people to whom they belong, and placed in holes or pits, dug in the ground to the depth of about two feet, or in small square places, cleared and fenced round for the purpose; each person having his own separate division. Mats are spread below them, to prevent the oysters from touching the earth; and here they are left to die and rot. As soon as they have passed through a state of putrefaction, and have become dry, they are easily opened, without any danger of injuring the pearls, which might be the case if they were opened fresh, as at that time to do so requires great force. On the shell being opened, the oyster is minutely examined for the pearls:

it is usual even to boil the oyster, as the pearl, t commonly found in the shell, is not unfrequentl tained in the body of the fish itself.

The stench occasioned by the oysters being putrefy is intolerable; and remains for a long whi the fishery is over. It corrupts the atmosph several miles round Condatchy, and renders the bourhood of that country extremely unpleasant monsoons and violent south-west winds set up rify the air. The nauseous smell, however, is to overcome the hopes of gain: for, months fishing season, numbers of people are to be s nestly searching and poring over the sands an where the oysters had been laid to putrefy; a are now and then fortunate enough to find which amply compensates their trouble in s after them. In 1797, while Mr. Andrews wa tor, a cooley, or common fellow of the lowest c by accident the most valuable pearl seen that and sold it to Mr. Andrews for a large sum.

The pearls found at this fishery are of a white than those got in the gulf of Ormus on the Arabi but in other respects are not accounted so p such an excellent quality: for, though the whi are most esteemed in Europe, the natives pre of a yellowish or golden cast. Off Tutucoree lies on the Coromandal coast, nearly opposite datchy, there is another fishery: but the pear there are much inferior to those two species mentioned, being tainted with a blue or greyish

THE EMIGRANT.

"The tedious hours move heavily away,
And each long minute seems a lazy day." OTWAY.
"But hope, bold taster of delight!
Shows from a rising ground possession nigh;
Shortens the distance, or o'erlooks it quite." DRYDEN.

SEE the poor exile from his native skies,
—Refuge withheld him wheresoe'er he hies*,

* The following anecdote will prove that our poetess does represent woes only imaginary. A French officer, of good ily and some distinction, who never quitted Paris till after king's imprisonment had rendered his services useless, and o had received several wounds in his cause, was travelling foot, as it suited his circumstances, and arrived late in the ning at the city of Modena: he was refused admittance at gate, and informed that it was by the duke's positive coms. —"It is impossible," said the French emigrant, "that e duke could give so inhuman an order."—"His coach is ving up," returned the officer; "you may hear it from himlf." The emigrant advanced towards the carriage, and stopt —"Who are you?" said the duke.—"Who am I!" returned emigrant, tearing open his bosom, "I am one of those fools ho have abandoned their home, their fortune, and their friends: m covered with wounds, an exile, a wanderer for such as you; d I am denied admittance at your gates. But I'll return to y country, and if I appear at the head of an armed force, see you will refuse me then."
The barbarous weakness of the Duke of Modena did not however preserve him from plunder. When Buonaparté overran aly, he sent a deputation to him, representing his having reed shelter to the French emigrants, as a plea for indulgence the part of the conqueror: yet it availed him nothing; he s even reproached for his inhospitality, and was soon reced to the necessity of emigrating himself.

Denied the wretched shelter to retain,
Which wearied, fainting steps could hardly gain;
Roaming, unguided, his bewilder'd way,
Through darkness, tempests, dangers, and dismay,
Oft woe-worn, sad, nor finding as he goes,
Rest for his head, nor pity for his woes.
With added anguish he recals to mind,
The home and tender ties he leaves behind;
Perchance a sister, sick'ning in her bloom,
Insult, and scorn, and poverty her doom;
A drooping mother's unprotected years,
To sink with sorrow, misery, and fears;
Or fond ideas, a yet tend'rer kind,
Cling closer on his agonizing mind:
Still on his cheek he feels the parting tear,
The last farewell still vibrates on his ear;
Oft as sad retrospects his spirits goad,
He's urg'd to measure back his weary road,
A last embrace, of all he loves, to seal,
And bend his bosom to the reeking steel.
If haply, tedious toils and perils past,
He gains some island's shelter'd coast at last,
Where Britons and benevolence reside,
And safe from persecution he may hide;
As Iris forms her richly-varied bow
Of falling rains, and Sol's enliv'ning glow;
Thus Hope, bright shining on his humid eyes,
Bids vivid colours, painted visions rise,
And, like that orb, which raptur'd we behold,
Makes ev'ry distant prospect gay with gold:
Though often baffled his deluded view,
The meteor still his roving thoughts pursue;

nd ev'ry wind that dashes on the shore,
is shipwreck'd cause exalts his hope the more.
yrannic scenes, oft varied, still outdone,
f many tyrants they exchange for one,
r one too many—with the ceaseless flow
f deluges of blood, of crimes, of woe,
till bid him hope the harm will bring its cure—
hat ills so various cannot long endure:
hrough the black mist's impenetrable gloom,
e sees gigantic shapes of joy to come;
is ancient monarchy, so long deplor'd,
ith order, peace, security restor'd;
is native castle from its ashes rise,
is vassals hail him with o'erflowing eyes:
e views the temple still adorn'd and free,
nd prostrate myriads bend the willing knee,
is kindred with their wealth, and ancient state,
nd ponders what shall be his own best fate;
lace and preferment wait upon his will:
hus HOPE's fair phantoms sooth his sorrows still.

BRITISH SEAMEN.

"What form of death could him affright,
Who, unconcern'd, with stedfast sight,
Could view the surges, mountain-steep,
And monsters rolling in the deep?" DRYDEN.

...Strange as it may appear, there is no profession, which so little attention has been directed, nor of hich so little is accurately known, even in this country, that of the British navy. Johnson, as a moralist,

has passed, with all the force of his energetic lang a general sentence upon the mariner's charact sentence which will be a lasting monument of hi judice. Smollet, the splenetic Smollet, has overch his portraits of a British sailor. Cumberland, as to do them justice, has drawn, in his novel of Ha fine portrait of a naval officer. But, at length Clarke, in his sermons on the character and profes duties of seamen, has given us a more correct de tion than has hitherto appeared, of the manners c interesting and most honourable class of men.

This writer, who had sufficient opportunity of l ing the truth, informs us, contrary to the prev opinion, that a high sense of religion is a very c cuous feature in the character of British seamen they hence derive a resolution which no peril can and a perseverance in difficulty which no fatigu overcome; that their generosity, instead of proc from a too profuse, or careless mind, derives its] ples from Christianity; that the general huma their character arises from that virtue which s *long and is kind;* and that the general amenit open candour of their manners flows from a which being thus well regulated by religion, an by discipline, is always at peace within itself. "' such are the words of that eloquent writer, "the live amidst the vicissitudes of contending ele whose representation alone, by the pencil of g fills the common beholder, though in safety, wi may, pass their lives in continual survey of the sublime object of nature, which is the ocean, a conducting the most wonderful work of art, wl

e ship that bears them through it. Unto them is iven to trace the Creator of the world, in the sublimest its features; they see him in the ocean, they hear im in the tempest, and look for his protection amidst e winds and waves."

.....It is a curious remark that, from this class of en, the first preachers of Christianity should have een taken....." From what class of men," exclaims the same author, " did our Saviour select his early followers? Was it from among the great, the rich, or the learned that he chose his disciples? did he go in search of them to the stately palace, or the crowded Sanhedrim? It was from the sea-shore of Judea that he called men from their maratime occupations, to become the first preachers of his gospel: one of the many instances in which he displayed a mind that regarded not the persons of men; and was itself a mark of distinction, which, amidst the prejudices of that age, was more particularly flattering to the character of mariners."

.....Indeed the professional conduct of our seamen, the events which now are daily taking place, are sufficient to raise our ideas of those men to whom this country has repeatedly owed its religion and its liberty. Heroism, such as blazes forth in the conduct of our seamen, cannot proceed from any common source: and it must be inspired to them by the sublime truths of Christianity.

As mannerists, we must lament the number of naval coxcombs, whose enormous gold-laced hats and drawcansir scymitars make such a conspicuous figure on the parade at Portsmouth, or the long room hill at Plymouth. These are the harmless slaves of the fair sex, who lead them about like lions with their claws drawn,

in the silken chain of dalliance. They s
regarded as foils to set off the real chara
seaman. It is not from them we should
portraits of a British sailor. But did not th
character of ADMIRAL DUNCAN shine for
great lustre, when, after the tremendous s
battle had closed off Camperdown, this com
with his gallant crew raised the grateful tear of
giving unto the Being who had covered their h
the day of battle!

.... It has often been remarked, as a reproach
the officers of the British navy display on shipboard
racter entirely different from that which appears so
able on shore; the last is all courtesy and frankne
first all sternness and reserve. Certainly, nothing un
the real character of a man more than his being
trusted with power. No individual possesses a n
illimited authority than that which is given to the
miral of a fleet, or to the captain of a man of war.
requires, therefore, a very strong head, and a mind
disciplined by sorrow or by reflection, to withstand
such a situation, the suggestions of pride or the ebu
tions of vanity; emptiness will soon be puffed up,
folly will strut like a turkey-cock at the waving
piece of red bunting. Alas! these defects are nat
infirmities of mankind; they will appear only in
portion to the incapacity of him who displays th
Many, great many, however, exist in the British n
whose heads and hearts, whether at sea or on sh
have always preserved a uniformity of disposition.

.... The epithet of *tremulous* is, with justice, g
to the seaman: his life is one continued scene of

d peril. What can be more deceitful and un-
n than the element on which he lives? That
which, to all the rest of the world is a season of
, is to the captain of a ship often a horrid inter-
suspense. How many lives are intrusted to his
ice? How often is he called from broken and
et slumbers, emaciated with fatigue, and relaxed
want of air, to decide in an instant on the only
re by which the raging tempest may be baffled?
hen surprising, that the naval character should
nerally highly irritable?

. Let us conclude these remarks on the manners
haracters of our seamen, by the following candid
nprejudiced sketch. Their friendship is lasting
incere; to the simplicity of a child they unite the
daring and determined courage; they are chari-
without ostentation, affectionate without any pro-
ion of being so, and, when they do good, their
hand never knows what their left hand doeth.
: are the men to whom their country may, with
lence, look up for protection; these are the men
hom France may envy us, but will never possess;
1 Buonaparté may threaten, but will never over-

BIEDER; OR, THE HONEST SERVANT.

Servants like these are seldom seen." DRYDEN.

ONE word or two of this Bieder. He is by birth
man, but has forgotten his mother-tongue. He
it the same hotel with me, in a garret room, and

is as poor as Irus, and as honest as Socrates; thing he buys for me is as cheap as possible, a always frowns when I pay for any thing too dear. day I dropped, on the staircase, a paper with fi d'ors in it; Bieder, who followed me, picked it u honestly brought it to me. "Thou art honest Bieder," said I to him.—"*Il faut bien, Monsi je le sois, pour ne pas dementir mon nom,*" answe

Once, I do not remember on what occasion, to him somewhat harshly. "*Monsieur,*" said *choses pareilles ne se disent point en bon Franç suis trop sensible pour le souffrir.*"—I laughed.— *Monsieur,*" continued he, "*je rirai avec vo point de grossieretès, je vous prie.*" On anoth sion, he entered with tears in his eyes, and ha a newspaper; I took it, and read as follows: " 28th of May, at five o'clock in the morning, vant of Mr. N. in the street of St. Mary, shot On hearing the report of a pistol, the door wa open, and the unfortunate man was found wel his blood; beside him lay the pistol, and on were written these words:

" Quand on n'est rien, et qu'on est sans espoir,
La vie est un opprobre, et la mort un devoir.

On the door,

" Aujourdhui mon tour, demain te tien."

On the table lay verses, philosophical thou his testament. By the former it appeared, youth had almost learned by heart the dange tings of the new philosophers. Instead of

very thought was a poison to a mind unprepared for the reading of such books, and thus he fell a victim to his philosophical delusion. He was discontented with his lowly station; and indeed he was far above it, with regard to his mind and his heart. He pored all night over his books, for which purpose he bought candle with his own money, as his strict honesty would not allow him to spend his master's candle for his own use. In his testament he says, that he is a child of love, and describes, in an affecting strain, his affection for his second mother, his good nurse. He bequeaths to her one hundred and fifty livres; a hundred to his country, as a patriotic gift; and forty-eight to the poor. To debtors in prison forty-eight livres; one louis d'or to him who buries his body; and three louis d'ors to his friend, the German servant in the *Hotel Britannique*. They have found upwards of four hundred livres in his desk. "To me," said Bieder, with emotion, "he has left three louis d'ors. Ah! we were friends from our childhood. He was an uncommon young man; instead of spending his time, like most of his companions, in tippling houses, he passed his hours of leisure in the *Cabinets de Lectures*, (reading rooms,) and on Sunday he went to the play. Often said he to me, with tears, Henry, let us be virtuous, let us deserve our own esteem. Oh! I cannot repeat to you all the fine things my good Jacques said to me. He spoke like a book, while poor I cannot put two words together with propriety. For some time back he was melancholy; he went about hanging down his head, and liked to talk about death. For the space of six days I have not seen him, and yesterday I learned that Jacques is no

more, and that there is one good man les world."

Bieder cried as a child, and I myself was d fected. Poor Jacques! sad effects of half l "Drink deep, or taste not," says Pope.

Epictetus was also a servant, but he did no lent hands upon himself.

DESCRIPTION OF PARIS.

From the Pen of an English and a Russian Tou

"Shun the close *city* with assiduous care,
Whose nauseous fumes the breath of heav'n ir
T. Ba

Paris has long been termed the epitome of t but, perhaps, never could this denomination l to it with so much propriety as at the present The chances of war have not only rendered i tre of the fine arts, the museum of the most c master-pieces in existence, the emporium v luxury of Europe comes to procure its sup but the taste for pleasure has also found me semble here all the enjoyments which natur to have exclusively appropriated to other clim

Every country has its charms and advanta alone appears to combine them all. Ever every corner of the globe seems to vie in hast ward hither the tribute of its productions. an epicure? No delicacy of the table but ma in Paris.—Are you a toper? No delicious may be drunk in Paris.—Are you fond of fr

ces of public entertainment? No sort of spectacle but ty be seen in Paris.—Are you desirous of improving ur mind? No kind of instruction but may be acquired Paris.—Are you an admirer of the fair sex? No deription of female beauty but may be obtained in aris.—Are you partial to the society of men of extraordinary talents? No great genius but comes to display is knowledge in Paris.—Are you inclined to discuss ilitary topics? No hero but brings his laurels to aris.—In a word, every person, favoured by nature, or ortune, flies to enjoy the gifts of either in Paris. Even every place celebrated in the annals of voluptuousness is, as it were, reproduced in Paris, which, in some shape or another, presents its name or image.

Without going out of this capital you may, in the eason when Nature puts on her verdant livery, visit dalium, present your incense to the Graces, and adore, n her temple, the queen of love; while at Tivoli you may, perhaps, find as many beauties and charms as were formerly admired at the enchanting spot on the anks of the Anio, which, under its ancient name of Tibus, was so extolled by the Latin poets; and close o the Boulevards, at Frascati, you may, in that gay eason, eat ices as good as those with which Cardinal le Bernis used to regale his visiters, at his charming illa in the Campagna di Roma. Who, therefore, eed travel farther than Paris to enjoy every gratifiation?

If then, towards the close of a war the most frightful and destructive that ever was waged, the useful and greeable seem to have proceeded here, hand in hand, n improvement, what may not be expected in the

tranquillity of a few years peace? Who knows but the Emperor Julian's dear Lutetia may one day vie in splendor with Thebes and its hundred gates, or ancient Rome covering its seven mountains*.

.....

....Can any one deny that Paris is the first city in the world, the centre of all magnificence and grandeur, when he ascends the great terrace, and beholds every where, behind and before, to the right and to the left, the largest and handsomest buildings, palaces, and temples—the fine banks of the Seine—the bridges of granite, across which throng thousands of people and of carriages? But here you must remain, if you will not alter your opinion. On proceeding further, you meet with narrow streets, and the most disagreeable mixture of wealth and beggary. Close to the brilliant shop of a jeweller lies a heap of rotten apples and herrings; dirt abounds every where, and now and then even blood streams in rivulets from the butcher's shops. One must stop nose and eyes here. The picture of the most elegant city is lost, and it seems as if all the dirt and filth of the world had been brought to Paris by subterraneous canals; but go one step farther, and you breathe the fragrant odours of Arabia, for you are in the vicinity of one of those shops, so numerous in Paris, where they sell perfumes and pomatum. In short, at every step is a new atmosphere, and new ob-

* What precedes is the delineation of the unknown English traveller; what follows is the picture of Paris from the pencil of the Russian traveller.

jects of luxury, or the most disagreeable uncleanliness; so that Paris may justly be called the finest and foulest, the most fragrant and most stinking city on the globe. The streets are all, without exception, narrow and dark; which, perhaps, originates in the height and size of the houses. The celebrated street, Saint Honoré, is the longest, most noisy, and dirty. Woe to the poor pedestrian, particularly when it rains; he must either wade through the dirt in the middle of the street, (for as the pavement slopes on both sides towards the middle, that part of the street is usually full of dirt,) or the water pours down on his head from the gutters on the tops of the houses, and leave him not a dry thread. A coach is absolutely necessary, at least for a stranger, for the French understand perfectly how to walk through the dirt without bespattering themselves; they leap most admirably from one stone to another, and take shelter in a shop from a carriage. The celebrated Tournefort, who had travelled almost all over the world, on his return, was crushed to death by a hackney coach; because, on his travels, he had forgotten the art of skipping in the streets like a goat, an art absolutely necessary to an inhabitant of Paris....

....What a contrast is London to Paris! There, magnificence by the side of squalid misery; here, simplicity and admirable cleanliness:—there, profusion and poverty; here, a general appearance of ease among all ranks:—there palaces, out of which crawl forth skeletons covered with rags; here neat brick houses, out of which step health and content, with a mien expressive of happiness and tranquillity. There a powdered, fine-dressed beau drives about in a wretched *fiacre*; here, even the

country farmer sits in a good coach, drawn by two superb horses. There, dirt and darkness in the narrow streets; here, the way every where dry and clean, and no crowding, notwithstanding the great number of passengers. London, indeed, is a beautiful city! Every where prevails a cleanliness, which is rarely to be met with in other cities; and people of the lowest rank are well dressed, and a certain degree of order and regularity pervades every thing, and makes a very pleasing impression on the mind of a stranger.

HYMN TO HUMANITY.

" Who can all sense of others ills escape,
Is but a brute, at best, in human shape."
TATE's *Juvenal.*

wit
ENT of virtue! if thine ear
Attend not now to sorrow's cry;
If now the pity-streaming tear
Should haply on thy cheek be dry,
Indulge my votive strain, O, sweet Humanity!

Come, ever welcome to my breast!
A tender, but a cheerful guest;
Nor always in the gloomy cell
Of life-consuming sorrow dwell;
For sorrow, long indulg'd, and slow,
Is to humanity a foe;
And grief, that makes the heart its prey,
Wears sensibility away:
Then comes, sweet nymph, instead of thee,
The gloomy fiend, Stupidity.

O, may that fiend be banish'd far,
Though passions hold eternal war!
Nor ever cease to let me know,
The pulse that throbs at joy or woe;
Nor let my vacant cheek be dry,
When sorrow fills a brother's eye;
Nor may the tear, that frequent flows,
From private, or from social woes,
E'er make this pleasing sense depart:
Ye cares, O, harden not my heart!

If the fair star of fortune smile,
Let not its flattering power beguile;
Nor, borne along the fav'ring tide,
My full sails swell with floating pride.
Let me from wealth but hope content,
Remember still it was but lent;
To modest merit spread my store,
Unbar my hospitable door;
Nor feed, with pomp, an idle train,
While wants unpitied pine in vain.

If Heaven, in every purpose wise,
The envied lot of wealth denies.
If doom'd to drag life's painful load
Through poverty's uneven road,
And for the due bread of the day,
Destin'd to toil as well as pray;
To thee, Humanity, still true,
I'll wish the good I cannot do,
And give the wretch that passes by,
A soothing word—a tear—a sigh.

Howe'er exalted or deprest,
Be ever mine the feeling breast.
From me remove the stagnant mind
Of languid indolence, reclin'd;
The soul that one long sabbath keeps,
And through the sun's whole circle sleeps,
Dull peace, that dwells in Folly's eye,
And self-attendant vanity.
Alike the foolish and the vain,
Are strangers to the sense humane.

O, for that sympathetic glow,
Which taught the holy tear to flow!
When the prophetic eye survey'd,
Sion in future ashes laid!
Or, rais'd to Heaven, implor'd the bread,
That thousands in the desert fed!
Or, when the heart o'er friendship's grave
Sigh'd, and forgot its power to save.
O, for that sympathetic glow,
Which taught the holy tear to flow!

It comes, it fills my labouring breast.
I feel my beating heart opprest.
Oh, hear that lonely widow's wail!
See her dim eye, her aspect pale!
To Heaven she turns, in deep despair,
Her infants wonder at her pray'r,
And, mingling tears, they know not why,
Lift up their little hands and cry.
O, God! their moving sorrows see!
Support them, sweet Humanity!

Life, fill'd with Grief's distressful train,
For ever ask the tear humane.
Behold, in yon unconscious grove,
The victims of ill-fated love!
Heard you that agonizing throe?
Sure this is no romantic woe!
The golden day of joy is o'er,
And now they part to meet no more.
Assist them, hearts from anguish free!
Assist them, sweet Humanity!

Parent of virtue, if thine ear
Attend not now to sorrow's cry;
If now the pity-streaming tear
Should haply on thy cheek be dry,
Indulge my votive strain, O, sweet Humanity!

COUNT GLEICHEN AND THE FAIR SARACEN.

"Love, various minds does variously inspire;
He stirs in gentle nature gentle fire,
Like that of incense on the altars laid.
But raging flames tempestuous souls invade." DRYDEN.

HEN a holy zeal to drive the Infidels from the Holy
d had seized all Europe, and the pious knights,
ring the badge of the cross, repaired in crowds to the
, Count Gleichen also left his native land, and with
friends and countrymen went to Asia. I shall not
cribe his heroic achievments; I shall content myself
h saying, that the bravest knights of Christendom ad-
ed his prowess, but it pleased Heaven to try the hero's

faith. Count Gleichen was made prisoner by the Infidels, and became the slave to a Muhamedan of distinction, who intrusted his gardens to Gleichen's care. The unfortunate count was now employed in watering violets and blue-bells, lilies and roses. The hero long endured the horrors of captivity; but all his sighs and vows would have been ineffectual, if a fair Saracen, his master's lovely daughter, had not begun to regard him with looks of the tenderest affection. Often, concealed beneath the veil of night, did she listen to his melancholy songs—often did she see him weep, whilst praying, and her beauteous eyes were likewise suffused in tears. A modest shame, the peculiar virtue of a youthful female heart, long prevented her from declaring her passion; or from intimating, in any manner, to the slave how deeply she sympathised in his sorrows. At length the spark kindled into a flame, shame was silenced, and love could no longer be conceàled in her heart, but poured in fiery torrents from her mouth into the soul of the astonished count. Her angelic innocencè, her blooming beauty, and the idea that by her means he might, perhaps, be able to obtain his liberty; all this made such a powerful impression on his mind, that he forgot his wife. He swore eternal love to the beauteous Saracen, on condition that she would agree to leave father and native land, and fly with him to Europe. Ah! she had already forgotten her father and her country. The count was her all. She hastens away, brings a key, opens a private door leading to the fields, and flies away with her beloved. The silence of night, which covered them with her sable mantle, favours their flight. They arrive safely in the country

of the count: his vassals joyfully greet their lord and Father, whom they had given up for lost, and with looks of curiosity beheld his companion, whose face is concealed beneath a veil. On their arrival at the castle, the countess rushes into his embrace—"That you, my dear wife, see me again," said he, "you have to thank her, pointing to his deliverer; she has, for my sake, left her father and her native land." The count covers his streaming eyes with his hands; the beauteous Saracen drops her veil, and throwing herself at the feet of the countess, exclaims, "I am thy vassal!"—"Thou art my sister," replied the countess, raising and embracing her. "My husband shall be thine also; we will share his heart." The count, astonished at the magnanimity of his wife, presses her to his heart; all these are united in one embrace, and they swear to love each other till death. Heaven blessed this threefold union, and the pope himself confirmed it. The count's habitation was the abode of peace and happiness, and he, with his two faithful wives, were, after their death, laid in one grave. A large stone covers it, on which the chissel of sensibility has represented them*.

* Their tomb is to be seen in the Benedictine convent at Erfurth, in Germany.

THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE CHINESE EMPEROR'S BIRTH-DAY.

"Hast thou not seen my morning chambers fill'd
With sceptred slaves, who waited to salute me?" DAVENS.

The following Account, given by Lord Macartney, of the Emperor's Birth-day Solemnities, in China, which his Lordship has obligingly permitted Mr. Barrow to extract from his Journal, will serve to convey to our Readers a tolerably exact Idea of the State, Pleasures, and Amusements of the great Monarch of that celebrated Country.

THE 17th of September being the emperor's birth-day, we set out for the court*, at three o'clock in the morning, conducted by Van-ta-gin, Chou-ta-gin, and our usual attendants. We reposed ourselves, about two hours, in a large saloon at the entrance of the palace inclosure, where fruit-trees, warm milk, and other refreshments were brought to us. At last, notice was given that the festival was going to begin, and we immediately descended into the garden, where we found all the great men and mandarins, in their robes of state, drawn up before the imperial pavilion. The

* The court then resided at the palace of Yeuen-min-Yeuen, at some distance from Pekin. Some writer has observed, that the king of England is worse lodged, at St James's palace, than any sovereign of Europe. But Mr. Barrow asserts, that were he to compare some of the imperial palaces in China to any royal residence in Europe, it would certainly be to St. James's; but the apartments, the furniture, and conveniences of the latter, bad as they are, infinitely, according to his account, transcend any of those in China.

emperor did not show himself*, but remained concealed behind a screen, from whence, I presume, he could see and enjoy the ceremonies without inconvenience or interruption. All eyes were turned towards the place where his majesty was imagined to be enthroned, and seemed to express an impatience to begin the devotions of the day. Slow, solemn music, muffled drums, and deep-toned bells, were heard at a distance;—on a sudden the sounds ceased, and all was still—again they were renewed, and then intermitted with short pauses; during which several persons passed backwards and forwards in the proscenium, or fore ground of the tent, as if engaged in preparing some grand *coup de theatre*.

At length the great band, both vocal and instrumental, struck up with all their powers of harmony, and instantly the whole court fell flat upon their faces before this invisible Nebuchadnezzar, whilst

> "He, in his cloudy tabernacle 'shrin'd,
> Sojourned the while."

The music might be considered as a sort of birth-day ode, or state anthem, the burthen of which was, "Bow down your heads, all ye dwellers upon earth, bow down your heads before the great Kien-long, the great Kien-long." And then all the dwellers upon China earth there

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* The emperor rarely shows himself in public among the Chinese part of his subjects, except on solemn occasions: and even then, the exhibition is confined within the precincts of the palace, from which the populace are entirely excluded.

present, except ourselves, bowed down their heads, and prostrated themselves upon the ground at every renewal of the chorus. Indeed, in no religion, either ancient or modern, has the Divinity ever been addressed, I believe, with stronger exterior marks of worship and adoration than were this morning paid to the phantom of his Chinese majesty. Such is the mode of celebrating the emperor's anniversary festival, according to the court ritual. We saw nothing of him the whole day, nor did any of his ministers, I imagine, approach him, for they all seemed to retire at the same moment that we did.

In the course of a tour that we made in the gardens, with the prime minister and the great officers of state whom the emperor had directed to attend us, we were entertained at one of the palaces with a collation of petit patis, salt relishes, and other savoury dishes, with fruits and sweet meats, milk and ice water; and as soon as we rose from table, a number of yellow boxes, or drawers, were carried in procession before us, containing several pieces of silk and porcelain, which we were told were presents to us from the emperor, and we consequently made our bows as they passed. We were also amused with a Chinese puppet-show, which differs but little from an English one. There are a distressed princess confined in a castle, and knight errant, who. after fighting wild beasts and dragons, sets her at liberty, and marries her; wedding-feasts, jousts and tournaments. Besides these, there was also a comic drama, in which some personages, not unlike punch and his wife, Bandemeer, and Scaramouch, performed capital parts. This puppet-show, we were told, properly

longs to the ladies' apartments*, but was sent out, as particular compliment, to entertain us; one of the erformances was exhibited with great applause from ur conductors, and I understand it is a favourite piece it court.

On the morning of the 18th of September, we again ent to court, in consequence of an invitation from the mperor, to see the Chinese comedy and other diver- ions given on occasion of his birth-day. The comedy egan at eight o'clock and lasted till noon. The em- eror was seated on a throne, opposite the stage, which rojected a good deal into the pit. The boxes were on ach side, without seats or divisions. The women were laced above, behind the lattices, so that they might njoy the amusements of the theatre without being bserved.

Soon after we came in, the emperor sent for Sir eorge Staunton and me, to attend him, and told us, ith great condescension of manners, that we ought not

* Of the women belonging to the monarch, one only has the nk of empress; after whom are two queens and their nume- us attendants, which constitute the second class of the esta- lishment; and the third consists of six queens and their at- ndants. To these three ranks of the emperor's wives are tached one hundred ladies, who are usually called his concu- nes. They would seem to be of the same description, and to old the same rank as the handmaids of the ancient Israelites. heir children are all considered as branches of the imperial fa- ily, but the preference to the succession is generally given to ie male issue of the first empress, provided there should be any. he daughters are usually married to Tartar princes, and other artars of distinction, but rarely, if ever, to a Chinese.

to be surprised to see a man of his age at the theatre; for that he seldom came there except upon a very particular occasion, like the present; for that, considering the extent of his dominions and the number of his subjects, he could spare but little time for such amusements. I endeavoured, in the turn of my answer, to lead him towards the subject of my embassy, but he seemed not disposed to enter into it farther than by delivering me a little box of old japan, in the bottom of which were some pieces of agate, and other stones, much valued by the Chinese and Tartars; and at the top a small book, written and painted by his own hand, which he desired me to present to the king, my master, as a token of his friendship, saying, that the old box had been 800 years in his family. He, at the same time, gave me a book for myself, also written and painted by him, together with several purses of areca nut. He likewise gave a purse of the same sort to Sir George Staunton, and sent some small presents to the other gentlemen of the embassy. After this, several pieces of silk or porcelain, but seemingly of no great value, were distributed among the Tartar princes and chief courtiers, who appeared to receive them with every possible demonstration of humility and gratitude.

The theatrical entertainments consisted of great variety, tragical and comical, several distinct pieces were acted in succession, though without any apparent connection with one another. Some of them were historical, and others of pure fancy, partly in *recitativo*, partly in singing, and partly in plain speaking, without any accompaniment of instrumental music, but abounding in battles, murders, and most of the usual incidents of

drama. Last of all was the grand pantomime, ch, from the approbation it met with, is, I presume, sidered as a first rate effort of invention and inge- ty. It seemed to me, as far as I could comprehend to represent the marriage of the Ocean with the th. The latter exhibited her various riches and productions, dragons, and elephants, and tigers, and les, and ostriches, oaks, and pines, and other trees of erent kinds. The Ocean was not behind hand, but red forth on the stage the wealth of his dominions, er the figures of whales and dolphins, porpuses and athans, and other sea monsters; besides ships, ks, shells, spunges, and corals, all performed by cealed actors, who were quite perfect in their ts, and performed their characters to admiration. se two marine and land regiments, after separately ding, in a circular procession, for a considerable e, at last joined together, and, forming one body, e to the front of the stage, when, after a few evo- ons, they opened to the right and left, to give room the whale, who seemed to be the commanding cer, to waddle forward; and who, taking his station tly opposite the emperor's box, spouted out of his th into the pit several tons of water, which quickly ppeared through the perforations of the floor. This ulation was received with the highest applause, two or three of the great men at my elbow desired to take particular notice of it; repeating at the e time, "*Hao, kung hao*"—"Charming, delightful!" A little before one o'clock in the afternoon we retired; at four we returned to court, to see the evening's ertainments, which were exhibited on the lawn, in *t of the great tent,* or pavilion, where he had been

first presented to the emperor. He arrived very soon after us, mounted his throne, and gave the signal to begin. We had now wrestling, and dancing, and tumbling, and posture making, which appeared to us particularly awkward and clumsy, from the performers being mostly dressed according to the Chinese costume, one inseparable part of which, is a pair of heavy quilted boots, with the soles of an inch thick. The wrestlers, however, seemed pretty expert, and afforded much diversion to such as were admirers of the *palæstra*.

A boy climbed up a pole, or bamboo, thirty or forty feet high, played several gambols, and balanced himself on the top of it, in various attitudes; but his performance fell far short of what I have often met with in India of the same kind.

A fellow lay down on his back, and then raised his feet, legs, and thighs perpendicularly, so as to form a right angle with his body. On the soles of his feet was placed a large, round, empty jar, about four feet long, and from two and a half to three feet diameter. This he balanced for some time, turning it round and round, horizontally, till one of the spectators put a little boy in it, who, after throwing himself into various postures at the mouth of it, came out and sat on the top. He then stood up, then fell flat upon his back, then shifted to his belly, and after showing a hundred tricks of that sort, jumped down upon the ground, and relieved his coadjutor.

A man then came forward, and, after fastening three slender sticks to each of his boots, took six porcelain dishes, of eighteen inches diameter, and balancing them separately at the end of a little ivory rod, which

held in his hand, and twirling them about for some ne, put them, one after the other, upon the points of e boot-sticks above mentioned, they continuing to rn round all the while. He then took two small cks in his left hand, and put dishes upon them in the me manner as upon the other, and also one more on the little finger of his right hand, so that he had ne dishes annexed to him at once, all twirling toge-er, which in a few minutes he took off, one by one, d placed them regularly on the ground, without the ghtest interruption or miscarriage.

There were many other things of the same kind, but aw none at all comparable to the tumbling, rope-ncing, wire-walking, and straw-balancing of Sadler's ells; neither did I observe any feats of equitation in e style of Hughes's and Astley's amphitheatres, al-ough I had been always told, that the Tartars were markably skilful in the instruction and discipline of eir horses. Last of all were the fire-works, which, in me particulars, exceeded any thing of the kind I had er seen. One piece of machinery I greatly admired; green chest, of five feet square, was hoisted up by a illey, to the height of fifty or sixty feet from the ound; the bottom was so constructed as then sud-nly to fall out, and make way for twenty or thirty rings of lanterns, inclosed in the box, to descend om it, unfolding themselves from one another by de-rees, so as at last to form a collection of at least five ndred, each having a light of a beautifully-coloured ame burning brightly within it. This devolution id development of lanterns, which appeared to me be composed of gauze and paper, were several times

repeated, and every time exhibited a difference of colour and figure. On each side was a correspondence of smaller boxes, which opened in like manner as the others, and let down an immense net-work of fire, with divisions and compartments of various forms and dimensions, round and square, hexagons, octagons, and lozenges, which shone like the brightest burnished copper, and flashed like prismatic lightning with every impulse of the wind. The diversity of colours, indeed, with which the Chinese have the secret of clothing fire, seems one of the chief merits of their pyrotechny. The whole concluded with a volcano, or general explosion and discharge of suns and stars, squibs, bouncers, crackers, rockets, and grenadoes, which involved the gardens for above an hour after in a cloud of smoke. Whilst these entertainments were going forwards, the emperor sent to us a variety of refreshments, all which, as coming from him, the etiquette of the court required us to partake of, although we had dined but a short time before.

However meanly we must think of the taste and delicacy of the court of China, whose most refined amusements seem to be chiefly such as I have now described, together with the wretched dramas of the morning, yet it must be confessed, that there was something grand and imposing in the general effect that resulted from the whole *spectacle*. The emperor himself being seated in front upon his throne, and all his great men and officers attending in their robes of ceremony, and stationed on each side of him, some standing, some sitting, some kneeling, and the guards and standard-bearers behind them in incalculable num-

bers. A dead silence was rigidly observed, not a syllable articulated, nor a laugh exploded during the whole performance.

INHABITANTS OF INDIA.

"The poppy, and each numming plant dispense
Their drowsy virtue and dull indolence.
No passions interrupt his easy reign,
No problems puzzle his lethargic brain." GARTH.

....THERE are numerous works which treat of the inhabitants of India, and whence much important knowledge may be extracted. The 'Asiatic Researches' hold the first place, as in these volumes the learning and genius of the east may be said to be combined. Amongst the works of Sir William Jones, his translation of 'The Institutes of Menu,' will be found the most advantageous. They make you acquainted with laws congenial to the dispositions and habits, to the religious prejudices, and approved immemorial usages of the people for whom they were enacted; and conformable, as far as the natives are affected by them, to the opinions and manners of the natives themselves; an object which cannot possibly be obtained until those manners and opinions can be accurately and fully known. Halhed's translation of the 'Ordination of Brahmens,' contains knowledge very essential in our enquiry into Oriental habits and laws. 'Maurice's Indian Antiquities' afford very extensive instruction; and much rational information may be collected from the 'Arabian Nights,' and other eastern tales, which probably afford

the truest picture of Asiatic manners we have in our possession. This work, which, as children, we have all heard with such fixed attention and rapturous delight, on account of the pleasing and interesting narration, is well worthy our notice as men, as disclosing to curious observation the inmost recesses of Indian customs and belief. The more minute our investigation, the more fruitful shall we find the soil, the produce of which must always afford a recompence equal to the labour we employ in reaping it.

. . . . When writing on the progress of national refinement, how is a standard for civility to be fixed? It has been generally accounted, that those countries alone are civilised, where laws have been framed for the protection of life, and for the safety of property. That country, therefore, can never be called civilised, where the priest stands before the altar of his idol with his hands reeking with the blood of the newly-slaughtered victim; whose laws permit the son to expose to the flood the being who gave him birth, when oppressed by years, and unable to labour for the support of life; where the youthful widow is compelled to finish a short life upon the pile of her deceased husband, or else must survive his loss in ignominy or servitude; where human sacrifices are offered up to appease the demon of destruction; and where the woman, who has been long barren, offers her first born to her god, by exposing it to the birds and beasts of prey, or suffering it to be carried away by the flood of the Ganges.

The Indians at present under the British dominion, particularly those near the seats of government, appear inclined to dismiss many of their prejudices. The

richer Hindoos, in particular, affect to despise many of their former customs, to which the destructive persecution of the Mahomedans only served to rivet their affections. They, however, rather copy the follies than the virtues of the Europeans, and endeavour to excel them in luxury and expence, rather than in knowledge. They have acquired the same freedom of behaviour without their generosity and independence spirit, and they are more eager in the acquirement of riches, without the same enterprise and honesty of principle. To over-reach the stranger by the lowest artifices of despicable chicane and intrigue, is considered by the trading Hindoo as his *calling*. If the passions have not the same influence over him as over the more vigorous and impetuous European, the influence of the virtues is still less. If he is less quick in resenting injuries, he is utterly insensible to every feeling of gratitude. To vegetate in sloth is the delight of the Hindoo; and he is never roused to exertion, but by the calls of necessity, or to gratify his ruling passion, avarice. He is dastardly in spirit, and will seldom stand a contest with an open foe; but is rather inclined to injure his enemy secretly. When transported with anger, he vents his rage with feminine impotence in the vilest and foulest reproaches; but his fury is quickly damped, if likely to be resented by force.

The Hindoo has a strong propensity to indulge in the luxury of the palate. Though prohibited, by his laws, from feeding on the flesh of animals, he feasts luxuriously on ghee and spices, and quaffs with delight

the drugs with which he gives fresh relish to the naturally-powerful effects of tobacco.

It has been the fashion to dwell with rapture on the humanity and mildness of the Hindoos; but can that people be called humane or mild, who can, with unmoved countenance and unfeeling hearts, behold the tortures of their nearest relatives perishing in the flames, or drowning in the Ganges? Friendship, indeed, appears to have little power over their hearts; and the tender ties, which bind an offspring to a parent, are frequently forgotten. The ambition of the Hindoo is moderate, and he bears a stain on his honour with great calmness, provided he has thereby increased his wealth. The generous spirit of independence never warms his cold and timorous breast; he crouches with the most abject servitude and flattery to his superiors, and is treated in the same manner by his dependents, over whom he takes every opportunity to tyrannize. This, indeed, has been ever so much the character of the Hindoo, that the Mahomedans always found him the best instrument for oppressing his own countrymen. The chief consistency of conduct in the Hindoo is his strict observancy of the tenets of his religion; the daily ceremony of ablution and prayers he never neglects, and there is no penance which he will not undergo to appease his angry gods. Different tribes differ much in their dispositions and in their superstitions; the Bengalese, perhaps, of all the other tribes, are the least enterprising and bold, and more the slaves of prejudice. The Poligars of the Peninsula, the Mahrattas, Nairs, and Sheiks, are all different classes of

ndoos, bound by laws peculiar to themselves, and
: resolute and warlike tribes.

SIR ALBERT.

" In days of old, when Arthur fill'd the throne,
Whose acts and fame to foreign lands were blown,
The king of Elfs, and little Fairy queen,
Gambol'd on heaths, and danc'd on ev'ry green;
And where the jolly troop had led the round,
The grass unbidden rose, and mark'd the ground.
Nor darkling did they dance, the silver light
Of Phœbe serv'd to guide their steps aright:
Above the rest, our Britain held they dear,
More solemnly they kept their sabbaths here.
I speak of ancient times, for now the swain,
Returning late, may pass the wood in vain,
And never hope to see the nightly train.
In vain the dairy now with mints is dress'd,
The dairy-maid expects no fairy guest
To skim the bowls, and after pay the feast.
She sighs, and shakes her empty shoes in vain,
No silver penny to reward her pain;
For priests, with prayers and other godly geer,
Have made the merry goblins disappear." DRYDEN.

AT Britain's court, in Arthur's days,
For knights of prowess fam'd,
Of worth, in Elda's eyes, the praise
'Bove all Sir Albert claim'd:
At many a joust the prize she gave,
And made the victor's heart her slave.

The fragrant rose of Sharon's bow'rs,
The lily of the dale,
Refresh'd by morning's dewy show'rs,
Ere burning suns prevail,
Could boast no tint, no charm, no grace,
Like Elda's form, like Elda's face.

Her mind as crystal streams was pure,
That no rude winds deform;
But worth nor beauty can secure
From sad affliction's storm:
And though the knight her love repaid,
A powerful hand their hopes betray'd.

Arganta, skill'd in magic charms,
Malignant, crooked, old,
Long woo'd Sir Albert to her arms,
And rag'd to find him cold;
Till, by her art, the cause she learn'd,
And on the maid her vengeance turn'd.

"Ah! where, sir knight, is now thy fair?
Ah! where does Elda pine?
By demons carried through the air,
To thwart her love and thine.
Haste, mount and seek thy destin'd bride,
O'er many a hill and valley wide."

His breast by bitter anguish torn,
Sir Albert took his steed,
And onward pass'd, like lightning borne,
O'er mountain, vale, and mead.
He knew that in a darksome wood
Arganta's steel-clad palace stood.

At length, as dawn'd the second day,
The steed relax'd his pace;
And a deep stream, that cross'd the way,
Left now no road to trace.
For rocks, that fenc'd the other side,
And tow'ring trees, all course denied.

While lost in wonder stood the knight,
To view this fatal check,
A snake, with scales of silver bright,
Fell on his courser's neck;
And, swift descending from the skies,
An eagle pounc'd to seize the prize.

True knights the weak from wrong should guard,
This well Sir Albert knew;
And quickly, with his keen-edg'd sword,
The feather'd tyrant slew;
When, thus from fear reliev'd, the snake
Sprang to a verdant bank and spake:

Sir Knight, a fairy's power I hold,
And this your gen'rous aid,
That sav'd my life, a hundred fold
Shall shortly be repaid.
Through streams and woods now force your way,
For Elda chides your long delay."

Th' enamour'd knight the voice obey'd,
And, plunging through the deep,
Still by his gen'rous steed convey'd,
Soon climb'd the rocky steep,
Where trees grew thick, his course to stay,
Till with his sword he cut the way.

But soon, as by his dauntless might
The darksome wood he clear'd,
Delicious scenes, in verdure bright,
Of groves and lawns appear'd;
While streams, from purest springs, were seen
Meand'ring through the velvet green.

Soft from each shade the dulcet sound
Of warblers charm'd the ear,
And ev'ry flow'r blow'd wild around,
That decks the various year;
Sir Albert stopp'd, amaz'd, confounded,
Thus by enchanting scenes surrounded.

Perfumes that scented ev'ry breeze
Soon through his senses stole,
And, charm'd, he felt soft languor seize
Each impulse of his soul.
His steed he left, and listless laid
His limbs beneath a myrtle's shade.

A tree, enrich'd with golden fruit,
Hung pendant o'er his head,
And sudden blossoms seem'd to shoot
By some soft magic sped;
The knight beheld, with wishing eyes,
And tried a while to reach the prize.

But as he lay, his arm's extent
He feebly stretch'd in vain;
The envied fruit, though lowly bent,
Was much too high to gain:
At length his sword he drew, in haste,
And lopp'd the bough he wish'd to taste.

But wonder seiz'd the startled knight,
And horror-struck he stood,
When, from the wound, to chill his sight,
Distill'd fresh streams of blood.
Nor less affright his bosom stirr'd,
When from the tree a voice he heard—

"Ah, me! Sir Knight," it, sighing, said,
"Your ever-conq'ring sword
The throbbing, vital stream has shed
Of her you once ador'd.
By arts transform'd, your Elda view,
Who dies, well pleas'd to die for you."

The madning phrensy of despair,
Now burn'd Sir Albert's mind;
And now he tore his clothes, his hair,
The wounded tree to bind:
Yet still fast flow'd the purple tide,
And fainter still the victim sigh'd.

The fatal weapon then he rais'd,
His own life's blood to take,
When, looking up, he saw, amaz'd,
His friend, the silver snake.
She twin'd around the bleeding wood,
And thus soon stay'd the flowing blood.

"Sir Knight," she said, "in this sad hour
Arganta's charms prevail;
And I, now robb'd of half my power,
Must not her deeds assail;

But, if my grateful aid you prize,
Attend and act as I advise.
The form of this much-injur'd fair,
I'll keep from further harm,
But still no pow'r on earth will dare
Dissolve the potent charm.
Nor can the arm, your vent'rous sword
Cut off, be to its place restor'd,
Till, by your valour, you obtain,
A cord to bind it on again,
Made from two locks, as white as snow,
That on Arganta's forehead grow.
Then boldly haste to yonder grove,
Where many dangers wait,
But think that she you boast to love
From you expects her fate;
Arganta now reposing lies,
And if she 'scape, your Elda dies."

Fir'd with this dawning hope, the knight
Across the valley flew;
But threat'ning clouds obscur'd the light,
As tow'rds the wood he drew;
Yet nought disturb'd his dauntless breast,
And onwards to the task he press'd.

Now, sudden walls of burning fire
Rose up to stop his way,
Where horrid fiends and monsters dire
Appear'd in grim array;
Fearless he march'd to scale the wall,
When fiends and monsters vanish'd all.

Then, sudden through the lurid air,
  Thick darkness spread around,
Save where the lightning's sulphurous glare
  Ran frequent o'er the ground;
Yet, still undaunted, on he went,
Unalter'd in his fix'd intent.

But now the kind of peril chang'd,
  The night was turn'd to day,
And trees and shrubs, in order rang'd,
  Appear'd to point the way;
Then, having pass'd the wood's close shade,
He saw Arganta's bow'r display'd.

Of vines and myrtles interlac'd,
  The fragrant arbour grew;
While woodbines gay and jess'mines chaste
  Alternate met the view.
But see! within on beds of roses,
A brilliant female form reposes.

Idalia's ripen'd charms she wears,
  And those her robe conceals,
Each fascinating grace declares,
  Surpass what it reveals.
Soft slumber seals her radiant eyes,
And sunk in graceful ease she lies.

Lost with surprise, amaz'd, confus'd,
  In wonder stood the knight,
And long had stood, but, as he mus'd,
  His quick enquiring sight,
Observ'd upon her forehead grow
Two curling locks, as white as snow.

Then, fierce, he drew his polish'd blade,
And at one vengeful stroke,
Cut off the head that sleeping laid,
Which thus the magic broke:
The headless form, in death now shrunk,
Appear'd Arganta's wither'd trunk.

The blooming Elda sudden stood
Close by Sir Albert's side,
Who, wild with rapture, once more view'd
Restor'd, his destin'd bride.
The snake, from penance now releas'd,
A fairy, thus the pair address'd:

"Hail! spotless maiden, well-belov'd
By one of high renown,
You both have by past trials prov'd,
That fortune's darkest frown
The good with firmness will endure,
For virtue's recompence is sure."

THE CELEBRATED LARGE DIAMOND.

—— "Glittering, precious stone!
—— What a great omnipotence hast thou,
When gold and titles buy thee? DRYDEN.

....DURING my residence in Astrakhan, I became acquainted with the heirs of the late Grigori Safarov Shafrass, the Armenian, who sold the celebrated large diamond, which is now set in the imperial sceptre of Russia. The history of this diamond, which holds so distinguished a place among those of the first water,

nay probably afford entertainment to my readers, as I hall thereby refute many false reports which have been circulated on this subject.

Shah Nadir had in his throne two principal Indian liamonds, one of which was called the Sun of the Sea, ınd the other the Moon of the Mountain. At the ime of his assassination, many precious ornaments belonging to the crown were pillaged, and afterwards secretly disposed of by the soldiers who shared the plunder.

Shafrass, commonly known at Astrakhan by the name of Millionskik, or the Man of Millions, then resided at Bassora, with two of his brothers. One day, a chief of the Auganians applied to him, and secretly proposed to sell, for a very moderate sum, the before-mentioned diamond, which probably was that called the Moon of the Mountain, together with a very large emerald, a ruby of a considerable size, and other precious stones of less value. Shafrass was astonished at the offer, and pretending that he had not a sufficient sum to purchase these jewels, he demanded time to consult with his brothers on the subject. The vender, probably from suspicious motives, did not again make his appearance.

Shafrass, with the approbation of his brothers, immediately went in search of the stranger with the jewels, but he had left Bassora. The Armenian, however, met him accidentally at Bagdad, and concluded the bargain by paying him fifty thousand piastres for all the jewels in his possession. Shafrass and his brothers being conscious that it was necessary to observe the most profound secrecy respecting this purchase,

resolved, on account of their commercial connections, to remain at Bassora.

After a lapse of twelve years, Grigori Shafrass, with the consent of his brothers, set off with the largest of the jewels, which had till then been concealed. He directed his route through Sham and Constantinople, and afterwards by land through Hungary and Silesia to the city of Amsterdam, where he publicly offered his jewels for sale.

The English government is said to have been among the bidders. The court of Russia sent for the large diamond, with a proposal to reimburse all reasonable expences, if the price could not be agreed upon. When the diamond arrived, the Russian minister, Count Panin, made the following offer to Shafrass, whose negociator, Mr. Lasaref, was then jeweller to the court. Besides the patent of hereditary nobility demanded by the vender, he was to receive an annual pension of six thousand rubles during life, and five hundred thousand rubles in cash, one fifth part of which was to be payable on demand, and the remainder in the space of ten years, by regular instalments. The capricious Shafrass likewise claimed the honour of nobility for his brothers, and various other immunities or advantages, and persisted so obstinately in his demands, that the negociation was frustrated, and the diamond returned.

Shafrass was now in great perplexity: he had involved himself in expences, was obliged to pay interest for considerable sums he had borrowed, and there was no prospect of selling the jewel to advantage. His negociators left him in that perplexity, in order to profit by his mismanagement. To elude his creditors, he

was obliged to abscond to Astrakhan. At length, the negociation with Russia was recommenced by Count Grigori Grigorievitsh Orlof, who was afterwards created a peer of the empire, and the diamond was purchased for four hundred and fifty thousand rubles, ready money, together with the grant of Russian nobility. Of that sum, it is said, one hundred and twenty thousand rubles fell to the share of the negociators for commission, interest, and similar expences. Shafrass settled at Astrakhan, and his riches, which by inheritance devolved to his daughters, have, by the extravagance of his sons-in-law, been in a great measure dissipated.

THE SILENT GIRL BECOMES A TALKATIVE WIFE.

" Silence is the ecstatic bliss
Of souls, that by intelligence converse." OTWAY.

.... So common is the desire of having a *quiet, humble fool* for a wife, that a gentleman in this country, (the Highlands of Scotland), a learned doctor of the laws, who had studied more books than the human heart, imagined that he wanted a wife, but then he must have one that would not talk much.

Accordingly he looked out for a stupid and ignorant woman, because he laid it down as an incontrovertible maxim, that a sensible, well-informed woman would *necessarily talk him to death*. Having examined, for some time, his various female acquaintance, he at length pitched upon the youngest daughter, out of five, of a neighbouring gentleman. This girl was seldom or ever heard to utter a single syllable, but sat in so-

lemn silence during the whole time that all her family, that is, her mother and her elder sisters, who were supposed to have a great deal more sense, were talking away with all their might.

The good doctor intimated to the mother, that he wished to have her daughter Nancy as his wife. The mother was not sorry to hear this, for she had a large family, and could not give them much fortune; wherefore she, at once, told the profound suitor, that he should have Nancy. She immediately apprized the girl of the intended manœuvre, and without more ado this happy couple were united in the bands of wedlock.

The bridegroom had not been married a full week, before he went, with a doleful face of complaint, to the mother, setting forth, that her daughter's *tongue was never at rest, excepting the few hours in twenty-four when she slept;* and begged earnestly to know what could be done, for that he was prevented from studying, from thinking, in a word, from doing any single thing which might procure him ease and comfort, and that he verily believed he should *shortly be killed by his wife's confounded clack.*

The mother, who was a prudent woman, replied: "My dear doctor, your good sense and great learning should have pointed out all this to you. My daughter Nancy *is a very weak and ignorant girl,* and therefore will *naturally* talk whenever she has an opportunity, *for those who think least generally talk the most.* But while she was at home, her eldest sister and I, well knowing that, if she opened her mouth, nothing but nonsense and childish folly would come out of it, always gave her a strict charge to be silent *till she was*

married, or she would never get a husband. The girl, therefore, is not to blame; she cannot, owing to her dulness and ignorance, be expected to be able to derive any comfort from *silence,* because only those who can *think,* that is, those *who have cultivated minds, can enjoy silence;* and as she has been forced to hold her tongue so long, she is now in the right, that she has a fair opportunity, to make all the use of it she can.

"Depend upon it, Sir, a foolish and an ignorant woman is never quiet, if she can help it; and as she knows nothing, she must talk nonsense; and this is so obvious to the plainest understanding, that I wonder *learned men* have never yet found it out. We women know very well, that, in proportion as our minds are cultivated, we have resources in ourselves, and can enjoy *silence; but when we know nothing, and have nothing to say, we must be always talking.* Had you not chosen to yourself, and pitched upon the weakest and most silly of all my daughters, but had told me that you wanted a *companion* for life, and asked me which of the girls was the most likely to render a man happy and respectable, I would have told you, at once, that my second daughter, Betsy, was the woman, *because she has the most sense.*"

COSSACK SOLDIERS.

"..... See their sun-burnt faces,
Their scatter'd cheeks, and chopt hands; there's virtue in them.
They'll sell those mangled limbs at dearer rates
Than yon trim bands can buy." DRYDEN.

THE Cossacks never fight in a line. They are scattered by platoons, at the head, on the flanks, and in the rear of the Russian army, sometimes at considerable distances. They do the duties of advanced guards, videttes, and patroles. Their activity and vigilance are incredible. They creep and ferret every where with a boldness and address of which none but those who have seen them can obtain an idea. Their numerous swarms form, as it were, an atmosphere round the camps and armies on a march, which they secure from all surprise, and from every unforeseen attack. Nothing escapes their piercing and experienced eye: they divine, as if by instinct, the places fit for ambuscades; they read on the trodden grass the number of men and horses that have passed: from the traces, more or less recent; they know how to calculate the time of their passing. A blood hound follows no better the scent of his game. In the immense plains from Azof to the Danube, in those monstrous solitudes covered with tufted and waving grass, where the eye meets with no tree, no object that can direct it; and whose melancholy uniformity is only now and then interrupted by infectious bogs, and quagmires, torrents overgrown with briars, and insulated hillocks, the ancient graves of unknown generations; in those deserts, in short, the roaming Cossack never misses his way. By night the stars di-

t his solitary course: if the sky is clear, he alights m his horse at the first *kurgan** that chance throws his way; through a long habit of exercising his sight the dark, or even by the help of feeling alone, he tinguishes the herbs and plants which thrive best on e declivity of the hillock exposed to the north or to e south. He repeats this examination as frequently the opportunity offers, and in this manner he fol-ws, and finds again the direction which he ought to e for regaining his camp, his troop, or his dwelling, l any other place to which he is bound. By day, e sun is his surest guide: the breath of the winds, of ich he knows the periodical course, it being pretty ular in these countries, likewise serves him as a com-

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* The Russians call *kurgan* those conic hillocks which are t with at certain distances in the deserts of Bessarabia, of Dniester, of the Bogue, of the Azof, of Astrakhan, and along southern border of Siberia. The spots that have been dug at different periods, attest that they are graves. In them commonly found urns of coarse potter's ware, rusty arms, ses' bits, bones of dogs and horses, sometimes buckles, ks, small chains, and other ornaments in gold and silver. ne medals also have been found there with Greek inscrip-is not to be decyphered, and others in languages unknown to lern scholars. It was on one of these hillocks that Suva-placed himself during the terrible assault of Ismael within ort gun-shot of the place. Thence it was, that, in a fero-is ecstacy, with his eye fixed on a town covered with flames, bathed in blood, listening to the furious shouts of conquer-to the groans of the conquered, to the tumult of carnage, xclaimed, at intervals in a hoarse and broken voice. "*Ko-ioli!*" "stab away! stab away!" This decrepid old man ared to be enjoying a most delicious scene.

pass to steer by. As a new species of augury, i
sack not unwillingly interrogates the birds; the
ber, their species, their flight, their cry indicate
the proximity of a spring, a rivulet, or a pool,
ation, a herd, or an army. Those clouds of C
which encompass the Russian armies for the
their encampments, or of their marches, are no
midable to the enemy. Their resistless vigilan
rash curiosity, their sudden attacks alarm hin
him incessantly, and incessantly control and w
motions. In a general action the Cossacks co
keep at a distance, and are spectators of the
they wait for its issue, in order to take to flig
set out in pursuit of the vanquished, among wh
long pike then makes a great slaughter.

THE BENEVOLENT MANUFACTURER.

" Homines ad Deos nullâ re propius accedunt, qua
hominibus dando."

" Men resemble the gods in nothing so much, as
good to their fellow-creatures."

....We hasten, with pleasure and with de
show how Mr. Dale, owner of the cotton-m
Glasgow, dispenses happiness and comfort to m
fellow creatures, by his attention not only to th
but to their morals. His little kingdom consist
well-built houses, forming broad, regular, an
streets. Near the middle of the town stand t
and opposite to them the residence of the sup
ant of the works, and occasionally of Mr. I

elf. The town (Lanerk) contains nearly two thousand inhabitants, mostly Highlanders; all of whom, that are capable of labour, are employed by Mr. Dale in his service, either in working at the cotton-manufactory, or in repairing and keeping the mills in order. Five hundred children are entirely fed, clothed, and instructed at the expence of this venerable philanthropist. The rest of the children live with their parents in comfortable and neat habitations in the town, and receive weekly wages for their labour.

The health and the happiness depicted in the countenances of these children, show that the proprietor of the Lanerk mills has remembered mercy in the midst of his gain; the regulations, adapted here for the preservation of the health, both of body and of mind, are such as do honour to the goodness and the discernment of Mr. Dale, and present a striking contrast to the generality of large manufactories in this kingdom, which are the schools of vice and profligacy, the very hot-beds of disease and contagion*. It is a truth which should be engraven in

* The numerous evils, resulting from the generality of manufactures, have been energetically displayed by an interesting traveller, Mr. Heron; our readers will read with pleasure his sagacious reflections, and perceive, with satisfaction, that Mr. Dale has contrived remedies for all these evils.

"One shocking circumstance," says Mr. Heron, "which in spite of every means that can be used to prevent it, results unavoidably from the present management of the manufactures, is the almost total ruin of the rising generation. They are cramped in their growth; their health is wasted by confinement; their morals are corrupted in consequence of their being crowded so much together; they become independent of pa-

letters of gold to the eternal honour of the founder of new Lanerk, that, out of nearly three thousand children, working in these mills, during a period of twelve years, from 1785 to 1797, only fourteen have died, and not one has suffered criminal punishment.

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rents, at an age when they are unfit to judge for themselves; if such children live to the age of thirty or forty, they are commonly the most dissipated, idle, unthinking, improvident, helpless creatures in the world. But if their labour cannot be wanted, yet, why should their strength and life be prematurely consumed for all the little labour of which they are capable? Alas! we do with them as did the boy with his goose that laid him golden eggs; he was in haste to receive all that she had to lay, he killed his goose, the eggs were yet in embryo; thus do we, in our haste to render the rising generation useful to the community, anticipate in infancy all the services of youth, manhood, of age, nipping in the bud the flowers of humanity. When obliged to labour before the age of twelve or fourteen, children should never be confined for more than four, or at most six, hours in the day; this, if at employment within doors, for not more than four days in the week; the other two being set apart for their education. The parents are base, who, spending in eating, in drinking, in clothing, those earnings which they might employ to give their children the enjoyment of that sportive freedom in which the innocence of youth delights, to procure them instruction in religion, and in the other ordinary branches of education, sending the poor creatures prematurely into all the toils and miseries of life. Yet, I say not that, in great towns, it is better for the children of the poor to be idle than to be employed; if there be a choice between two such evils, I would rather employ them; to work them to death, than send them wandering about the street as blackguard boys and infant strumpets.''

Journey through *Scotland*.

Pure and fresh air, without which life cannot exist, is administered in abundance to this manufactory, by frequently opening the windows, and by air-holes, under every other window, which are left open during the summer months. The children are all washed before they go to work, and after they have finished their daily labour, previous to their appearance in the schools. The floors and the machinery of the mills are washed once a week with hot water; and the walls and ceilings, twice a year, are white-washed with unslaked lime. The children are lodged in large airy rooms. The boys and girls are kept separate from each other during rest, meal-times, and working hours. Hence, one most material source of the corruption and the profligacy which prevail in almost all other large manufactories, is here prevented from existing.

They are fed plentifully with plain and wholesome food, which consists chiefly of fresh beef and barley-broth, cheese, potatoes, and barley-bread, with now and then some fresh-herrings as a variety. Their breakfast and supper are, principally oatmeal-porridge, with milk in the summer, and in winter, a sauce made of beer and molasses. At seven o'clock the children sup, after this there is no night-work; a pernicious and infamous practice in use at most other manufactories, for the purpose, as it should seem, of promoting immorality and debauchery amongst the poor, ignorant, unfortunate manufacturers. After supper the schools open, and continue so till nine o'clock. The lesser children, that are not yet old enough to work, are instructed in the day-time; the elder children learn in the evening, when the daily labour is concluded. Proper mas-

ters and mistresses are employed to teach both the boys and girls; the boys learn to read and write, and cast accounts; the girls, in addition to these inestimable acquisitions, are taught to work at the needle. Some of the children are taught church-music, and on Sunday they all, under the immediate guidance of the masters, attend a place of divine worship, and the rest of the day is occupied, chiefly, in receiving moral and religious instructions from these masters.

Some few years since, a vessel, carrying emigrants from the Highlands to America, was driven by foul weather into Greenock, and, in consequence, more than two hundred poor creatures were put on shore in a most helpless and wretched state. Mr. Dale, as soon as he knew it, offered them *all* employment, and most of them entered immediately into his service. He also, soon after, invited other people from the Highlands, and undertook to provide habitations for two hundred families. The invitation was joyfully accepted, and numbers of Highlanders came, and have taken up their abode in the territory of their benevolent employer. Many families also, that were lately driven from Ireland by want and by famine, have found protection, support, and employment for them, and for their little ones, from this indefatigable philanthropist.

Such is the praise, the rare, the enviable praise of Dale; of one who has done more for his country and for the benefit of mankind, than all the warriors and all the conquerors that have ever lived, than all those whose names now stain the page of history with characters of desolation and of blood: but the name of Dale shall be remembered, and shall shine forth with

ur in that great day, when the book of life shall ened, and it shall be pronounced unto every man ding to his deeds; in that awful and tremendous when men shall not be judged as kings, and as ces, and as lords, and as destroyers of cities, and as derers of their fellow creatures, but all shall be ed as offending sinners. In that day will those, have been deemed great upon the earth, in that possessed and employed the power of oppressing of afflicting human nature, hide their heads in con- n and dismay; while all those, who, like the bene- nt Dale, have blessed their fellow-beings, even as lews of heaven have blessed them, shall receive their ard, and sit as glorified saints on the right hand of who descended from the throne of God to save to redeem fallen and lost mortality.

RNAL OF AN EXCURSION TO THE GIANT MOUNTAINS IN SILESIA.

Behold the mountains, less'ning as they rise,
Lose the low vales, and steal into the skies." POPE.

*Hirschberg, August, 1800.

We had been obliged to take one of the common -chaises of the country to go to *Schreibershau*†, the

A handsome town of Silesia, with a number of noble es, which is situated in a valley, and surrounded by hills, or less elevated on every side, with the sublime gloom of iant Mountains at the back-ground of the scene.

A Silesian village, containing about 350 houses and inhabitants; but they are scattered over an extent of se-

roads being such that our carriage was not them; even the post-chaise could not ans pose of our travels beyond that place, an mainder of our excursion to the *Giant M* could use no other carriage than a comm sant's cart, without springs or seats; inst however, we had a couple of boards fix cart, and covered with straw, which, upo was really, or at least was thought, bette on the bottom of the cart itself.

Thus equipped, we left Schreibershau and six in the morning of the 31st of J until noon over some of the worst roads ever been my lot to pass, to see the glass- borders of Bohemia. There are two, on sian, the other on the Bohemian side of ries, and about two English miles dista other; we saw them both. The mere much the same on both sides, excepting t mian is larger, and makes a greater varie The principal things we saw made were tumblers, wine-glasses, coffee-pots, and a wire used upon lustres. I believe the these works are not fond of having stran inspect them*.

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veral miles square, and the houses are all st spots at a hundred rods or more from each othe

* The principal reason for this aversion is, th when looked at, fails often in the article whi whether because his attention is involuntari from his work to the spectators, or because th of being looked at, excites in him the ambiti

....The Bohemian work is much superior in quality, and about fifty per cent. cheaper than that of their neighbours. They have likewise in the same village, and belonging to the same manufactory, glass-cutters, grinders, and gilders; so that the whole process is complete on the spot. At the Silesian works they barely blow the glass. Much of the Bohemian glass is handsome, and if they would, as they easily might, consult the English work, in the same article, to improve the elegance of their forms, it would be difficult to distinguish between them: as it is, the immense difference between the prices of Bohemian and Engliſh glass, even making every allowance for the necessary difference in the price of transportation, convinces me that an advantageous trade in this article might be carried on between the United States of America and Bohemia.

After spending about four hours in looking over all these works, we returned to Schreibershau by the same road we had travelled in the morning, and reached that place at about ten at night. I suppose the distance not more than ten English miles; but the road is so mountainous and rocky, that the cart could scarcely, for a quarter of a mile on the way, proceed on a quicker pace than a walk. The hills were partly covered with, and have been partly stripped of their woods, chiefly birch and pine, used as well at the glass-works as at the manufactories of vitriol: much of the wood is heaped in

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to do the work with perfect ease, and thus occasions failure from carelessness, or, by a contrary effect, raises that unusual anxiety to do well, which defeats its own purpose.

piles, ready cut and split, along by the sides of the road, and much of it lies in the beds where all the streams run, to be floated down, when the season shall swell their current sufficiently for the purpose.

Both in going and returning we stopped at a peasant's hut, where we found excellent brown bread, water, milk and butter, and tolerable cheese: these articles are met with in their utmost perfection in every part of the mountains, even where you can get nothing else.....

August 1st, *Friday*.—To make an easy day's work, we determined to content ourselves this day with visiting the Zacher le fall. At noon we left our inn, and, after riding two hours in the cart, and walking an hour more, we reached the spot. As we rode along, about twenty women and children gathered round us to beg, and followed us all the rest of the way to the fall, and a great part of it back. The situation of this fall is as wild and as romantic as that of the Rochel*, and it is three times as high, that is nearly one hundred and fifty feet. It seems here, as in many other places in this neighbourhood, as if some violent convulsion of nature had riven the rocks, and made these formidable

* The walk to the Rochel fall in Silesia, near Schreibershau, is in the highest degree romantic, full of the scenes of wild and sublime nature. The rocks, on both sides of the stream, resemble, in a great degree, those of the Elbe at Konigstein; they are covered with large and lofty trees, which apparently start up from the bosom of the very granite, and of which one can scarcely conceive where they have thrust their roots. The fall of the water is perpendicular, upwards of fifty English feet, and affords a delightful view to the eye.

chasms, which yawn from so many of the elevations. At this place you stand upon one side of the cleft, and see the water dash down from the other, upon a level with yourself: between and the stream is an abrupt precipice, which seems the more profound, for being so narrow, perhaps, about a hundred yards. With the help of a ladder I descended to the bottom, and walked partly over the rocks, and partly over the billets of wood lying in the bed of the stream, to the spot upon which the water falls. We likewise went round, by a winding foot-path on the top, to the spot from which the stream branches itself: from these three several positions the views are altogether different: and neither of them should be omitted. We returned as we went, and reached our inn about six in the evening.

It is the fashion among the German travellers who perform this tour, to make long and laboured descriptions of these two water-falls; and at our inn at Schreibershau, a book, like that of the Kynast*, is kept, in which all those who visit them may insert their names. This book we found full of bombastic declamations on the grandeur of the two cataracts; but the extreme

* The commandant of the Old Castle, situated on the top of the delightful Mountain of Kynast, keeps a book, in which, all who wish to record their ascension hither, inscribe their names; and those who feel or think themselves inspired poetically, by the keen air of the mountain, add lines adapted to the occasion, or to their feelings. The modest prose-men content themselves with noting down some moral maxim. The humblest aspirants to this species of immortality merely put down their names, which, at least, remain here, when they are forgotten every where else.

scantiness of the sheet, or rather wire of water, that falls, makes them utterly unworthy of that name, and fully justifies the lines written by some Frenchman, who appears to havea mused himself at the expence of all the fustian exclaimers at the sublimity of these spectacles. His lines are the only good ones we found in the book:

"Oh! qu'il est joli! qu'il est beau!
Pour un cœur tendre et sincere,
De voir couler des goultes d'eau
D'un rocher, dans la rivière."

. . . . . .

August 2d, 1800.——At seven in the morning we took to the cart, with our guide; and, after jolting over the rocks up-hill for two hours, came to the place beyond which no carriage can proceed. From the time when we left the cart, we ascended, for about one hour, a steep of which you can form an idea, when I tell you that it was the Oughout, about equal to the steepest part of Beacon-hill, in Boston*. We then came to a peasant's hut, here called a *baude*†, of which there

* Except the English officers who have served in America, most of our readers will be unable to form to themselves any idea of that hill; but, writing to one of his American friends, Mr. Quincy Adams reminded him of a place familiar to him.

† These log huts are of a single story and a hay-loft; the floor below is divided into four apartments, one of which is a stable for the cattle, another the dairy; the third is the common dwelling-place of all the family, and the fourth a very small room for the reception of strangers: the family-room serves at once as kitchen, eating-room, and bed-room, and is

are many upon these mountains. After resting an hour, and taking some refreshment, we recommenced our ascent, and, after toiling and panting half an hour longer, reached what is called the back of the Riesenbirge; that is, the summit of the whole range, though single rocks and hills upon them rise yet much higher. On this back we found a boundary stone between Bohemia and Silesia; for the limits between the two provinces run all along upon this summit. We had, however, another half hour's walk, chiefly ascending, though less steep than before, when instantly a precipice, nearly fifteen hundred feet deep, opened his ghastly jaws before us; a sort of isthmus, or tongue of land, however, allowed us to proceed about one hundred rods farther, until we could fix ourselves against the side of a rock, and look over into the tremendous depth. We had then the precipice on both sides of us, and it passes by the respective names of the Great and the

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heated with fire all the year round. There is a wide bench that goes all round the room, on which they sleep, for they have no beds, or, at most, one for the master and mistress of the house; and if the strangers who pass the night there require soft beds, they must content themselves, as well as they can, with sweet hay, for straw is a luxury unknown to them. As they have not this article for their cows to lie down upon, they keep their stables uncommonly clean, and generally make one of the streams, which are so abundant upon those mountains, run through them and through the dairy. By the community of the roof between the family and all the other cattle, much filthiness arises. Their persons are also very dirty, and the houses are full of children, clad in no other garb than a coarse shirt; often times stark-naked, and loaded with vermin like the land of Egypt at the last of its plagues.

Small Snow Pit. They are so called, because generally the snow at the bottom remains unmelted the whole year round; although this has not been the case for the last two summers, and, at present, they contain no snow at all. We were now elevated more than four thousand feet above the level of the sea. Beyond the jaws of the precipice, somewhat higher than ourselves, was the summit of a mountain called the Great Wheel, or the Great Storm Cap. Just beneath our feet was the dreadful precipice, at the bottom of which lofty pines*, slanting downwards upon the still descending mountain, scarcely appeared to our eyes of the height of a lady's needle, while, beyond the foot of the mountains, our eyes ranged to almost an immeasurable distance, over hills and dales, corn fields and pastures, cities and villages, until they were lost in the grey vapours that bordered the far-extended horizon. The weather, which is here almost always cold, even when

* There are two remarkable changes in the face of the country as you ascend the Giant Mountains. From their bottom, about half way up, the ground is covered with tall, majestic trees, which gradually dwindle in size and height, until in the middle region they can no longer be called trees, but shrink to a shrub of an extraordinary kind, which is commonly called dwarf pine; it goes here by the name of knee-wood, in allusion to the height which it seldom exceeds. The stem is sometimes about the size of a man's leg, and it spreads round its branches, something in the shape of a large lustre, so as to be at least sixty feet in circumference. This bush grows up as high as what is called the *Ramm*, or back of the whole range of mountains. The region above this consists entirely of the naked rock, without a trace of any kind of vegetation.

the regions below are melting with heat, was so unusually mild, that we had no occasion to take our cloaks, while we sat about an hour, and enjoyed the prospects around us. At the Snow Pits, as at the Falls, there is every appearance as if the immense masses of granite, of which these mountains consist, had been split and shivered by some great natural convulsion. The basaltic rocks, which rise in irregular pyramidical shafts from the bottom of the pits, to the height of four or five hundred feet, furnish materials for the controversy between the naturalist philosophers, whether it is a marine or volcanic production.

To visit the source of the Elbe and the Fall, it required about a mile of descent on the Bohemian side. As there was no path leading towards it, and part of the way was not only very steep, but between low bushes and shrubs, in which the feet might easily get entangled, this was the most disagreeable part of this day's journey. The fall of the Elbe is higher than either of those on the Silesian side, being of about two hundred and fifty feet; but has the same disadvantage of extremely penurious waters; a disadvantage, which though much less in the spring of the year than at present, must always be considerable, owing to the proximity of the falls to the sources of their streams. In returning from this fall, we saw two or three of the eleven springs, from which, according to some of the German writers, the Elbe derives its name, as well as its waters.

It is a remarkable circumstance, that upon this mountain, and certainly within three or four English miles of each other, are the sources of the Elbe and the

Oder, two of the largest rivers of Germany. The sources of both are numerous; for, instead of eleven springs, which some of the German geographers would assign to the Elbe, there are probably here above fifty which pay their tribute to it; and the springs which finally send their streams to the Oder on the Silesian side, are equally numerous. It is one of the pleasing peculiarities which first meet the traveller's attention here, that he can scarcely walk ten minutes in any direction without meeting some rippling current, so cool and clear, that the mere sight or hearing of it, as it steals along, is enough to refresh his thirst and relieve his fatigue. But whence all these waters so near the very summit of the mountains? It seems that the mere rain which falls upon their top cannot be sufficient to feed the mighty rivers which there originate. We leave to the philosophers to answer that question.

Between two and three in the afternoon we returned to the Silesian baude, where we stopped to dine upon the provisions we had carried with us, and upon what we could get there. They could only supply us with brown bread, milk, and butter, for which, however, they made us pay the double of what the same articles would have cost us in any of the Silesian cities. I mention this, because these mountaineers have been represented, in the books of travellers hither, as the most perfect models of patriarchal virtue, happiness, and simplicity: every thing we have seen of them has tended to give us ideas of them directly the reverse of these.

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Aug. 3d, *Sunday.*—Before eight o'clock we were in the cart, and rode, in a couple of hours, to Seydorf, a village at the foot of the Schnekoppe, or, more properly, the Reisenkoppe, the Giant's Head, the loftiest of all these mountains, and the highest point of land in Germany. The weather being extremely warm, we stopped at this village during the heat of the day. At four in the afternoon we seated ourselves again in the cart, and, for three hours rode up-hill, as steep as any carriage could go; we then came to the Schilingel's baude, so called from the name of the person who keeps it. Here we left the cart until our return, and pursued our ascending route about an hour more, when we reached the Hempel's baude, otherwise called the Samuel's baude, from the name of its present and its former proprietor. This is the house at which almost all the visiters of the Giant's Head, from the Silesian side, pass the night before they go up: it has served for that purpose these hundred and thirty years; but though, during the season of visiting the mountain*, it is always full of strangers, its accommodations are very little better than those of its other namesakes. Just below it is another hut, called the Clerical baude, because it serves for the entertainment of priests and other religious persons, who, on five stated days in the year, are employed to say mass in the chapel at the top of the mountain. From this baude, as we passed by it, a chubby boy of eight

* There are but three months in the year, viz. July, August, September, when the mountains can, with any comfort, be ascended; and at least three quarters of that time they are veiled in clouds, and obstinately deny the view of all their most striking beauties.

or ten years old came out to us to beg; another specimen this of the patriarchal happiness enjoyed by the inhabitants of these huts.

At the Hempel's baude we took up our quarters for the night. In the stranger's room, an apartment possibly of ten feet square, they covered the floor with a heap of fresh hay, over which they stretched a dirty sheet, upon which we all lay down together, to get such sleep as could be obtained, under the incessant volubility of a number of strangers, seated round a table in the family room, separated from us only by a latched door. They were, like ourselves, going to the top of the mountain in the morning.

The prospect from this hut is already very extensive, and this evening we had a view of a fire in the plains below, at the distance of about forty English miles. It was a beautiful sight, though the idea that it was probably a heavy calamity to some of our fellow creatures, would not allow us to enjoy it.

One of the principal amusements at the baude, is turning over the book kept here for the strangers to insert their names. It is called the *koppen* book, and has been regularly kept for more than a century. You may form an opinion of the numbers of people who perform this tour from the circumstance, that the volume now in use is at its last sheet, and was begun no longer ago than the year 1788. The volume, containing the names from 1696 to 1736 has been considered so great a curiosity, that it has been printed. It contains so much trash, that one of the German tourists congratulates his countrymen upon the improvement of their language and their intellectual en-

dowments, apparent from the difference between that book and its successor at the present day: there appears to be still much room for future congratulation of the same kind. We found here and there a pretty drawing, with the pen or pencil, of the most remarkable objects in the neighbourhood; here and there observations of the barometer or thermometer, as they stood at the time when the writers were here; and admeasurements of the heights and distances from this spot to the top of the koppe. These, with a very few pretty lines, more or less applicable to the place, were all we could meet to refresh us in the dry desert of a thousand pages.

.....

August 4th, 1800.—The reason which induces travellers, who purpose a visit to the Riensenkoppe, to pass the night before at the Hempel's baud is, that they may ascend the mountain in the morning, early enough to see the sun rise from its summit. Such was our intention; we accordingly rose at two o'clock, and set out, accompanied only by our guide*. We had, at first, a steep and painful ascent for about twenty minutes, then a gentle sloping downwards, and a plain for a quarter of an hour, until we came to the immediate foot of the particular hill which bears the

* In making excursions upon the Giant Mountains, it is necessary to be accompanied by a guide; for an acquaintance with all the places to be visited, towards some of which not so much as a footpath conducts, is a kind of profession.

name of the Giant's Head. The darkness of the night had been gradually dispersing, and the borders of the horizon at the east gradually reddening, from the moment when we left the baude, so that I was apprehensive that the Queen of Day, as Zollner, on a similar occasion, calls the sun, would show his glowing face before we should reach the summit; and to avoid this disappointment, doubled the usual pace of ascent, and, in another quarter of an hour, stood at the door of the chapel on the top of the mountain. About ten minutes after, the great luminary rose in all his glory from the lower cloud which bordered the horizon; for, although the weather was remarkably fine for this region, the sky was not perfectly clear, and a murky vapour hung upon the atmosphere, which intercepted a part of the immense extent of territory which would otherwise have been within the compass of our vision. I had heard so much of the apparent magnitude of the sun's disk, when seen rising from this spot, that when I came to view it I found it less striking than I imagined; it appears about the size of a large coach wheel, but the same effect may at any time be produced by looking at it through a telescope.

The prospect from this spot is, of course, more extensive than from any other point upon these mountains, and its grandeur is augmented by the circumstance that the eye can range freely, bounded only by the horizon on every side. The spectator has but to turn on his heel, and all Silesia, all Saxony, and all Bohemia pass in an instant before his view; it is therefore truly sublime; but as it has the defect usually attendant upon sublimity, of being indistinct, and in

some sort chaotic, the lover of beautiful objects must content himself with a smaller elevation*.

The proper Giant's Head is of a conical form, and the surface of the summit is not more, I think, than a hundred yards in diameter; its perpendicular elevation is about six hundred feet, and the path by which it is ascended forms nearly a regular angle of about forty-five degrees. The ascent would indeed be too steep to be practicable, but that, when the chapel on the top was built, in the year 1668, a flight of stone steps was made to assist the traveller in mounting to it, of which a sufficient part remains to give no small assistance. The mountain itself appears to be a solid block of granite, upon which there is no appearance of vegetation, unless a kind of red moss, resembling rust upon iron, which grows on the loose stones that cover it on every side, may be so called. These loose stones, part of which are of granite and part of a species of white flint, are in such abundance, that they wholly conceal the side of the mountain itself. On one side of the path, as you approach the top, a precipice of about fifteen hundred feet opens, by the side of which you continue to mount; it ends at the bottom, in a narrow vale of perhaps a mile in extent, along the course of

* It has been a just observation of a German painter, that from the highest mountains there was nothing *picturesque*, nothing that he could employ as a subject for any one of his paintings. When the eye embraces at once, as from the summit of a high mountain, such an extent of objects, it perceives only great masses; whereas, all the pleasure that painting can afford, is by the accurate representation of details.

which are scattered a number of peasants' huts. Here too it looks as if the body of the mountain had been riven at a single stroke, and the rocks which stand on either side correspond in such a manner as to resemble the teeth of a saw. Opposite the summit, to the westward, is a mountain somewhat lower, called the Little Koppe, from the foot of which is a sloping grass-plat, that goes by the name of Rübenzahl's Pleasure Garden*; other remarkable spots within the view are called his meadows, his pulpit, his grounds, &c. the whole neighbourhood is full of his name. I asked our guide to tell me honestly, whether he had ever seen

* It was formerly a general belief among the mountaineers, that, on the highest summit of the Giant Mountains, there resided a giant genius, named Rübenzahl; a very capricious sort of spirit, who assumed at pleasure the shape of a wolf or a bird, a monk or a bear, a huntsman or a goat, a serpent or a wisp of straw; who would often offer himself as a guide to the traveller, and, according as he happened to take his fancy, guide him faithfully, and make him handsome presents at parting; or lead him into swamps or wildernesses, and then leap upon a tree, and burst out into a horse laugh at the perplexity of his miserable dupe. That he had a wonderful facility at raising instantaneous snow-storms, according as his fit of caprice happened to be cold or hot; and that nothing gave him so much offence as to hear his name spoken. Hence the peasants, who frequented what they considered as his dominions, used to call him Mr. John, or the Giant Lord, or the Great Mountain God, that they might not incur his displeasure by pronouncing his name. But, since a chapel has been built upon the spot of his abode, poor Rübenzahl has been obliged to fly, and nobody knows what has become of him; at least, it is certain, that since that period, now nearly one hundred and forty years, he has not been seen.

him; but he thought I was joking him, and said, that he had not only never seen him, but had never believed in him; that the Silesians had never given credit to the stories about him, all of which had been believed and circulated by the Bohemians alone. I suppose a Bohemian guide would have assured me, that it was merely a Silesian superstition, which his countrymen had always derided.

The chapel at the summit is a small, round building, partly of laths, partly of stone, and not more than twelve or fifteen feet in diameter; it was built by a Count Schafgotsch, whose descendant still owns the whole range of these mountains, and is the richest subject in Silesia; the number of his vassals is said to be upwards of thirty-five thousand. The chapel is dedicated to St. Lawrence, and the Cistertian monks, at Warmbrünn*, are obliged to perform mass in it on the saint's day, and upon four other feast days, annually.

After passing about an hour and a half upon this spot, we thought it time to descend once more to the habitable regions of the earth.

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Sentiments of devotion I have always found the first to take possession of the mind, on ascending lofty mountains. At the summit of the Giant's Head, my first thought was turned to the Supreme Creator, who

* A place at the distance of three miles from Hirschberg, noted, as its name purports, for its hot wells, which numbers of bathers and water-drinkers are used to frequent in summer.

gave existence to all that immensity of objects expanded before my view. The transition from this idea to that of my own relation, as an immortal soul, with the Author of Nature, was natural and immediate; from this to the recollection of my native country, my parents, and friends, there was but a single and sudden step. On returning to the hut where we had lodged, I wrote the following lines in the book:

From lands beyond the vast Atlantic tide,
Celestial Freedom's most belov'd abode,
Panting I climb'd the mountain's craggy side,
And view'd the wondrous works of Nature's God.

Where yonder summit, peering to the skies,
Beholds the earth beneath it with disdain;
O'er all the regions round I cast my eyes,
And anxious sought my *native home*—in vain.

As to that native home, which still infolds
Those youthful friendships to my soul so dear;
Still you, my parents, in its bosom holds,
My fancy flew, I felt the starting tear.

Then, in the rustling of the morning wind,
Methought I heard a spirit whisper fair,
"Pilgrim, forbear, still upwards raise thy mind,
Look to the skies, thy *native home* is there."

.....

You have now an account of our excursions upon the Giant Mountains, which, although in point of elevation

ey cannot stand a comparison with those of Switzer-
nd, and much less with those of South America, still
ield an ample compensation of pleasure for the toil
nd trouble of ascending them. There are travellers,
ho think to give themselves an air of courage and im-
ortance, by representing parts of this tour as danger-
us; but, in truth, with the use of common prudence
nd precaution, there is no more danger than in walk-
ng in the streets of any city.

THE LATE REV. ALEXANDER GEDDES, LL.D.

"An Israelite indeed, in whom was no guile."

R. GEDDES was a man of no common character; he
as endowed with superior talents and high attain-
ents, as well as with amiable and manly virtues.
norant and systematic bigots may vow eternal en-
ity to his fame, for his intrepidity as a Scripture
itic, and his friends may lament his bold aberrations;
ut his labours were usefully directed, and, had he
ved to finish his great work, it would have formed a
ost valuable classical commentary on the Bible.

To great penetration and perseverance in literary
ursuits, Dr. Geddes united an honest mind. Truth
as the end and aim of his studies; and conscious that
e endeavoured to attain her by no sinister means, and
ved her for her own sake, he unbosomed his senti-
ents without reserve; and, appealing to the wise and
beral of all persuasions, employed no measure of pru-
nce to secure the good-will of the enlighted and the
rejudiced. He was irritable by nature, and precipitate

by habit; but his errors are pardonable, as springing immediately from his virtues.

Alexander Geddes was born* of parents who derived their livelihood from a small farm, in the parish of Ruthven, county of Banff, Scotland. Among the few books possessed by his parents, who were Roman Catholics, the principal was an English Bible, and the attention of the young Geddes was chiefly directed to this volume, after he had been taught by the village school-mistress to read; a circumstance which, it is supposed, gave the bias to his infant mind, and formed the biblical critic *in embryo*. From the tuition of the matron of the village, he was intrusted to the care of a student of Aberdeen, whom the Laird of Arradoul had engaged to instruct his two sons. The education of Mr. Geddes was gratuitous. Hence, by the aid of his patron†, he was removed to Scalan, a free Roman Catholic seminary in the Highlands, of obscure fame. In this academy, situated in a deeply-excavated valley, so overshadowed by surrounding hills, that the sun seldom made his appearance, the pupil commenced his acquaintance with the Latin language, but made no great proficiency in it. From Scalan he was removed to the Scotch college at Paris‡, where a new field of literature was presented to his view, and was not opened in vain. We shall not enumerate his various attain-

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* He was born in the year, 1737.

† He was then 14 years of age.

‡ He arrived in that metropolis, in December 1758, at the age of twenty-one .

ments, which excited equal pleasure and astonishment in the professors. An offer was made to him to settle at Paris, and take a share in the public labours of the college; this, however, he refused, and he returned to Scotland*, when he was ordered to Dundee, to officiate as a priest in the county of Angus, and became a resident in the mansion of the Earl of Traquaire, amid the delightful scenery of Tweeddale. Leisure for study was afforded in this elegant retreat; and the esteem of the family were additional circumstances which increased the attraction of his situation. But, alas! love shot his arrows at this priest†, and Buxtorf was in danger of being supplanted by Ovid. A female relation of the noble earl made a wound for which philosophy has no cure. As Mr. G. had taken the vow of religious celibacy, flight was the only measure to be adopted. He again quitted his native country, to forget himself amidst the greater varieties and volatilities of Paris‡.

To North Britain, however, he returned‖, and accepted the charge of a Catholic congregation at Auchinhalrig, where he built a new chapel and parsonage house, not only superintending these buildings, but labouring at them himself, being as ready a carpenter, and as expert in the use of the saw and the plane as if

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* In the year 1764.

† He was then in the 28th year of his age.

‡ Mr. G. before his departure, addressed to his fair one a poem, intitled the Confessional.

‖ It was in the spring of 1769.

he had been professedly brought up to the t
Gardening and carpentering were, at all tim
vourite amusements with him; they constitut
chief relaxations from the severity of study to t
moment of his life.

Notwithstanding his own labours, these ex

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* The following passage of Dr. Geddes's biogra
furnish a useful hint to scholars, who are fitting up
and convey to the reader an idea of the doctor's de
mechanic employments:—When he had engaged a
the New Road, Paddington, his first object was to arr
brary; and, having no one to please but himself, he
it to every room in the house, excepting the kitch
chamber for his house-keeper. He purchased a lar
carpenter's tools, laid in a considerable stock of deal
hogany, and began to renew the building system p
Auchinhalrig; he planed, sawed, and completed his
which he equally hung round parlours, drawing-ro
chambers; and which, though not finished with all
of the professional cabinet-maker, were neat and com
and, being edged with mahogany, by no means de
elegance. One contrivance, introduced into the room
he commonly wrote, was peculiarly advantageous to
pose of study. Our bookcases in general, after allow
for two tiers of folios from the floor, recede, and bec
rower for books of smaller dimensions, leaving, at th
recess, a kind of shelf of too little width to be o
utility. This shelf, or covering for the folios, below
formed of mahogany slab, our self-taught artist projec
inches over the folios themselves, and carried the s
regularly all round the room; by which means he
fectually secured them from dust, and obtained a kind
lar desk, on which to open the various books he m
occasion to consult, while he himself sat in the centr

improvements soon rendered him no stranger to pecuniary embarrassments, out of which he was extricated by the liberality of the late Duke of Norfolk; but men of genius being rarely men of the world, he was scarcely delivered from one difficulty when he was plunged into another. Under a mistaken idea that agriculture was the sure road to wealth, Mr. G. took a farm, but disappointment speedily ensued; in this emergency, the Muse came to his relief*, and the losses sustained by the plough were compensated by the profits arising from the pen.

Mr. G. acquired, very early, a liberal turn of mind; and those prejudices, which are supposed to act more powerfully on the members of his communion, were never cherished by him; but, for his intimacy with the Protestants, he was reproved by his own bishop, and at length deposed from the pastoral office. If, however, he could not accommodate himself to the rigid bigotry of his spiritual superior, his amiable manners and truly Christian deportment won for him the hearts of his flock; who, on his quitting his native land to repair to the southern metropolis, gave the most unequivocal proofs of their esteem and affection†.

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* Mr. G. published a translation of select satires from Horace, which was favourably received.

† At the sale of his household goods at Enzie, every one pressed forward to testify, by an extravagant bidding, his veneration and love, as well as to obtain possession of some monument of a man whose name and character were so justly dear to them. The most insignificant articles of furniture, even cups and saucers, though imperfect or broken, were caught at

Henceforwards Dr. G. was, for the most part, an inhabitant of our metropolis, where he arrived in company with Lord Traquaire*. Soon after his arrival, he was introduced by the Duchess of Gordon to Lord Petre, who approved the doctor's plan of a new version of the Bible, and became his warm friend and steady patron, allowing him an ample salary.

Dr. G. with one of the best and most benevolent hearts in the world, was naturally very irritable. His irritability had probably been produced by a considerable degree of very unmerited ill-usage and disappointment; but his life was a series of benevolent and charitable exertions, often beyond what prudence and a regard to his own limited income would have dictated. He was irritable, but it was the harmless corruscation of a summer's evening's aurora—it no sooner appeared than it was spent, and no mischief ensued. When one reflects that it was this very irritability of nerve that excited him to a thousand acts of kindness, and prompted him to debar himself of a thousand little gratifications that he might relieve the distressed and comfort the sorrowful, one can scarcely lament that he

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with the utmost avidity; and the people appeared to prize the different lots, they were fortunate enough to procure, rather as relics of a patron saint, than as memorials of a beloved pastor. Nor were the Catholics the only persons who manifested any regard for Mr. G. at the time of his departure. His learning was well known through Scotland, and the university of Aberdeen granted him a diploma, by which he was created doctor of laws.

* In the beginning of the year 1780.

possessed it; or, at least, one cannot avoid contending that it carried a very ample apology along with it. No man was ever more sensible of his prevailing defect; no man ever took more pains to remedy it*; but it was inherent in his constitution, and he often laboured to no purpose. "I am not ill-natured," says he of himself, and with strict justice, in his letter to the Bishop of Centuria,—"those who know me, know the contrary. Animated and irascible I am, but I am never malevolent nor resentful. I may safely say, that the sun has never set upon my wrath."

The opposition and hostility of the Catholic bishops, resident in England, proved a source of much uneasiness to Dr. Geddes. The perusal of his translation by the faithful, was prohibited by an encyclical letter; and, at last, he was suspended from all clerical functions†.

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* Dining one day in company with the late Dr. Hunter, of physiognomic memory, the celebrated De Lille, and several literati, unfortunately one of the subjects advanced was physiognomy itself. Geddes had read Lavater with much attention, and expressed himself extremely dissatisfied with the confusion and want of system that seem to prevail in his writings. Hunter, the friend and translator of Lavater, immediately accepted the gauntlet, and became his champion: the combat grew warm on both sides; the good humour of Dr. Geddes was soon lost; and, in proportion as he became violent, the company at large gave evident tokens of espousing the cause of his antagonist. He perceived his error, rose suddenly from table, joined two children who were playing in the same room before the fire, and abruptly entered into their amusements.

† The following letter, from a Roman Catholic bishop, to Dr. Geddes, savours more of the thunders of the Vatican, in

Agitations of mind affecting his corporeal system, he sunk into a low and irritable fever; on his recovery from which, at the invitation of his amiable friend and patron, the late Lord Petre, he made a pedestrian tour into Norfolk, which gave rise to a poem which contains an anecdote strongly illustrative of Dr. Geddes's feeling and benevolent heart; for he was neither the priest nor the Levite who could see distress, and pass by unconcerned on the other side*.

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the age of papal tyranny, than of the present degraded state of the Roman hierarchy.

" Sir, *London, June 27, 1793.*

" Since it is evident, from your letter to me, that you adhere to, and maintain the doctrines which were censured by the pastoral letter to which you allude; unless you signify to me, in writing, on or before Friday, the 5th day of July next, your submission to observe the injunction contained in the twenty-first page of the said pastoral letter, viz. We prohibit our clergy, in particular, from preaching, teaching, maintaining, or supporting any of the aforesaid opinions: I hereby declare you suspended from the exercise of your orders in the London district.

" John Douglas, Vicar Apostolic."

" *Rev. Alex. Geddes, LL.D.*"

* This little poem is called the *Norfolk Tale;* or, *A Journey from London to Norwich;* where he describes his relieving a poor widow in the utmost distress, into whose cottage he was driven by the weather. The following fragment will serve as a specimen of Dr. Geddes' poetical talents:

" Eager she seiz'd my hand, and prest
It closely to her throbbing breast;
And, while it on her bosom lies,
A pair of pearls drop from her eyes,
Warm as the weeper's grateful heart.

.....

)uring the years 1799, and 1800, we find Dr. Geddes ;ntly prosecuting his great work, the translation of Bible; but not without experiencing some pecu-y difficulties, out of which he was delivered by the erous exertions of his friends.

We are now approaching the conclusion of Dr. ddes's life, and are called to notice the decline of his lth, which was shaken by the hard treatment which experienced, and not a little accelerated by the un-

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"Here, for a moment, let me pause,
And think on the mysterious laws
Of Providence, whose wondrous chain
No human wisdom can explain.
Had I, that morn, refus'd to hear
The spirit whisp'ring in mine ear,
'Proceed to Norwich.'—Had I gone
At any other hour but *one*—
Had not keen hunger made me stay
An hour at *Wotton*, on my way—
I should have pass'd the dismal down,
Before the skies began to frown.—
Or had the providential show'r
Fallen at any other hour,
I to the cottage had not run,
That providential show'r to shun!
Or had I been a man of gold,
And in a gilded chariot loll'd,
I should have pass'd the lonesome plain,
Regardless of the falling rain;
And, consequently, ne'er had been
A witness of th' aforesaid scene;
Nor had the happiness to say,
'My friends, I have not lost a day'."

expected death of Lord Petre. For the loss of such a friend, who can doubt the sincerity and poignancy of his sorrow? The elegant Latin elegy which he composed, weak and infirm in bed, on the melancholy occasion, is an evidence of the grateful feelings and distress of his mind. His remaining associates, however, were kind and consoling; and the speech of Mr. Timothy Brown, of Chiswell-street, on hearing that Dr. Geddes, by the death of Lord Petre, had sustained a diminution in his revenue, is at once creditable to his heart, and honourable to the English character in the active walks of life:—"Providence," said he, "has given me wealth, but it has given Dr. Geddes talents: it is in his power to benefit the world by the exercise of those talents; and the little that I am called upon to perform is to encourage him in doing all the good of which such talents are capable. The liberal spirit of the late Lord Petre, however, descending to his noble heir, precluded the exercise of Mr. Brown's generosity.

It did not prove necessary that the stream of kindness should flow for any length of time to recruit the finances of Dr. Geddes. The existence of an incurable disorder was at length imparted by him to some professional men; who, while they sympathized with him in the excessive pain which he endured, were convinced that their skill would be unavailing. Its disease made a rapid progress; and that he himself was aware of the nearness of his dissolution is evident, from his elegy, *Ad Umbram Gilberti Wakefield**, which was the last

* Wakefield died September 9th, 1801.

piece that ever proceeded from his pen. It thus concludes:

"Nec ventura dies distat, qua stamine vitæ
Truncato, celeri te pede, Amice, sequar.
Morbificus languor jam feros occupat artus,
Paulatim emoriar—sed satis—umbra, vale!"

This elegy was written October 12, 1801, and Dr. Geddes died February 26, 1802, in the sixty-fifth year of his age; the rites of his own communion having been regularly administered to him, and received with great consolation on his part, by M. St. Martin, a Catholic clergyman, and confidential friend.

LAVATER.

"Formam quidem ipsam, et tanquam faciem honesti videnquæ si oculis cerneretur mirabiles amores (ut ait Plato) excitaret sapientiæ."——TULL.

"You see the very shape and countenance, as it were, of Virtue, which, if it could be made the object of sight, would (as Plato says) excite in us a wonderful love of wisdom."

EVERY day augments my admiration of LAVATER; he has not an hour's leisure, and the door of his closet is never shut. Hither throng beggars asking charity,—the afflicted, who seek consolation,—travellers, who though they want neither, at least contribute to occupy his time. Besides, he visits the sick, not only of his own parish, but likewise of many others. This evening, after writing several letters, he took his hat, and requested me to accompany him. "I should like to see where he is *going to*," thought I, and followed him.

We went out of one street into another, and, at length, through the gate of the town. We arrived at a small village, and entered a cottage. "Is Anna yet alive?" demanded Lavater, of an old woman who came to meet us. "She scarcely breathes," replied she, with a flood of tears, and opened the door of a chamber, where I beheld, in a bed, an aged and emaciated woman, whose wan and livid countenance bespoke the near approach of death. Two boys and two girls stood round the bed and wept. The moment they saw Lavater, they ran and kissed his hands. He approached the patient, and asked her how she did. "I am dying! I am dying!" she replied, but was unable to say more. Her eyes were fixed on her bosom, which heaved with inward convulsion. Lavater sat down beside her, and began to prepare her for her departure. "Thy hour is come," said he; "thy Saviour awaits thee:—be not afraid of the grave! Not thou, but only thy mortal body, will be deposited in it. In the moment when thy eyes are closed to the light of this life, the glorious morning of an eternal and better life will shine upon thee. Be thankful to God that thou hast attained a good old age, and hast seen thy children and grand children grow up, matured in honesty and virtue. They will for ever bless thy memory, and will once more embrace thee with raptures in the mansions of the blessed. There, there, we shall all form but one happy family." These last words he uttered in a tremulous voice, and wiped his eyes. He then prayed, blessed the dying sinner preparatory to her exit, and took his leave. He kissed the children, told them not to weep, and, at his departure, gave them some money. The dejection of my heart

was very great, and even the pure evening air could scarcely restore me to a free respiration. . . .

"Whence do you derive such strength and patience?" said I to Lavater, in admiration at his indefatigable activity. "My dear friend," replied he, smiling, "it is in the power of every one to perform a great deal, if he will; and the more he does, the more ability and inclination he will find for active exertion."

"Believe not, my friends, that Lavater, who does so much good to the poor, is himself possessed of great riches. No, on the contrary, his income is very small; but, from the sale of his printed works and manuscripts, he acquires a considerable sum, for the relief of his indigent brethern. I have myself bought two of his manuscripts; one is entitled, "*An Hundred Secret Physiognomical Rules*;" with the motto,

"Never ridicule misery, or the means of alleviating it;"

and the other is "*A Monument for Travellers.*" For the latter he would not take the money himself, but ordered me to pay it to a poor Frenchman, who had requested relief of him.

THE POET BAGGESEN AND SOPHIA HALLER; OR, THE ROMANTIC MARRIAGE.

"A change so swift what heart did ever feel?"—DRYDEN.

. . . . THE poet Baggesen will soon be married. This match has been brought about in a truly romantic manner. I wrote to you that Becker had gone with him to Lausanne, from which place, with Count

Moltke, their countryman, they crossed the Alps to Unterseen, and arrived there extremely fatigued. They hired a boat to cross the lake of Thun; and, at the moment when the waterman was pushing off the boat, a young female and an old man made their appearance; the girl in a white dress, a green hat, and with a stick in her hand, and seemed to be about twenty. Her countenance was pleasing and friendly. She approached, and nimbly jumped into the boat; and, with a friendly *bon jour, Messieurs,* addressed the travellers, who sat hanging down their heads, like knights of the melancholy figure. They were surprised at this unexpected appearance, and stared, now at the girl, now at each other, and almost forgot to return the compliment of their charming stranger. However, Becker, who is a man deserving of credit, assures me they answered her tolerably well, though the Count stammered at the second word, and he and Baggesen were struck quite dumb. By degrees, when they were at a considerable distance from shore, they fell into conversation. The girl told the Danes, that she had been at her uncle's at Unterseen, to visit her good nurse, who was very ill, and that she was now returning to Berne. "How did you leave the patient?" asked the sympathizing travellers, with great eagerness. "God be thanked! she is better," replied the fair stranger. She then enquired the names and residence of her fellow travellers; and, when she learned that the Count was the grandson of the late Danish minister, she began to speak of that venerable man, and the history of his time, in such a manner, that it was evident she was acquainted with the history and relations of the powers of Europe. They landed at

Thun. The Count gave her his hand, and accompanied her, together with his fellow-travellers, to the inn, where they found a room. Here they learned from the hostess, that their charming companion was a granddaughter of the celebrated philosopher and poet Haller. Baggesen leaped for joy, and instantly hastened to her, to recommend himself anew to her favour, and to assure her of the unbounded regard which he entertained for her grandfather. "Ah! you should have known him more intimately," said she, in a tone of the highest sensibility. "Even in his old age, he fascinated great and small by his amiable disposition. I cannot refrain from tears when I recollect with what gaiety and familiarity he played with us small children, in his leisure hours, after the most serious labours for the welfare of mankind. How often did he take me on his knee, kiss me, at the same time calling me his dear Sophia!"

....The amiable Sophia dried her tears, and Baggesen wept with her. Our travellers forgot their fatigues, and passed the whole evening with Sophia Haller. As they intended to set off the next morning early for Berne, and Sophia and her uncle were going to make some stay at Thun, they took leave of them.—"Shall it be for ever," said the young Count; and, full of expectation, fixed his eyes on Sophia's; Baggesen's looks, animated by the most lively expression of tenderness, lingered on her lips, and Becker stretched forward his head. She smiled, and, presenting her card to the count, "This," said she, "is the address of my family, who will be very happy to receive such amiable travellers."

The Danes thanked her with warmth, and retired to the room which had been prepared for them....

....The day after their arrival in Berne, they hastened to pay their respects to Miss Haller. They found her not at home, but were received very politely by the uncle and aunt. "Will Miss Haller not soon return? Will Miss Sophia be from home long? Shall we soon have the pleasure of seeing our amiable fellow traveller?" To all these questions the uncle and aunt were obliged to answer a hundred times. At length she returned. The Danes could not forbear the most joyful exclamations. She welcomed them as acquaintances, which made her appear in their eyes still more charming and amiable. The Count, Baggesen, and Becker, all wanted to speak to her; all put questions to her at the same time. She replied to one with words, to the other by a smile, and the third by a nod; and all three were satisfied. Towards evening a walk was proposed. Male and female friends assembled; but the Danes saw and heard only Sophia. At length they parted, after having made the appointment to see each other again the next day. The second, third, and fourth day, were spent in the same way. At last Becker perceived he was not the first in the favour of Sophia. He moderated his warmth in conversation with her, and resigned all claims to her partiality. The count, who, perhaps, preceived the same, became dull, and soon entirely ceased his visits to Sophia. To dissipate his melancholy, he sought all kinds of social amusements. As to Baggesen, perhaps, only the poetess of Lesbos loved her Phaon with such a passion as he loved his

Sophia; and scarcely could the inspired Pythia, on her golden tripod, have been so beside herself as our young poet, when his lips hung upon her hand. Each of his words was animated by profound sensibility, when he spoke of her, and that sensibility was like a powerful flame. He durst not tell her, I love you; but the tender Sophia understood him, and did not remain indifferent. Her gaiety and vivacity diminished; she was frequently lost in deep thought, and her eyes sparkled. They often walked out in the evening in the avenues of the platform, and the thick foliage of the chesnut trees, and the rays of the full moon, witnessed their virtuous intercourse; till at length the Platonic lover, one of these fine evenings, threw himself on his knees before Sophia, seized her hand, and exclaimed, " It is mine!—thy heart is made for mine!—we will be happy." It is thine," replied Sophia, with a look of tenderness, " it is thine, and I hope to be happy with thee!"

....I leave to abler hands the description of this moment! The same evening the family of Haller embraced Baggesen, as Sophia's bridegroom, and their friend. The wedding day was fixed. The poet now enjoys the beauteous dawn of that happiness which awaits him in the arms of his beloved wife; and praises, in raptures, the lake of Thun, where his eyes first beheld her, and where his heart loved her at first sight. Mean time Count Moltke has become quite tranquil, and rejoices at the felicity of his friend, as does Becker too, who related to me this history as I have written it to you.....

FAIR ELLEN, OR THE MANIAC.

"Hark how she mouths the Heav'ns, and mates the gods:
Her blazing eyes darting the wand'ring stars,
While with her thund'ring voice she threatens high,
And ev'ry accent twangs with smarting sorrow."—Lee.

Stranger, if sight of human woe,
Thy gentle bosom swelling,
E'er taught soft Pity's tear to flow,
'Twill stream for lovely Ellen!
Yonder wood conceals the maid,
Tenant of the rural shade,
A fairer nature never made,
Than beauteous, love-lorn Ellen!

Her tale would melt a heart of stone;
Sad it is—ah! past expressing;
Insanity usurps the throne
Of reason, Heav'n's supremest blessing.
O, death! thou dreadful, sad alloy
Of human bliss—thou foe to joy,
How couldst thou, cruel, thus destroy
The hopes of blooming Ellen!

The day was fix'd, the village throng,
With pipe and tabor, hail the dawn?
But, ah! the sprightly nuptial song,
With funeral plaints, too soon, they mourn.
How near is grief to mirth allied!—
The cup of bliss was dash'd aside,
For that same morn young Henry dy'd,
The joy and hope of Ellen!

E'er since, distracted doth she roam,
All human habitation scorning;
The field, the wild wood is her home,
There lone she wanders night and morning.
Her sad employ is still the same—
She weaves the garland's poppy'd flame,
Or wildly calls on Henry's name,
Distracted, crazy Ellen!

And oft she doth the darkness brave,
While mortals rest so sound and weary,
To strew fresh flowers o'er Henry's grave,
Beneath the yew-tree, black and dreary;
And wails her sorrows to the moon,
Queen of the night, the maniac's noon!
Fix'd, gazing on that heav'n, where soon
Shall end the cares of Ellen!

Yes, hapless maid, thy woes e'er long,
Death shall destroy, thy cares allaying;
And thou, Elysian fields among,
With peace and Henry shall be straying.
Remov'd from every mortal ill,
Eternal love thy cup shall fill,
For thee each heav'nly joy instil,
And make thee blest, oh! Ellen.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS, 1746.

"Veniunt spectentur ut ipsæ." Ovid.

"To be themselves a spectacle, they come."

....WHAT say you to the HERB, Miss H——*? I, a bad traveller, cannot sit a horse—come hither to drink the waters for health sake—propose but three weeks—have been here one last Friday—this is my situation.

Tunbridge in high season, a place devoted to amusement.—Time entirely at command, though not hanging heavy; impossible indeed it should.—Vehicles, whether four-wheeled or four-legged, at will; riding a choice.

....I had rather be in a desert than in a place so public and so giddy. But these waters were almost the only thing in medicine that I had not tried; and as my disorders seemed to increase, I was willing to try them†. Hitherto, I must own, without effect is the trial. But people here, who slide upon me, as I tra-

* The following sketch of Tunbridge wells was addressed by Richardson to Miss Highmore, one of his fair correspondents; and the daughter of a painter of eminence—at a time when the arts were at a very low ebb in England, the reigns of George the First and the Second. He painted most of Richardson's characters.

† The health of Richardson was affected by those disorders which pass under the denomination of nervous, and are the usual consequence of bad air, confinement, sedentary employment, and the wear and tear of the mental faculties. He took tar-water, then very much in vogue, and lived for seven years upon a vegetable diet; but his best remedy was probably his country house, and the amusements of Tunbridge, which he was accustomed to frequent in the season.

verse the utmost edges of the walks, that I may stand in nobody's way, nor have my dizziness increased by the swimming triflers, tell me I shall not give them fair play, under a month or six weeks; and that I ought neither to write nor read.....

.... Here are a great number of people got together. A very full season, and more coming every day—Great comfort for me! When I say that I cannot abide them, not the diversions of the place, you must not think that I am such a stoic as to despise the amusements I cannot partake of, purely on that account; indeed I do not, and I think youth is the season of gaiety. But there is a moderation to be approved in all these, which I see not here. And methinks I would wish that wives (particularly some that I see here) would not behave as if they thought themselves unmarried coquettes, and that it were polite to make their husbands the last persons in their notices. Is it not enough for these people to find themselves dressed and adorned at an expence, both as to quality and quantity, that would furnish out two wives and a mistress: but they must show that these dresses and ornaments are bestowed upon them to please and delight any body, rather than the person whom it should be their principal study to please; and, who, perhaps, confers, or contributes to confer upon them, the means by which they shine, and think themselves above him! Secret history and scandal I love not—or I could tell you—you don't think what I could tell you.

But, waving these insidious subjects, what I could inform you, that among scores of belles, flatterers, triflers, who swim along these walks, self satisfied, and

pleased, and looking defiance to men (and to modesty, I had like to have said; for bashfulness seems to be considered as want of breeding in all I see here): a pretty woman is as rare as a black swan! and when one starts up, she is nicknamed a beauty, and old fellows and young fellows are set a-spinning after her.

Miss Peggy B—— was the belle when I first came down.....yet she had been so many seasons here, that she obtained but a faint and languid attention; so that the smarts began to put her down in their lists of had-beens!.....New faces are more sought after than fine faces. A piece of instruction lies here,—that women should not make even their faces cheap.

Miss C—— next was the triumphant toast: a lively, sweet-tempered, gay, self-admired, and, not altogether without reason, generally-admired lady.....She moved not without crowds after her. She smiled at every one. Every one smiled before they saw her, when they heard she was on the walk. She played, she lost, she won—all with equal good humour. But, alas! she went off, before she was wished to go off. And then the fellows' hearts were almost broke for a new beauty.

Behold! seasonably, the very day that she went away entered upon the walks Miss L—— of Hackney!—Miss C—— was forgot (who would wish for so transient a dominion in the land of fickledom!)—And have you seen the new beauty?—And have you seen Miss L——? was all the enquiry from smart to smartless. But she had not traversed the walk two days, before she was found to want spirit and life. Miss C—— was remembered by those who wished for the brilliant mistress, and scorned the wise-like quality of sedateness.—

nd Miss L— is now seen with a very silly fellow or
ro, walking backwards and forwards unmolested—
windled down from the new beauty to a very pretty
irl; and perhaps glad to come off so. For, upon my
ord, my dear, there are very few pretty girls here.
nd yet I look not upon the sex with an undelighted
ye, old as I am; nor with a very severe one. But
iodesty, humility, graciousness, are now all banished
om the behaviour of these public-place frequenters of
he sex. Women are not what they were. I see not but
hat they have as much courage as the men. The
ien, indeed at these public places seem to like them
he better for it. No wonder, for they find the less
ifficulty to make parties with them, and to get into
heir companies.—But one secret I could tell them;
hat the single men who would make the best compa-
ions for life, come not on set purpose, to these public
laces, to chuse one. What figure do Mr. N—, Mr.
V— at eighty, and Mr. Cibber at seventy-seven make,
unting after new faces, and new beauties, and with
aces of high importance, traversing the walks—think-
ng themselves very happy, if they can obtain the
iotice and familiarity of a fine woman—how ridiculous!
f you have not been at Tunbridge, you may neverthe-
ess have heard that here are a parcel of fellows, mean
raders, whom they call touters, and their business
outing—riding out miles to meet coaches and company
oming hither, to beg their custom while here....

....But to return to Mess. N—, W—, and Cibber*,

* Cibber was intimate with Richardson. But that intimacy
egan only after the most dissipated part of Cibber's life was

God bless you, come and see them!—And if you do, I will show you a still more grotesque figure than either. A sly sinner, creeping along the very edges of the walks, getting behind the benches: one hand in his bosom, the other held up to his chin, as if to keep it in its place: afraid of being seen, as a thief of detection. The people of fashion, if he happen to cross a walk, (which he always does with precipitation) *unsmiling* their faces, as if they thought him in their way; and he, as sensible of so being, stealing in and out of the bookseller's shop, as if he had one of their glass-cases under his coat. Come and see this odd figure*! you will never see him, unless I show him to you: and who knows when an opportunity for that may happen again at Tunbridge?....

....Mr. Cibber was in love, over head and ears, with Miss C——: her admirers (such was his happiness!) were not jealous of him: but, pleased with that wit in him which they had not, were always calling him to

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over. The sprightly veteran shows, in every line of his correspondence with the author of Clarrissa, the man of wit and the man of the world.

* Richardson speaks here of himself.—The following is the description he gives of his person to Lady Bradshaigh, in one of his letters:—"Short, rather plump than emaciated—*one hand generally in his bosom*, the other a cane in it—looking directly fore-right, as passers by would imagine, but observing all that stirs on either hand of him, without moving his short neck; hardly ever turning back; of a light-brown complexion; teeth not yet failing him; smoothish face, and ruddy cheeked:—a regular, even pace, stealing away ground, rather than seeming to rid it: a grey eye, by chance lively; his eye always on the ladies."

said pretty things—for she was Miss C—;
etty things—for he was Mr. Cibber; and all
any, men and women, seemed to think they
erest in what was said, and were half as well
if they had said the sprightly things them-
d mighty well contented were they to be re-
repeaters of the pretty things. But once I
aureat, squatted upon one of the benches, with
e wrinkled than ordinary with disappointment.
it," said I, "you were of the party of the tea-
ss C— is gone into the tea-room."—"Pshaw,"
there is no coming at her, she is so surrounded
upets."—And I left him upon the fret.—But
led to soon after, and in he flew, and his face
in, and looked smooth.

written a dialogue between a father and a
—the intention to show that the paternal au-
d filial obedience may be reconciled! He has
half a score at a time of the fair sex; and not
ady but is mightily pleased with a lesson that
her to top her father. He has met with so
plause among the young flirts, that I don't
ther he will not publish it. The piece is cal-
throw down all distinction between parents
en.

r extraordinary old man we have had here,
ifferent turn; the noted Mr. Whiston, shows
es, and explaining other phenomena of the
preaching the millenium and anabaptism to
le, who, if they have white teeth, hear him
mouths, though perhaps shut hearts, and,
ecture is over, not a bit the wiser, run from

him, the more eagerly, to flutter among the loud-laughing young fellows upon the walks, like boys and girls at a breaking-up.

You see, my dear, what a trifling letter I have written!—If you could bear such stuff, I could run on a volume; relating others' follies and forgetting my own. But 'tis time to relieve you....

FRENCH JUSTICE, IN 1804.

"——He's a king who triumphs free from law,
Like the fierce monarchs who the deserts awe;
Whose haughty nod the trembling herds obey,
Nor are their subjects only, but their prey." BLACKMORE.

THE administration of justice in France is so conducted, that the innocent can be condemned, and the guilty acquitted, according to the pleasure of the government. Among the crimes which at present attract most of their attention, is that which is termed *faux;* and which alone, considering all the cases it comprehends, as well as the mode of trial adopted, puts a great proportion of the French nation at the entire disposal of the government. The offenders are called *faussaires;* every species of falsification, from coining of money to a simple error in an account, comes under the denomination of *faux.* A commissary general of the army, in whose accounts an error of *four sous* is discovered, may be tried for this offence. The accused are tried without a jury, by judges of the special tribunal; and if they happen to be obnoxious to the government, we may guess what, in the present state of things, is likely to be their fate. The

evils occasioned by the extensive signification given to this term in France, are almost incredible. A poor woman lately tried for the murder of a man who died a natural death on his bed, and acquitted, had been obliged, in order to maintain herself during a six months' confinement in prison, to put her watch in pledge. Ashamed to appear under her own name, she employed one of her neighbours to execute this commission, under a feigned one. This circumstance appearing upon her trial, the neighbour who had put the watch in pawn under an assumed name, was committed to prison in order to be tried for a *faux*, and the poor woman who had been already six months in prison, and acquitted on the original charge, was recommitted as an accomplice.

When a commissary, having demands to a large amount against the government, presents his accounts, the slightest error, or any false document, of which he may have been innocent or ignorant, being found, he is brought to trial before the judges of the special tribunal. His being found guilty, liquidates all his demands upon government; and in that case, any property of which he may be possessed, is confiscated to pay the charges of the prosecution; which charges are at the discretion of the judges; and these judges receive a stipend of only 4000 livres a year each (less than 200l. sterling), with pens, ink, and paper, from the government; for which reason the people say that the *committée revolutionare* was instituted by the government of Robespierre, *pour battre de la monnoie* (to coin money); but that the tribunal special has been instituted by the government of Buonaparté *pour payer ses dettes* (to pay their debts).

As an instance of the extraordinary charges of this tribunal, we may cite the cause of Mr. L. He was convicted of a *faux*, which was only an error of 400 livres in an account of several millions. Beside being condemned to be publicly exposed, and to work eight years in the galleys, the expence of his process amounted to the very moderate sum of *twenty-five thousand livres*.

.... A man well known on the turf in England, whose name I cannot at this moment recollect, was imprisoned either in the Bicetre or St. Pelagie in Paris, and kept for a long time *en secret*. He was not allowed to have any communication with his banker, who did not know what had become of him, and could not therefore supply him with money, although he had funds for that purpose in his hands. After some months, however, this restriction was taken off, and he was allowed to emerge from his cell and bed of straw. He then related to some English gentlemen, with whom he had an opportunity of conversing, that his imprisonment arose from the following circumstances:—A Frenchman, of some fortune, who had been in England, took a fancy to a horse belonging to this person: he said, if he would deliver the horse in Paris, he would agree to pay the price of five hundred pounds for him. The bargain was struck; the horse arrived in Paris; the Frenchman receded from his bargain; the Englishman got angry; and fruitless altercations ensued. Meeting with this Frenchman one day, coming from the second consul's, after dinner, the Englishman again addressed him with remonstrances; but, finding these could produce no effect, was proceeding to use argu-

nents of a more powerful nature, when the other took to his heels, and sought refuge in Cambaceres's house.

The second consul was violently offended. The Englisman was next day arrested, conveyed to prison, immured in a solitary cell, and accommodated with a naked bed of straw.....

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

"That very time I saw, but thou couldst not,
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all armed." SHAKSPEARE.

Our bugles sung truce, for the night cloud had lower'd,
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky,
And thousands had sunk on the ground, overpower'd,
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When, reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring faggot, that guarded the slain,
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
And twice, ere the cock crew, I dreamt it again.

Methought, from the battle-field's dreadful array,
Far, far I had roam'd on a desolate track,
Till autumn and sunshine arose in the way,
To the house of my fathers, that welcom'd me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields, travers'd so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledg'd we the wine cup, and fondly I swore
From my home and my weeping friends never to part;
My little ones kiss'd me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobb'd aloud, in her fulness of heart.

"Stay, stay with us!—rest!—thou art weary and worn!"
(And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay),
But sorrow return'd with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

VAN-SHOO-YUEN, OR PARADISE OF TEN THOUSAND.

The Chinese Emperor's Park.

"The groves of Eden, vanish'd now so long,
Live in description, and look green in song." POPE.

"Now nearer, crowns with inclosure green,
As with a rural mound, the champaign head
Of a steep wilderness; whose hairy sides
With thicket overgrown, grotesque and wild,
Access denied———" MILTON.

.....I ACCOMPANIED the ministers and other great colaos of the court to a pavilion prepared for us, from whence, after a short collation, we set out on horseback, to view this wonderful garden. We rode about three miles through a very beautiful park, kept in the highest order, and much resembling the approach to Luton in Bedfordshire; the grounds gently undulated and chequered with various groups of well-contrasted trees in the offskip. As we moved onward, an extensive lake appeared before us, the extremities of which seemed to

lose themselves in distance and obscurity. Here was a large and magnificent yatcht ready to receive us, and a number of smaller ones for the attendants, elegantly fitted up and adorned with numberless vanes, pendants, and streamers; the shores of the lake have all the varieties of shape which the fancy of a painter can delineate, and are so indented with bays, or broken with projections, that almost every stroke of the oar brought a new and unexpected object to our view. Nor are islands wanting, but they are situated only where they should be, each in its proper place, and having its proper character: one marked by a pagoda, or other building; one quite destitute of ornament; some smooth and level; some steep and uneven; and others frowning with wood, or smiling with culture. Where any things particularly interesting were to be seen, we disembarked, from time to time, to visit them, and I dare say that, in the course of our voyage, we stopped at forty or fifty different palaces or pavilions. These are furnished in the richest manner with pictures of the emperor's huntings and progresses, with stupendous vases of jasper and agate; with the finest porcelain and japan, and with every kind of European toys and *sing-songs*; spheres, orreries, clocks, and musical automatons, of such exquisite workmanship, and in such profusion, that our presents must shrink from the comparison, and hide *their diminished heads;* and yet I am told, that the fine things we have seen are far exceeded by others of the same kind in the apartments of the ladies, and in the European repository at Yuen-min-yuen. In every one of the pavilions was a throne, or imperial state, and a eu-jou, or symbol of peace and prosperity, placed at one side of it, resem-

bling that which the emperor delivered to me yesterday for the king.

It would be an endless task were I to attempt a detail of all the wonders of this charming place. There is no beauty of distribution, no feature of amenity, no reach of fancy which embellishes our pleasure grounds in England that is not to be found here. Had China been accessible to Mr. Browne or Mr. Hamilton, I should have sworn they had drawn their happiest ideas from the rich sources which I have tasted this day; for, in the course of a few hours, I have enjoyed such vicissitudes of rural delight, as I did not conceive could be felt out of England, being at different moments enchanted by scenes perfectly similar to those I had known there, to the magnificence of Stowe, the softer beauties of Wooburn, and the fairy-land of Paine's Hill.

One thing I was particularly struck with, I mean the happy choice of situation for ornamental buildings. From attention to this circumstance they have not the air of being crowded or disproportioned; they never intrude upon the eye; but, wherever they appear, always show themselves to advantage, and aid, improve, and enliven the prospect.

In many places the lake is overspread with the nenuphor, or lotus (nelumbium), resembling our broad-leaved water-lily. This is an accompaniment which, though the Chinese are passionately fond of cultivating it in all their pieces of water, I confess I do not much admire. Artificial rocks, and ponds with gold and silver fish are, perhaps, too often introduced; and the monstrous porcelain figures of lions and tigers, usually placed before the pavilions, are displeasing to a European eye; but

these are trifles of no great moment; and I am astonished that now, after a six hours' critical survey of these gardens, I can scarcely recollect any thing besides to find fault with....

....The great men who attended us two days since, in our visit to the eastern garden, now proposed to accompany us to the western, which forms a strong contrast with the other, and exhibits all the sublimer beauties of nature in as high a degree as the part which we saw before possesses the attractions of softness and amenity. It is one of the finest forest-scenes in the world; wild, woody, mountainous, and rocky, abounding with stags and deer of different species, and most of the other beasts of the chace, not dangerous to man.

In many places immense woods, chiefly oaks, pines, and chesnuts, grow upon almost perpendicular steeps; and force their sturdy roots through every resistance of surface and of soil, where vegetation would seem almost impossible. These woods often clamber over the loftiest pinnacles of the stony hills; or, gathering on the skirts of them, descend with a rapid sweep, and bury themselves in the deepest valleys. There, at proper distances, you find palaces, banquetting houses, and monasteries, (but without bronzes), adapted to the situation and peculiar circumstances of the place, sometimes with a rivulet, on one hand, gently stealing through the glade; at others with a cataract tumbling from above, raging with foam, and rebounding with a thousand echoes from below, or silently ingulphed in a gloomy pool or yawning chasm.

The roads by which we approached these romantic scenes are often hewn out of the living rock, and con-

ducted round the hills in a kind of rugged stair-case, and yet no accident occurred in our progress, not a false step disturbed the regularity of our cavalcade, though the horses are spirited, and all of them unshod. From the great irregularity of the ground, and the various heights to which we ascended, we had opportunities of catching many magnificent points of view by detached glances; but, after wandering for several hours, (and yet, never wearied with wandering,) we at last reached a covered pavilion, open on all sides, and situated on a summit so elevated, as perfectly to command the whole surrounding country to a vast extent. The radius of the horizon I should suppose to be at least twenty miles from the central spot where we stood; and certainly so rich, so various, so beautiful, so sublime a prospect my eyes had never beheld. I saw every thing before me as on an illuminated map; palaces, pagodas, towns, villages, farm-houses, plains, and valleys, watered by innumerable streams, hills waving with woods, and meadows covered with cattle of the most beautiful marks and colours. All seemed to be nearly at my feet, and that a step would convey me within reach of them.

I observed here a vast number of what we call, in England, *sheet* cows; also sheet horses, many pyeballs, dappled, mottled, and spotted, the latter chiefly strawberry. From hence was pointed out to us, by the minister, a vast inclosure below, which, he said, was not more accessible to him than to us, being never entered but by the emperor, his women, or his eunuchs. It includes within its bounds, though on a smaller scale, most of the beauties which distinguish the eastern and the western gardens, which we have already seen; but,

from every thing I can learn, it falls very short of the fanciful descriptions which father Attiret and Sir William Chambers have intruded upon us as realities. That, within these private retreats, various entertainments, of the most novel and expensive nature, are prepared and exhibited by the eunuchs, who are very numerous (perhaps some thousands) to amuse the emperor and his ladies I have no doubt; that they are carried to all the lengths of extravagance and improbability, those gentlemen have mentioned, I very much question, as from every enquiry I have made (and I have not been sparing to make them) I have by no means sufficient reason to warrant me in acceding to, or confirming the accounts which they have given us.

If any place in England can be said, in any respect, to have similar features to the western park, which I have seen this day, it is Lowther Hall, in Westmoreland, which (when I knew it many years ago), from the extent of prospect, the grand surrounding scenery, the noble situation, the diversity of surface, the extensive woods, and command of water, I thought might be rendered, by a man of sense, spirit, and taste, the finest scene in the British dominions.

.....

....Whether our style of gardening was really copied from the Chinese, or originated with ourselves, I leave for vanity to assert and idleness to discuss. A discovery, which is the result of good sense and reflexion, may equally occur to the most distant nations, without either borrowing from the other. There is certainly a great analogy between our gardening and the Chinese,

in his face, have, nevertheless, a very agreeable countenance.

FRENCH SAVOIR-VIVRE.

" ——— They do not truly live.——STEPNEY.

The Savoir-vivre, *of which we here give instances, is not the* Savoir-vivre *of St. James's, the voluptuary, and the epicure, but that which consists in the knowing how to live where others would starve.*

.... A well-dressed man, of noble appearance, who, over his dish of bavaroise*, talks fluently, tells all kinds of pleasant anecdotes, and jokes with great ease and freedom, may be seen every day in the Caffé de Chartres; And how does he live?—By the sale of bills pasted up, which every night, when all others are asleep, he tears down from the corners of the streets, and carries them to the pastry-cooks, who give him a few sous for his trouble. He then lays himself down quietly on his bundle of straw, in some *grenier* (garret) and sleeps sounder than many a Crœsus....

....Another, who is seen every day at the Thuilleries and the Palais Royal, and who, by his dress, might be taken for an ecclesiastic, is a farmer; and what kind of a one do you think? He farms the hair pins which are lost in the Italian theatre. When the curtain drops, and the company are leaving the house, he makes

* A bavaroise is a glass of milk and capillaire, with or without brandy; a dish *of bavaroise*, therefore, is nonsense.

his first appearance in it; and, while the lights are extinguishing, he goes from box to box, in order to search for the lost pins; not one of them escapes his lynxean eye, let it lie where it may; and, when the last candle is extinguished, our farmer picks up his last pin, and, with the hope of not dying the next morning with hunger, hastens to the broker to sell him his treasure*....

....In this gallery of remarkable persons, a stoic of this city, known under the name of *Quatorze Oignons*, ought not to be forgotten. He is a real Diogenes, who denies himself every thing, even the most urgent necessaries. By profession he is a porter; and his whole property consists of a basket, which he employs during the day to carry any thing for hire, and in the night makes it an alcove, under which he sleeps perfectly sound on the bare ground, or wherever he can. For forty years he has carried his basket, which he patches when necessary, and which is thus, from time to time, renewed, as the human body is, according to the physicians. Fourteen onions form his daily nourishment, to this he is not at all constrained by want; on the contrary, he gives to the poor who ask for alms, and lends money without ever demanding it back. He earns, daily, from three to four livres, and by these means can be a friend and benefactor to many; he speaks little, but with energy; he is acquainted with several literati. L——, the chymist, once asked him if he was happy. "I believe so," replied the philosopher.—"But in what

* These are the men to whom the title of *Chevaliers d'Industrie* belongs: In the following paragraphs we shall introduce our readers to characters still more extraordinary.

does your happiness consist?"—"In labour, rest, and want of care."—"Add also, in beneficence, for I know that you do a great deal of good."—"In what manner?"—"You give to the poor."—"I give them only my superfluity."—"Do you pray also to God?"—"I thank him."—"For what?"—"For myself."—"You are not afraid of death?"—"Neither of death nor life."—"Do you ever read?"—"I have not time."—"But are you not sometimes dull?"—"I am never idle."—"Do you envy any one?"—"I am contented with my own lot?"—"You are a real philosopher."—"I am a man."—"I wish to have your friendship."—"All mankind are my friends."—"But there are bad men."—"I am not acquainted with them."—This modern Diogenes disappeared at the commencement of the revolution, and many are of opinion that he is no longer in existence*.

. . . . A mountebank is daily to be seen in the Place de Grêve. This man, with his aquiline nose, pretends to speak French with an Italian accent. "I am just arrived from Naples," says he; "I have heard of the good people of Paris. It is not interest that brings me hither: no, God forbid! it is only the desire to be of service to the great nation, and the good people of Paris. Look here, gentlemen, at this invaluable medicine: every bottle of it costs me, upon my honour, six livres, but I am satisfied if I can administer relief to suffering humanity. I ask nothing—nothing at all: I give away my bottles—yes, yes, I give them away.—How! does

* The above singular characters are delineated in Karamsin's Travels. —Kotzebue has delineated the following.

body call? Indeed the people of Paris are better than ey have been represented to me; they are too proud, o generous, they will have nothing given them. Well! ot to offend your delicacy, I will set a price upon it. nstead of *six livres*, I ask only *six sous*. Buy! buy! uy!"—And behold multitudes rush forward to pur-ase.

THE POOR OLD BLIND WOMAN.

..... "I am left behind,
To drink the dregs of life, by fate assign'd,
Beyond the goal of nature I have gone.
Dodder'd with age, the winter of man's life!
The gloomy eye of endless night."

..... "Death a glad relief,
From future shame, from sickness, and from grief."

DRYDEN.

.....I CONSIDER it one of the fairest privileges of a opular author, to be able, occasionally, by a seasonable ord, to draw the victims of misery from their obscure treats, and place them in the mild beams of com-assion.

Entering the parlour of the post-house, I saw an old oman, of fourscore, sitting before the stove, chewing ith difficulty a piece of bread, and drinking a glass of ine; by her side lay a crutch. In her youth she must ave been handsome, her countenance was still pleasing, nd the silent grief with which it was clouded rendered er interesting to me. I asked the post-master's wife hether she was her mother? "No indeed," she replied,

" she is a very poor blind woman, who is obliged to live on charity, and who calls upon us occasionally, when we do for her what we can."

" But does she not beg?" " No, that she never does; but all who know her give her something." I accosted the old woman: " Have you been long blind?" " A short time ago, "said she, " I could still perceive a glimpse of light; but now this is vanished, yet *I cannot die*."

Notwithstanding the concern which I seemed to express for her, she would not beg. This moved me: one word brought on another; she related her melancholy story. She had been married to a clergyman in Hanover, had children, and lived happily. Then came on the seven years' war, with poverty and distress in its train. She lost her all, pined in want, and yet kept up her spirits. She beheld her children expire, and supported them in the hour of dissolution. At last her husband died also; a long illness consumed what little property she had left: she was obliged to quit her place of residence, destitute and forlorn.

She was advised to go to her brother-in-law, a counsellor of appeal at Darmstadt. She did not know him personally, and report proclaimed him a strange character. Urged, however, by necessity, she ventured. Being scantily assisted by her poor relations, " for," said she, " none of them had any thing to give," she raised barely sufficient for her travelling expences, and came with the post waggon to Darmstadt. Trembling, she approached her brother-in-law's door. A servant received her with considerable embarrassment, yet showed her into a good room, and brought her refreshment.

She remained alone several hours; but no brother-in-law made his appearance. Towards night the girl brought her a good supper; but, unable to eat from grief and agitation, she continually kept asking where her brother-in-law was. "To-morrow, to-morrow," said the maid, who perceived her uneasiness, and felt for her; "first take a good night's repose, you need refreshment;" she could not sleep. In the morning the servants entered her chamber in tears, announced to her the burial of her relation a fortnight before, and his having bequeathed the whole of his considerable fortune to charitable and beneficent establishments. Here she began to weep bitterly; "and yet *I cannot die!*" exclaimed she.

I forget how she came to this part of the country, in which she has been starving these fifty years, and cannot die. For a long time she received support from Heidelberg; but for the last eighteen months that pittance has been stopped. As she sits still without begging, her pittiful form often escapes notice, and she gets little. She is somewhat prolix in conversation, but she relates her narrative in correct language, and with consistency; and the woman of education may be immediately distinguished. She accepts presents with blushing modesty, and returns cordial thanks without being abject. Her wish to die, and her invocations of death, are extremely moving. O how cheerfully shall I forgive the post-master, for having left his horses in the field, and made me wait longer than he ought, if this brief and unornamented tale furnish an opportunity to men of feeling, whether travellers or not, of affording relief to the poor blind woman! She will not long

but does not dare to set religion, law, and humanity, at defiance.

I must again urge you to consider the unequal stake—for, what offence can be put in comparison with the sudden loss of life?—wretchedness to your surviving family and friends—and, probably, as I have said before, and for any thing you can know to the contrary, future condemnation from an offended God....

THE CONJUGAL HAPPINESS OF A POET.

"Perpetual fountain of domestic sweets!
Here Love his gol·len shafts employs; here lights
His constant lamp, and waves his purple wings:
He reigns and revels....." GARTH.

The reader of taste will not wish that Mrs. Klopstock's letters, which follow, had been put into better English: they pourtray, with the most endearing and ingenuous simplicity, her ardent love for the Poet, as well as the rare domestic felicity they enjoyed in the union of their hearts.

Hamburg, March 14, 1758.

....You will know all what concerns me. Love, dear Sir, is all what me concerns! and love shall be all what I will tell you in this letter.

In one happy night I read my husband's poem, the Messiah. I was extremely touched with it. The next day I asked one of his friends, who was the author of this poem. And this was the first time I heard Klopstock's name. I believe I fell immediately in love with him. At the least, my thoughts were ever with him filled, especially because his friend told me very much

of his character. But I had no hopes ever to see him, when quite unexpectedly I heard that I should pass through Hamburg. I wrote immediately to the same friend, for procuring by his means that I might see the author of the Messiah, when in Hamburg. He told him that a certain girl at Hamburg wished to see him, and, for all recommendation, showed him some letters, in which I made bold to criticise Klopstock's verses. Klopstock came, and came to me. I must confess, that so greatly prepossessed of his qualities, I never thought him the amiable youth whom I found him. This made its effect. After having seen him two hours, I was obliged to pass the evening in a company, which never had been so wearisome to me. I could not speak, I could not play; I thought I saw nothing but Klopstock. I saw him the next day, and the following, and we were seriously friends. But the fourth day he departed. It was a strong hour the hour of his departure! He wrote soon after, and from that time our correspondence began to be a very diligent one. I sincerely believed my love to be friendship. I spoke with my friends of nothing but Klopstock, and showed his letters. They rallied at me, and said I was in love. I rallied them again, and said that they must have a very friendshipless heart, if they had no idea of friendship to a man as well as to a woman. Thus it continued eight months, in which time my friends found as much love in Klopstock's letters as in me. I perceived it likewise, but I would not believe it. At the last Klopstock said plainly that he loved; and I startled as for a wrong thing. I answered, that it was not love, but friendship, as it was that I felt for him; we had not seen one another enough

to love (as if love must have more time than friendship!) This was sincerely my meaning, and I had this meaning till Klopstock came again to Hamburg. This he did a year after we had seen one another for the first time. We saw, we were friends, we loved, and we believed that we loved; and a short time after I could even tell Klopstock that I loved. But we were obliged to part again, and wait two years for our wedding. My mother would not let me marry a stranger. I could marry then without her consentment, as by the death of my father my fortune depended not on her; but this was an horrible idea for me; and thank Heaven that I have prevailed by prayers! At this time knowing Klopstock, she loves him as her lifely son, and thanks God that she has not persisted. We married, and I am the happiest wife in the world. In some few months it will be four years that I am so happy, and still I dote upon Klopstock as if he was my bridegroom.

If you knew my husband, you would not wonder. If you knew his poem, I could describe him very briefly, in saying he is in all respects what he is as a poet. This I can say with all wifely modesty.....but I dare not to speak of my husband; I am all rapture when I do it. And happy as I am in love, so happy am I in friendship, in my mother, two eldest sisters, and five other women. How rich I am!

Sir, you have willed that I should speak of myself, but I fear I have done it too much. Yet you see how it interests me....

.....

Hamburg, May 6, 1758.

. . . . My heart is very able to esteem the favour, that you, my dear Sir, in your venerable age, are so condescending good, to answer so soon the letters of an unknown young woman, who has no other merit than a heart full of friendship—and of all those sentiments which a reasonable soul must feel for you, Sir, though at so many miles of distance. It is a great joyful thought, that friendship can extend herself so far, and that friendship has no need of *seeing*, though this seeing would be celestial joy to hearts like *ours* (shall I be so proud as to say *ours!*) and what will it be, when so many real good souls, knowing or not knowing in this world, will see another in the future, and be *then* friends!

It will be a delightful occupation for me, to make you more acquainted with my husband's poem. Nobody can do it better than I, being the person who knows the most of that which is not yet published; being always present at the birth of the young verses, which being always by fragments here and there, of a subject of which his soul is just then filled. He has many great fragments of the whole work ready. You may think that persons who love as we, have no need of two chambers; we are always in the same. I, with my little work, still, still, only regarding my husband's sweet face, which is so venerable at that time, with tears of devotion and all the sublimity of the subject. My husband reading me his young verses and suffering my criticisms. Ten books are published, which I think probably the middle of the whole. I will, as soon as I can, translate you the arguments of these ten books, and what besides I think of them. The verses of the

poem are without rhymes, and are hexameters, which sort of verses my husband has been the first to introduce in our language; we being still closely attached to rhymes and iambics....

.....I am very glad, Sir, that you will take my English as it is. I knew very well that it may not always be English, but I thought for you it was intelligible: my husband asked, as I was writing my first letter, if I would not write French. No, said I, I will not write in that pretty but *fade* language to Mr. Richardson, (though so polite, so cultivated, and no longer *fade* in the mouth of a Bossuet). As far as I know, neither we, nor you, nor the Italians have the word *fade*. How have the French found this characteristic word for their nation? Our German tongue, which only begins to be cultivated, has much more conformity with the English than the French.

I wish, Sir, I could fulfil your request of bringing you acquainted with so many good people as you think of. Though I love my friends dearly; and though they are good, I have, however, much to pardon, except in the single Klopstock alone. He is good, really good, good at the bottom in all his actions, in all the foldings of his heart. I know him; and sometimes I think, if we knew others in the same manner, the better we should find them. For it may be that an action displeases us which would please us, if we knew its true aim and whole extent. No one of my friends is *so happy* as I am; but no one has had the courage to marry as I did. They have married—as people marry; and they are happy, as people are happy....

How long a letter is this again! but I can write no short ones to you....

Hamburg, August 26, 1758.

....HAVE not you guessed that I, summing up all my happinesses, and not speaking of children, had none? Yes, Sir, this has been my only wish ungratified for four years. I have been, more than once, unhappy with disappointments: but yet, thanks to God! I am in full hopes to be mother in the month of November.

....I am still in Hamburg, for properly we dwell in Copenhagen. I not being able to travel, my husband has been obliged to make a little voyage alone to Copenhagen. He is yet absent—a cloud over my happiness! But he will soon return.....But what does that help? he is equally absent! We write to each other every post...But what are letters to presence?—But I will speak no more of this cloud; I will only tell my happiness! But I cannot tell how I rejoice! A son of my dear Klopstock! Oh, when shall I have him!—It is long since that I have made the remark that geniuses do not engender geniuses. But a daughter or a son, only with a good heart, without genius, I will nevertheless love dearly....

....You will think that I shall be not a mother only, but a nurse also; though the latter (thank God! that the former is not so too) is quite against fashion and good breeding, and though nobody can think it *possible* to be always with the child at home*.

---

* Mrs. Klopstock is buried near Hamburg, and an epitaph in verse, of twenty lines, composed by her husband, is inscribed on her tomb. Mr. Klopstock never married again, till, in his old age, a few years before his death, he had the ceremony performed between himself and a kinswoman, who lived with him.

FOR THE FLOWERS OF LITERATURE.

Original Poetry.

CONTINUATION OF COLLIN'S "ODE TO EVENING*."

"The mind untuned for joy!"

And, even Woe, thy pensive "influence, owns,"
Mixt with the rippling of the oozing cave;
While from the threat'ning rock
The boding raven croaks:

Or, when the maniac hears the owls' dire shriek,
The fragrance of the vale and fairy tones,
Ah, solemn maid! in vain
Thy hushing zephyrs bear.

---

in order to entitle her, as his widow, to the pensions he enjoyed from different courts: —— Klopstock died on the 28th of March, 1803. The remains of this sublime poet were solemnly interred at Ottensen, a village adjoining Altona, in the grave of his first wife, who had been buried there thirty years ago. The funeral was attended by the senate of Hamburgh, and many of the foreign ministers and most distinguished inhabitants of that city, a selection of sacred music taken from the poet's own works, and composed by the greatest masters, was performed on the occasion, the vocal parts entirely executed by upwards of eighty young ladies of the first families of Hamburgh and Altona. Innumerable crowds of spectators showed the interest they took in this last tribute to this most distinguished ornament of their country. The weather was highly favourable, and the sun, which the deceased had sung in immortal strains, shone serene and cheerful on his coffin.

* We have been favoured with the following pathetic effusions by Mr. Thomas White, master of the mathematical school at Dumfries, whose Martial Odes, &c. graced several pages of our last volume.

Save visions drear, what marks the unattun'd,
When village bells proclaim the dying hour;
Be it when winter howls,
Or summer's tribes buzz round:

Nor aught, grave Eve! avail thy soften'd scenes,
If Melancholy shall perchance bear sway;
The heart thy coming hails,
And deepens still its woe:

While on the sunken tomb and letter'd floor,
Still shifting yew-shades trembling melt in gloom,
As o'er the moon the breeze
Drifts wild the sable clouds;

And from the ruin'd aisle and yawning vault,
The varying voice of horror whispering creeps,
Oft as the neighb'ring grove
With awful rustling waves:

Or, on the promontory's shaggy verge,
Hung o'er the ceaseless boiling pool below,
While from the beetling cliff
Collected torrents pour.

If hideous spectre glare, and paly gleams
Flash round and frequent on the frenzied eye!
Lost are thy charms, O Eve!
Upon the maddening soul.

Yet, "gentle Evening mild!" sweet is thy power,
When peace and feeling meet; thy sombrous sounds
In cooling breezes borne,
With all thy soothing train.

ON A PARTRIDGE THAT LOST A WING, WHILE SITTING ON HER EGGS, BY THE SCYTHE.

She who cheer'd the waving meads,
Still at solemn eve's return,
Now in deepest sorrow bleeds,
Wounded and forlorn.

Hark, she heard the scythe advance,
In immingled terrors lost;
Yet affection dar'd each chance,
Fearless of the worst.

Late upon thy precious store
Sat'st thou, hapless bird! in peace;
Pleas'd, thy chirring mate before;
Joys how soon to cease!

Now, alas! the passing rail*
Is alone, at evening, heard;
Save, at times, the sighing gale,
O'er the neighb'ring sward.

Waft the mournful note of woe,
To the fortunate and gay,
While the parents' sorrows flow
On in hopeless lay.

---

* The meadow-rail, or corn-crake.

Never more, on birring wing,
Shalt thou with thy partner rise;
Yet him love shall often bring
To thy longing eyes.

From the roaming fowler's view,
May ye e'er remain conceal'd;
May no future ills renew
Sorrows that are heal'd. T. W.

WREN, SEEN IN A THICKET AT THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE FIRST FALL OF SNOW IN 1802.

Leaf, whirling after leaf, descends,
And softly falls the early snow;
The wren the sprinkled hedge defends,
She hops among the moss below.

All, silent, wait on dying day,
As noiseless wheels the fleecy shower;
Unless some tenant of the spray
Should fluttering seek a warmer bower.

Erewhile unveil'd her table lay,
And food, each flight of pleasure gave;
But, when the gusts of winter play,
Where shall she food and shelter have?

Perhaps by cold and want oppress'd,
Or victim to the weazel fell,
Her slender frame shall sink to rest,
Without a throbbing friend to tell!

Shall Spring revive her drooping form;
Yet hear her warble in the thorn?
Myself, when sleeps each angry storm,
Be charm'd again at early morn?

Though soon drear Winter's winds shall sing;
And rudely shake the leafless tree;
Yet Spring the silent hours shall bring—
Perchance to cheer the wren and me! T.W.

A VILLAGE CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

"These are the scandal of letters, and these are generally the men who are to teach others." SPECTATOR.

Scenery.—A house neatly fitted up in the modern cottage style; a door in the centre of the scene and one on each side: over the centre, the words "Circulating Library," in large letters; on one side, "The Reading Room," on the opposite "Academy."

....So, so—in times like these it requires every man of business to be as watchful as Cerberus, in order to obtain a decent livelihood—and, egad, if I hadn't, like Cerberus, a triple head, I should never have managed to become, at once, the superintendant of three literary departments, [*looking round*] "Academy," "Library," and "Reading Room,"—by which means I draw the whole village to my interest; the women read my novels, the men my newspapers, and the children come to school. To be sure, the news-room is a little too close to the academy, for my customers can't read for the chattering of the boys, and the scholars can't study for the quarrels of the newspaper politicians, who,

while they damn the *Times*, and upset the *Globe*, are all ready to fight for the honour of the *British Press*.

Enter DICKY.

Well, Dicky, you have carried out the books?

Dicky.—Yes, Sir; here is the list of what's delivered and what is wanting.

Trian.—Oh, let's see [*reads*] "Counsellor Crab wants *Liberal Opinions*"—I'm sorry for that, for it's not at home. "The taylor's wife has had *Mysterious Warnings*, and the apothecary's journeyman, *Pills to purge Melancholy*." Now you must take *Tales of Terror* to the widow Tremor—*More Ghosts* to the sexton's daughter, the *Curse of Sentiment* to the butcher, *Melting Moments* to the tallow chandler, and *Old Nick* to the attorney *.

Dicky.—Yes, Sir; he! he! he! I'll take the attorney to Old Nick.

Trian.—No, no, there 'll be no necessity for that. Get along, and do as I bid you. [*Exit* Dicky.

No business stirring to-day—library rather flat—no post from London to bring the papers, and the boys half a holiday. Bless me! here's a trump card—a fine high phaëton and four by honours—the gentleman alights too—This way, Sir—Library, or reading room—newspapers, or novels; or would you please to rest here in the hall, Sir?

Bows in Sir Harry Pointer, *who flings himself into an arm-chair.*

Sir Harry.—Any where to recover breath. I drove

* We are surprised that it did not occur to the author to make up the climax by sending the "*Flowers of Literature*" to Mr. Sweetbrier, the gardener.

the last sixteen miles to a nicety, rather within time by your clocks—saw this was a sort of a house where one might learn the news, so stept in for a moment. You're rather snug here, my man.

Trian.—Very, Sir—seminary, library, and oratory, conducted upon the best principles of desk, rostrum, and catalogue, and excellently govern'd by ferula, hammer, and terms of subscription.

Sir Harry.—You're an odd fellow; for you seem to do every thing by the *Rule of Three.*

Trian.—My practice exactly, Sir—Built the whole of this mansion upon the plan of *Direct Proportion;* for, says I—if the reading-room *give* me half as much as the book-shop, what will the school-room do?

Sir Harry.—How the devil should I know?

Trian.—Pardon me—I mean what will the academy produce?

Sir Harry.—Plenty of blockheads, no doubt, while you are schoolmaster.

Trian.—Ha! ha! facetious in the extreme. I wish we had the honour of your company, some evening in the debating club.

Sir Harry.—Perhaps you may. I've some thoughts of getting settled in this part of the world.

Trian.—That's lucky—If you visit our club, a man of your wit would be knocked down for a speech every five minutes.

Sir Harry.—That's one way of getting settled, however.

Trian.—[*Looking out.*] Dear me! dear me! what an accident! and nobody offers to lend the least assistance—there they go—and there goes William—and there goes 'squire Charles, galloping—he has turned

horses—they're coming back, and, now, he has ed the lady!—I'm glad he has saved the lady!—, how happy her brother will be! I hope Mr. arles will—yes—here they come: Dick! run to apothecary's for some sal volatile.—Deborah, bring glass of water directly—This way, Sir—I'll assist n. [*Places a chair.*] Bless me! why don't some-dy do something! I never saw such people in all my e!

apers about, doing nothing. Charles and William bring in Sophia Pointer, insensible, and place her in the chair. Deborah enters with a glass of water, and assists to recover her.]

Charles.—Thank Heaven! she has received no hurt the fright alone has overcome her.

Sophia. [*Recovering.*] Was my brother hurt?

Charles.—No, madam, he was not in the phaeton.

Sophia.—True—I remember now—Oh, Sir! whoer you are, what can make amends for the service u have done me?

Charles.—Your quick recovery will overpay me.

Sophia.—That glass of water has revived me.

Trian.—[*to Sophia.*] Wou'd you do me the favour walk into a room less public. Mr. Charles will ve the honour to escort you. The carriage will soon he here, ma'am.

Sophia.—And my brother—

Charles.—I'll seek him this instant.

Trian.—Better let me do that—he's hardly, ma'am Deborah, show the reading-room—that way, mam. [*Exit Sophia, led by Charles.*]—A most delecble young lady, sure enough! Now if we divide this

accident into its aliquot parts—we may find th
fourths of two-sixths of the people who d
phaëtons ought to—

Re-enter SIR HARRY.

Sir Harry.—Well—come—so far all's w
order'd 'em all to be bled; and if they catch
from the excessive heat and exertion, wh
where's my sister?

Trian.—In the next room, Sir, with a yo
tleman, who has probably preserved her
white neck from a vulgar fraction.

Sir Harry.—Bless me! I had forgot him—
he was very kind, for his own horse has slipt
der; but I saw him taken care of, as well as
Who is the young man?

Trian.—Son to a rich merchant.

Sir Harry.—Oh! which way did you say?

Trian.—This way, Sir.——Your horses are
then?

Sir Harry.—No; nor I wou'dn't have had
for half my estate. I have four sets comple
as I never cross a horse that can't drink out
of his own winning, 'twould puzzle even you
master's art of calculation to put a proper
'em.

Trian.—You'll pardon me there, Sir: for,
to the well-known progression of arithmeti
were only to ask a farthing for the first hors
penny for the second, and so double it till yo
the twentieth, you might even take in the
ones.

Sir Harry.—Psha! you're as ignorant as if you had never seen a stable in all your life. [*Exit into the school-room, and instantly returns.*] Why, zounds, I've made a mistake, and got into the school-room. [*Goes into the reading-room.*]

Trian.—Now, in my opinion, you made a greater mistake in coming out of it, before you had finished your education.

Enter a Servant in a rich livery.

Servant.—Be so good as say, Lord and Lady Rigid are in the village, and, having heard of the accident, will call in a few minutes, to wait on the lady home.

Trian.—Lord and Lady Rigid! dear me, I shall have my house full of elegant company! Here'll be another bustle! Here, Deborah! tell Lord Rigid—no, I mean, tell Dicky—no—I'll tell him myself—His lordship's name would cut a pretty figure at the top of the subscription book—and if I can but muster up courage to ask—or, perhaps, Mr. Charles wou'd ask him, or—I could make one of the boys write a letter, or—

Enter SIR HARRY, CHARLES, *and* SOPHIA, *from the reading-room.*

Sir Harry, I beg pardon for not knowing your title sooner; but the Right Honourable Lord Rigid's servant has been here, to say that his lordship and her ladyship will wait on your sister immediately.

Sir Harry.—That's lucky! his lordship said he shou'd drive this way.

Enter LORD *and* LADY RIGID.

Sophia.—My dear Lady Rigid, this is attention indeed; but for the gallantry of this gentleman, and the intrepidity of his servant, we had never met again in this world.

Lady Rigid.—I congratulate you sincerely on your fortunate escape.

Lord Rigid.—Come, ladies—good morning, Sir.

[*Exeunt Lord and Lady Rigid and Sophia.*]

Charles.—I think I never saw such a delightful girl in my life?

Trian.—Nor I—I wish she had put down her name—its such a pretty one, Sophia! She's a namesake of Sophia Western. What a happy man he must be!

Charles.—Happy, indeed! but I fear insensible.

Trian.—No doubt of that—he's been on the shelf in my shop these two months.

Charles.—He! who?

Trian.—Tom Jones.

Charles.—D—n Tom Jones!—it shall be so—I'll seek my friend Edmond instantly—and if it interferes not with the happiness of a friend, and she consents, not all the rules, nor all the Rigids in creation, shall keep me from Sophia. [*Exit.*]

Trian.—I believe this is the first day of my introduction to very fashionable acquaintance.—And this is the first time I've had my house quite full of company, who took no more notice of the master of it than if he was a post, and left him not one halfpenny the better for their gracious condescension. [*Exit.*]

THE ITALIAN PAMELA.

"Love gives esteem, and then he gives desert;
He either finds equality or makes it;
Like death, he knows no difference in degrees,
But plains and levels all."..... DRYDEN.

To the Countess of Bute.

My Dear Child, *Louvere*, Dec. 8, N. S.* 1751.

THIS town is at present in a general stare; or, to use their own expression, *sotto sopra*; and not only this town, but the capital, Bergamo, the whole province, the neighbouring Brescian, and, perhaps, all the Venetian dominion, occasioned by an adventure exactly resembling, and, I believe copied from Pamela. I know not under what constellation that foolish stuff was wrote, but it has been translated into more languages than any modern performance I ever heard of. No proof of its influence was ever stronger than this present story, which, in Richardson's hands, would serve very well to furnish out seven or eight volumes. I shall make it as short as I can. Here is a gentleman's family, consisting of an old bachelor and his sister, who have fortune enough to live with great elegance; though without any magnificene, possessed of the esteem of all their acquaintance, he being distinguished by his probity, and she by her virtue. They are not only suffered, but sought after by all the best company, and, indeed, are the most conversable and reasonable people in the place. This Signora Diana, about ten years since,

* A small town on the shores of the lake of Isco, in the Venetian territory, celebrated for its beneficial mineral waters.

saw, at a monastery, a girl of eight years old, who came thither to beg alms for her mother. Her beauty, though covered with rags, was very observable, and gave great compassion to the charitable lady, who thought it meritorious to rescue such a modest sweetness as appeared in her face from the ruin to which her wretched circumstances exposed her. She asked her some questions, to which she answered with a natural civility that seemed surprising; and, finding the head of her family (her brother) to be a cobler, who could hardly live by that trade, she bid the child follow her home; and, sending for her parent, proposed to her to breed the little Octavia for her servant. This was joyfully accepted, the old woman dismissed with a piece of money, and the girl remained with the Signora Diana, who bought her decent clothes, and took pleasure in teaching her whatever she was capable of learning. She learned to read, write, and cast accounts, with uncommon facility; and had such a genius for work that she excelled her mistress in embroidery, point, and every operation of the needle. She grew perfectly skilled in confectionary, had a good insight into cookery, and was a great proficient in distillery. To these accomplishments she was so handy, well bred, humble, and modest, that not only her master and mistress, but every body that frequented the house took notice of her. She lived thus near nine years, never going out but to church. However, beauty is as difficult to conceal as light; hers began to make a great noise. Signora Diana told me she observed an unusual concourse of pedling women that came on pretext to sell penny worths of lace, china, &c. and several young gentle-

men, very well powdered, that were perpetually walking before her door, and looking up at the windows. These prognostics alarmed her prudence, and she listened very willingly to some honourable proposals that were made by many honest, thriving tradesmen. She communicated them to Octavia, and told her, that though she was sorry to lose so good a servant, yet she thought it right to advise her to chuse a husband. The girl answered modestly, that it was her duty to obey all her commands, but she found no inclination to marriage; and if she would permit her to live single, she should think it a greater obligation than any other she could bestow. Signora Diana was too conscientious to force her into a state from which she could not free her, and left her to her own disposal. However, they parted soon after. She was advanced to be first waiting woman to an old countess, who was so well pleased with her service, she desired, on her death-bed, Count Jeronimo Losi, her son, to be kind to her. He found no repugnance to this act of obedience, having distinguished the beautiful Octavia, from his first sight of her; and, during the six months that she had served in the house, had tried every art of a fine gentleman, accustomed to victories of that sort, to vanquish the virtue of this fair virgin. He has a handsome figure, and has had an education uncommon in this country, having made the tour of Europe, and brought from Paris all the improvements that are to be picked up there, being celebrated for his grace in dancing, and skill in fencing and riding, by which he is a favourite among the ladies, and respected by the men. Thus qualified for conquest, you may judge of his sur-

prise at the firm yet modest resistance of this country girl, who was neither to be moved by address nor gained by liberality, nor on any terms would be prevailed on to stay as his house-keeper, after the death of his mother. She took that post in the house of an old judge, where she continued to be solicited by the emissaries of the count's passion, and found a new persecutor in her master, who, after three months' endeavour to corrupt her, offered her marriage. She chose to return to her former obscurity, and escaped from his pursuit, without asking any wages, and privately returned to the Signora Diana. She threw herself at her feet, and, kissing her hands, begged her, with tears, to conceal her, at least, some time, if she would not accept of her service. She protested she had never been happy since she left it. While she was making these submissions, Signor Aurelio entered. She entreated his intercession on her knees, who was easily persuaded to consent she should stay with them. She remained concealed in their house, where she helped in the kitchen, cleaned the rooms, and redoubled her usual diligence and officiousness. Her old master came to Louvere, on pretence of adjusting a law-suit, three days after, and made private enquiry after her; but hearing from her mother and brother (who knew nothing of her being here,) that they had never heard of her, he concluded she had taken another route, and returned to Bergamo; and she continued in this retirement near a fortnight. Last Sunday, as soon as the day was closed, arrived at Signor Aurelio's door, a handsome equipage attended by four well-armed servants on horseback. An old priest stepped out of it, and,

desiring to speak with Signora Diana, informed her he came from the Count Jeronimo Losi, to demand Octavia; that the count waited for her at a village four miles from hence, where he intended to marry her; and had sent him, who was engaged to perform the divine rite, that Signora Diana might resign her to his care without any difficulty. The young damsel was called for, who entreated she might be permitted the company of another priest, with whom she was acquainted. This was readily granted; and she sent for a young man that visits me very often, being remarkable for his sobriety and learning; mean while a valet de chambre presented her with a box, in which was a complete genteel undress for a lady. Her laced linen and fine night-gown were soon put on, and away they marched, leaving the family in a surprise not to be described. Yesterday noon, being Saturday, Don Joseph returned, who has got the name of parson Williams by this expedition. He relates, that when the bark which carried the coach and train arrived, they found the amorous count waiting for his bride on the bank of the lake: he would have proceeded immediately to the church, but she utterly refused it, till they had each of them been at confession; after which the happy knot was tied by the parish priest. They continued their journey, and came to their palace at Bergamo in a few hours, where every thing was prepared for their reception. They received the communion next morning, and the count declares that the lovely Octavia has brought him an inestimable portion, since he owes to her the salvation of his soul. He has renounced play, by which he had lost a great deal of time and money. She has already

retrenched several superfluous servants, and put his family into an exact method of economy, preserving all the splender necessary to his rank. He has sent a letter in his own hand to her mother, inviting her to reside with them, and subscribing himself her dutiful son: but the countess has sent another privately by Don Joseph, in which she advises the old woman to stay at Louvere, promising to take care she shall want nothing, accompanied with a token of twenty sequins*, which is at least nineteen more than ever she saw in her life.

I forgot to tell you, that from Octavia's first serving the old lady, there came frequent charities in her name to her poor parent, which nobody was surprised at, the lady being celebrated for pious works, and Octavia known to be a great favourite with her. It is now discovered that they were sent by the generous lover, who has presented Don Joseph very handsomely; but he has brought neither letter nor message to the house of Ardinghi, which affords much speculation.

I am afraid you are heartily tired with this tedious tale. I will not lengthen it with reflections, as I fancy yours will be the same as mine.

With mine all these adventures proceed from artifice on one side, and weakness on the other. An honest tender mind is often betrayed to ruin by the charms that make the fortune of a designing head, which, when joined with a beautiful face, can never fail of advancement.

* About ten guineas English.

DESCRIPTION OF THE HOLY CITY OF JERUSALEM.

"Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem rise!
Exalt thy tow'ry head, and lift thy eyes!
See, barb'rous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;
See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,
And heap'd with products of Sabæan springs!" ANON.

We trust that the reader will accompany us with great satisfaction, not unmixed with religious reverence and awe, over the pious relics of the holy city, over that ground which was selected by his God for the scene of his redemption.

....ON entering the church of the holy sepulchre, likewise called Saint Helen's church, from having been built by the Empress Helen, the stone of unction presents itself, where our Saviour was embalmed and anointed by Joseph and Nicodemus; to the right of which is the ascent to Mount Calvary, by twelve steps, where is seen the hole in which the cross was placed, and near it a cleft in the mountain, occasioned by the earthquake after our Saviour's death; likewise the place of crucifixion: this last belongs to the Catholics. The *schismatic Greeks* robbed us of the hole of the cross by means of money.

From Mount Calvary you descend to the holy sepulchre of our Lord, where forty-four lamps are burning, fourteen of which are ours, the rest belong to the Greeks, Armenians, and Copts; but these have no dominion whatever over the sepulchre itself. Its length is nine spans, its breadth four, and its height about three and a half. Before the entrance to it is the *Angel's Chapel*, a little longer than the sepulchre. In the middle of it is a stone, little more than a span high, and

about nine spans in circumference. On this stone sat the angel who, after the resurrection of our Lord, appeared to the holy women, saying to them,—"Do you seek Jesus who has been crucified? He is not here, but is risen." On leaving this chapel, at the distance of a few paces, is seen the place where the Lord, after being risen, was seen by Mary Magdalen, in the dress of a gardener; and, a few paces farther, the spot where the penitent stood. You then enter our church, where our Saviour made his first appearance to his holy mother after the resurrection. On the right of the great altar *(in which our Lord is preserved under the sacramental form)*, is a hollow place, fastened up with an iron grating, within which is part of the column, to which he was bound and scourged. On the left is part of the holy cross, shut up in the same manner. At the foot of the altar is seen the place where one of the three crosses was miraculously discovered by St. Helen, perhaps the cross of the Saviour. Leaving our church, you visit the prison where our Saviour was bound before he suffered the death of the cross: this place belongs to the Greeks. A few steps from it, is the Chapel of St. Longinus, the soldier, who, after having pierced the sacred side of our Saviour, wept on account of his sins in this place; which likewise belongs to the Greeks. A few steps farther is the place where the soldiers went to divide the garments of the Redeemer, and which belongs to the Armenians. A few steps from this is the pillar of reproaches, belonging to the Greeks. From thence you descend twenty-nine steps, and you see the chapel of St. Helen, and the place where she stood when they dug for the holy cross. Then descending

hirteen other steps, you see the place where the cross ras found; this place belongs to us, but the chapel of t. Helen was, as well as the other places, stolen from s by the Armenians. St. Helen lived eighty years: he was buried in one of the churches of Rome.

Under the holy Mount Calvary is the *Chapel of Adam*, vhere, as authors say, the head of Adam was buried by hem, the son of Noah, after the deluge. This belongs o the Greeks. At a little distance from it, is the place vhere the holy women stood whilst our Saviour was rucified, and likewise the place where they sat down. Behind the holy sepulchre is the monument of Joseph f Arimathea, who earnestly requested of Pilate the oly body of Jesus: this belongs to the Armenians.

Near the door of the church you ascend eleven steps, nd come to the chapel of St. Mary Calvary, where the lessed Virgin stood with St. John the Evangelist, when he Jews crucified our Saviour, and where we perform nass every day. In the road leading to the garden of Gethsemane, called the *Mournful Way*, are seen, the lace where the Lord fell under the weight of the cross vhich he carried on his shoulders; the palace of Pilate, within which is the tribunal where the Saviour was scourged, and given into the hands of the Jews to be crucified; and also the place where they bound him to he column, and crowned him with a crown of thorns, aying to him, "Hail! King of the Jews." Without s, likewise, the place where he was scourged; together, vith the arch where Pilate showed him to the people, aying, "Behold the man." In the court-yard of the alace is the place where the soldiers despoiled him of he purple, and dressed him again in his own garments,

giving him the cross to carry. At a short distance from the arch, before-mentioned, is the place where the Virgin Mary met her son. Pursuing the road to Gethsemane, you meet with a mosque near the gate of St. Stephen, where the Virgin Mary was born. Without the gate is the place where St. Stephen was stoned by the Jews, and near to it the cistern, into which, they say, his body was thrown. The church of the Virgin Mary is next seen. Having descended forty-eight steps, you view the altar, or sepulchre, whence she was taken up into heaven by the angels. About ninety years ago this was taken away from us by the Greeks. Within the church are the tombs of St. Ann, St. Joseph, and St. James. At a short distance from the church is the grotto, in which our Saviour sweated blood. Near the grotto is the garden in which he was taken. In this garden are eight olive-trees, which according to tradition, were there in the time of our Saviour; they bear fruit, and are wonderfully preserved. At the bottom of a small mount, is the place were our Saviour parted from the eight apostles to pray, and near it the place where he left the other three, viz. Peter, James, and John his brother. A few steps farther is the place where the Virgin Mary prayed for St. Stephen, whilst the Jews stoned him.

Leaving the garden, you go to the torrent of Cedron, near which our Saviour fell, when he was bound by the Jews. Moving onward, you see the tomb of Jehoshaphat, king of Judah, curiously excavated in a rock, and also the tomb of Absalom, son of David, which he himself caused to be excavated, in order that he might be buried there, and which is made in the form of a tower.

Ascending a little, you see the place where St. James the Less hid himself after our Saviour was taken: likewise the tomb of Zachariah the prophet and martyr, slain by the Jews. All these places are on the left of the torrent of Cedron. Not far off, is the town, or village, commonly called Siloe; and about a mile from it a fountain, called Mary's Fountain, because it is known from tradition, that the holy Virgin washed in it the clothes of her child. Near this is a wall of the ancient church of the pool of Siloe, in which our Saviour put the blind man, in order that he might wash himself, and recover his sight. Not far from this is a a tree where the prophet Isaiah was severed in two parts: likewise the well of Nehemiah, in which, by God's permission, the holy fire remained hidden for seventy years; that is, during the time when the Israelites were carried into Persia, in the reign of Nebuchadnezzer, king of the Persians. At the expiration of the seventy years, the priest Nehemiah caused a search to be made for the holy fire, and found in place of it water, which, however, by divine power, was reconverted into fire. On the holy mount of Olives, where our Saviour ascended into heaven, are seen the impressions of his feet. The church built there by St. Helen is now a mosque. A mile from this is the place called *Men of Gallilee*, because, after the ascension, the angels appeared here to the disciples, oppressed with grief, saying unto them, "Men of Gallilee, why stand ye looking up to heaven?" The following places are likewise seen on the mount of Olives, viz. the place where the Saviour, casting his eyes towards Jerusalem, wept for it; where the apostles composed the creed; where the Saviour

prayed, and taught the disciples the *paternoster;* the tombs of the prophets; the place where Christ foretold the destruction of Jerusalem, which is marked by a broken column and an olive-tree; the cottage of St. Pelasgia, the penitent, who came to Antioch in the dress of a man, and, taking the name of Pelasgius, led there a monastic life.

MATRIMONIAL STORM.

" Γάμος γαὶρ ἀνθρώποισιν ἐπὶ πᾶσιν κακόν." *Frag. Vet. Poet.*

" Wedlock's an ill men eagerly embrace."

In the Christmas holidays, the schoolboy's welcome season, I forget the year, Tom and I were resolved to enjoy all the pleasures of it; for this purpose we paid a visit to a distant relation, a sprightly female, who, though she had been married ten years, could enter into all our amusements with as much spirit as any boarding-school miss in the kingdom. Her husband was what we called a *bon vivant,* that loved his bottle and friend, and if he could enjoy the present moment, never thought of the next; and that is more than some of your boasted sages could effect, notwithstanding all their *precachments.* We were received in the most friendly manner by the lady, with that look and tone which conveyed the cordial welcome; we were conducted into a room, where we found a table ready furnished with wholesome viands and a bottle of sparkling champaign. This sunshine was for a moment overcast by an envious cloud, that sometimes darkens the matrimonial sky;

lay, even the most serene. The husband soon after entered, when the following dialogue commenced; and as there was a pen and ink in the room, Tom took down every word, the reading of which, after dinner, afforded a great deal of laughter to the loving couple; for, in reality, they were so, notwithstanding these little gusts.

Husband. Woman—ay!

Wife. You are always railling at our sex.

Husband. And without reason?

Wife. Without either rhyme or reason; you'd be miserable beings without us, for all that.

Husband. Sometimes: there is no general rule without an exception; I could name some very good women.——

Wife. Without a head, I suppose?

Husband. With a head, and with a heart too.

Wife. That's a wonder!

Husband. It would be a still greater if I could not; for instance, there is Mrs. Dawson, the best of wives; always at home, whenever you call; always in good humour; always neat and clean, sober and discreet.

Wife. I wish you were tied to her. Always at home! the greatest gossipper in the parish; she may well smile, she has nothing to ruffle her temper; neat and clean, she has nothing else to do; sober, she can take a glass as well as her neighbours; discreet, that's another word, she can tip a wink—but I detest scandal: I am surprised you did'nt say she was handsome?

Husband. So she is, in my eye.

Wife. You have a fine eye to be sure; you're an excellent judge of beauty: what do you think of her nose?

Husband. She's a fine woman in spite of her nose.

Wife. Fine feathers make fine birds: she can paint her withered cheeks, and pencil her eyebrows.

Husband. You can do the same, if you please.

Wife. My cheeks don't want paint, nor my eyebrows pencilling.

Husband. True, the rose of youth and beauty is still on your cheeks, and your brow is the bow of Cupid.

Wife. You once thought so; but that moving mummy, Molly Dawson, is your favourite. She's, let me see, no gossip, and yet she's found in every house but her own; and so silent too, when she has all the clack to herself; her tongue is as thin as sixpence with talking; with a pair of eyes burned into the socket, and painted pannels into the bargain; and then, as to scandal—but her tongue bears no scandal.

Husband. Take care, there's such a thing as standing in a white sheet!

Wife. Curse you! you would provoke a saint.

Husband. You seem to be getting into a passion.

Wife. Is it any wonder? A white sheet! you ought to be tossed in a blanket. Handsome, I can't forget that word: charms are lost upon such a tasteless fellow as you.

Husband. The charms of your tongue.

Wife. Don't provoke me, or I'll fling this dish at your head.

Husband. Well, I have done.

Wife. But I hav'nt done: I wish I had drown'd myself the first day I saw you.

Husband. It's not too late.

Wife. I'd see you hung first.

Husband. You'd be the first to cut me down.

Wife. Then I ought to be tied up in your stead.

Husband. I'd cut *you* down.

Wife. You would?

Husband. Yes, but I'd be sure you were dead first.

Wife. I cannot bear this any longer.

Husband. Then its time for me to withdraw: I see by your eyes that the storm is collecting.

Wife. And it shall burst on your head.

Husband. I'll save my poor head, if I can. A good retreat is better than a bad battle. *(Husband flies, the wife flies after him.)*

MODERN SHARPERS.

Vera redit facies, dissimulata perit. P. Arr.
The real face returns, the counterfeit is lost.

Squeezeall. What have you to say, Sir?

Addle. [*Gives a paper.*] Read that.

Squeeze. [*Reads.*] Beg a thousand pardons—do, Sir, pray sit.—[*Aside, reads.*] Confusion! what do I see?—Sir, you know the contents of this paper.

Addle. The contents! Oh, yes!—[*Aside.*] Curse me if I do! The attorney seems mightily alarmed.

Squeeze. Governor Freeman mentions that Colonel Ormond will deliver me this letter, and that he also carries with him a power of attorney, that puts him in possession, and supersedes me as agent to the governor's estate.—[*Aside.*] Was ever any thing so unlucky?

Addle. Egad, 'tis well; as I have lost my own place,

I'll pop into my master's. [*Aside.*]—Yes, Sir, Colonel Ormond does deliver you the letter—I have the power of attorney in my pocket.—Ay, you stare; a decayed livery is, to be sure, a strange uniform for a colonel of a marching regiment; but people are not to be taken by their looks, Mr. Attorney, or I should have taken you for a French postilion.

Squeeze. Why, but for the rejoinder, your dress might have occasioned a demur.

Addle. Ha! ha!—that's whimsical enough—I'll explain it to you. You must know, on our passage, we met with an enemy. I instantly changed clothes with my servant, filled his pocket secretly with rupees, surrendered him as a hostage instead of myself, to let the rest escape—secured the papers—escaped suspicion—and here I am.

Squeeze. Admirably managed! you have recovered his suit, and he has pocketed the fees. Pray, colonel, how long is it since you left India?

Addle. About four months; but lost all in that curst engagement at sea. The taking away my servant and baggage has distressed me beyond measure—egad, it has not left me a single rupee.

Squeeze. [*Aside.*] A snug brief—just the very thing for my purpose. Colonel Ormond, I am sorry to hear that you are distressed; but you may command me: I'll be your exchequer; draw away: your bills shall never be returned ignoramus.

Addle. Spoke like an honest fellow: give me your hand; you shall still continue the agent.

Squeeze. Retained in the same cause. You'll find

me ready to assist you. Bond, note, bill, or indorsement—I'm your man—am called dashing Bob—am the first in town at an annuity—can drive four in hand. Nothing like dashing—dash is the word, colonel, now-a-days.

Addle. Admirable! egad, Bob, you'd make an excellent mail-coachman. You're a devilish honest fellow. [*Aside.*] A damned rogue. Come, come along, dashing Bob, you are my agent.

Squeeze. I will introduce you instantly to my banker. Here, John, call a coach.

Addle. I'll call one—I beg your pardon—I meant I'd go order my own; but mine's at Madras. But, Bob, where's your taylor? I must have clothes befitting a Nabob—gold, spangles, and embroidery. For, you know there is nothing like dashing, my fellow. Hem! the servants, too, must have new liveries. But the banker, the banker.

Squeeze. So you shall, colonel. Dash is the word: and here's a check on my banker for a couple of hundreds. You'll condescend to eat a family dinner with us.

Enter PALMIRA.

Addle. Who, in the name of the Ganges, have we got here?

Squeeze. To her, my friend, to her. 'Tis my aunt—a great lawyer and fine poet! a prodigious great fortune!—plead your cause and claim a verdict. This, aunt is——

Palm. I know, nephew, who the gentleman is—but I am overcome—so agitated—

Addle. And I'm so agitated, madam, at your agi-

tation—that—that—[*ironically.*] Fine eyes—elegantly made [*smothering a laugh*] tall and genteel.

Palm. Oh! Sir! [*languishing.*]

Addle. [*Aside.*] Yes; she's as beautiful as a dried alligator. I wonder if she wears camphor*, Bob—but her purse has ten thousand attractions—and 'tisn't my place to be over nice. Madam—hem!—your beauty is of that extraordinary nature, that—those divine charms have overcome me so much, that—pray, ma'am, will you grant a favour?

Palm. A favour, Sir!

Addle. The favour of your smelling-bottle, madam. [*Fans himself with his hat.*]

Palm. I present you with some otto of roses, each drop of which cost——

Addle. Don't talk to me of drops, angelic fair one!—Though each drop should cost a guinea, I shall instantly order my agent to India, to ship a puncheon of that odoriferous liquid, to perfume even the ambient air that my fair Palmira condescends to breathe.

Palm. How gallant!

Addle. Shall I present you with a couple of ele-

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* The reader will readily recollect the event of a recent date to which this stroke of wit alludes. It is sufficiently notorious, that a beautiful and chaste Lucretia was forcibly taken from her house in the beginning of this year, by two Tarquins, that conveyed her into Oxfordshire; and that this disconsolate and much-injured lady, to prevent the "compunctious visitings of nature," threw away her protection, a small bag of camphor, which her philosophy had recommended in preference to the duties and doctrines of Christianity.

hants, and a dozen of camels—a brace of tortoises, or kangaroo?

Squeeze. My aunt can give you an airing in her hariot—if you can condescend to be drawn with two f the prettiest bays in England.

Palm. My custom is to drive through Hyde-Park o Kensington-Gardens—you have been in Kensing-on-Gardens, I presume, Sir?

Addle. Can't say I have ma'am— [*Aside.*] Was bliged to stop at the wrong side of the door.

. . . . . .

Enter SIMON.

Simon. Sir, a man from the East Indies sent up his letter. [*Gives Addle the letter and exit.*]

Addle. A letter! [*Reads.*] Why 'tis a challenge. Sob! [*Aside.*] your aunt must leave the room.

Squeeze. A challenge! Aunt, a gentleman is coming about a little annuity, you'll retire.

Palm. Must I leave you? Oh! [*Sighs.*]

Addle. But for a moment, sweet alligator! Oh! [*Sighs.*] [*Palmira exit.*]

Addle. Confound me if I like this duelling at all.

Squeeze. What a glorious opportunity for a dash! But who can this be, colonel?

Addle. He does not sign his name!

Squeeze. To be sure he doesn't—the case is plain—if he did, you might move for an information. Fight a duel! Zounds, what a dash—how I envy your situation!

Addle. Do you?—do you, indeed?

Squeeze. I do, upon my soul.

Addle. Take it—it's at your service, Bob.

Squeeze. Oh! I esteem you too much to deprive you of the honour.

Addle. Honour!—never mind my honour,—to satisfy a friend, on such an occasion, even that's at his service.

Squeeze. No—could not take a brief out of my friend's hand after he had received a retaining fee.

Addle. I say, Bob, it would be a good joke, if you were to meet this fellow in my stead—it would be a devilish good take in—ha! ha! for you're such a little mark, that there's not a duellist in England would be able to hit you. A man might as well fire at a pea on the dome of St. Paul's as at you, Bob.

Squeeze. Wouldn't deprive you of the honour for millions. Make up your mind to the matter, while I go and prepare your case.

Addle. My case?—what case?

Squeeze. Your case of pistols, to be sure.

Addle, [*musing.*] Prepare the pistols.

. . . . . .

Scene. *The Park, near the Manor House.*

The GOVERNOR, SQUEEZEALL, *and* ADDLE.

Squeezeall. Sir, which is the plaintiff?—that is—you understand me—the principal in this action?—My friend is come according to his wish. [*Taking out pistols.*] If you please I'll open the case.

Addle. What are you about?—what are you about?—keep those cursed pistols from my sight.

Gov. Pray, Sir, who are you? and who is your friend?

Addle. Bully him, Bob—bully him;—talk devilish loud.

Squeeze. I will. Colonel Ormond is my friend; I am his *amicus curiæ;* there he is—and—

Gov. Ormond! impossible!

Squeeze. I say 'tis not impossible: that's my friend—you *subpœnaed* him to attend. I'm dashing Bob, his second,—a crack shot and a crack whip. Take your ground, Colonel. [*Addle takes his ground.*] You can't [*to the Governor*] put in a plea against your own notice.

Gov. Ormond, surely, can never have hired that bravo to fight his quarrel.

Addle. A bravo! now, Bob [*trembling*], do I look like a bravo, or a bully?—I did'nt mind fighting at sea—but, then, to take away a fellow-countryman's life, you know, when there are so many enemies to kill—do keep those cursed pistols out of my sight! I feel monstrous warm now, Bob. Suppose you were to ask him to beg my pardon: or if he wont—why sooner than spill a countryman's blood, do you see—say—say—say, I'll beg his.

Squeeze. Pshaw!

Addle. Or say 'twas all fun.

Squeeze. Where's your courage, Colonel?

Addle. Why, you know every man has a certain portion of courage; and I fear all mine was exhausted during the fight at sea. Had you ever an ague in your knees, Bob?

Gov. Why all this trifling?

Addle. My mind's made up.

Squeeze. That's right, Colonel. [*Slaps him on the back.*]

Addle. Quite made up. I will not draw a trigger in cold blood—I'll be shot if I do! and now my heart's at ease, [*Walking about.*]

Gov. This is extremely strange! Indeed—

Addle. [*Seeing the colonel entering.*] My fit is come on again: I tremble all over like a mandarin—here comes my master! but probably he'll not know me in my new clothes. [*Sneaks away to the opposite side.*]

Enter COLONEL ORMOND.

Orm. [*Looking at Addle.*] Thomas my servant, as I live.

Gov. His servant!

Addle. Even so, gentlemen, there's no use of carrying the cheat farther.

Squeeze. [*Aside and surprised.*] Governor! a lost cause! This bill is returned ignoramus.

Addle. Bob, this is dashing. [*Aside to Squeezeall.*] We shall be hanged, Bob,—so much for dashing.

Orm. [*To Addle.*] What excuse can you make for your conduct?

Addle. None, Sir, but the most sincere penitence for my folly; and if you forgive me for being a gentleman this once, I shall, with your permission, wait on you for life, and be your grateful, sincere, very faithful, humble servant to the end of my days.

ORMOND *nods assent,* ADDLE *bows.*

Squeeze. If in our favour should the court decree,

Addle. A servant faithful shall they find in me;

Squeeze. Retrain'd with pleasure in the public cause.

Addle. Then let *our wages be*—your kind applause.

A CHOP-HOUSE.

Described by a Dog, a sagacious Observer.

"So faithful dogs.....
.....They start, they gaze around,
Watch ev'ry side, and turn to ev'ry sound." POPE.

....I PASSED by the door of a chop-house. Seeing several persons enter, I resolved to make one among them, and was fortunate enough to get in unperceived. I took my station under one of the tables. In a short time men of all sizes and colours flocked in, and by continually calling about them, kept the waiters so well employed that they had not leisure to notice me.

Bones half picked, and bits of bread assailed me from all quarters. I feasted sumptuously; after which, attentively examining the persons assembled, I made reflections on each as I passed them in review, and set down in my own mind their tempers, talents, and situations in life.

Two epicures first caught my attention, while devouring a capon and oyster-sauce, they talked of the public funds and politics in general. "Shall we have peace?" said one.—"Yes," replied the other, with a deep sigh.—"So much the worse!"—"I shall find it so. There will be no means of turning a penny then; no more contracts; trade will flourish again; your honest men will thrive; such a state of things does not suit our market."—"Luckily," rejoined the other; "I have made hay while the sun shone; my little bit of property in the country brings me in a couple of thousand a year, and I bought it with my savings. So I am pretty easy as to what turn affairs may take." "As

for me," said his companion, "I would give a few hundreds for the war to continue a year or two longer. There is no fishing with success but in troubled water. You know A——; well, it was only the other day he was a shopman; he set up for himself, got credit, entered into contracts, and now he is worth a plum."

At another table two braggarts were relating their warlike exploits.—"Pray gentlemen, what battles may you have been present at?" said an officer with only one arm.—"O, as to that," answered one of these pretended heroes, "we could not easily tell you; for both my comrade and I were always blinded with the smoke of the powder. All we know is that we fought like devils." The officer turned his back upon them with a sneer.

At one corner of the room four authors were making merry at the expence of their brethren: they mangled their works, criticised without mercy the acknowledged master-pieces of some great men, laughed aloud at the sorry puns of each other, and composed satires for the newspapers.—And there were beardless youths, whose backs were hardly recovered from the correction they had received at school: they took great credit with themselves for having the evening before hissed a piece of one of the best dramatic writers of the day.—Ye caterpillars of Parnassus, you become butterflies, it is true; but never forget that your wings are tender, and that a breath is sufficient to crush you.—Let the noisy and impertinent wasp respect the industry of the bee.

While I was still busily examining this self-sufficient quartetto, I was interrupted by a violent noise which proceeded from the opposite side of the room. On turning my head, greatly terrified, I perceived a man

dashing down and breaking to pieces every thing that came in his way, and then tearing his hair up by the root. This sight set the company in motion. The master of the house insisted on being paid for the broken bottles and glasses: How was this to be done? the poor wretch did not possess a farthing: he was a gamester, who, by an unlucky throw, had just lost all that he had remaining of a considerable fortune. Finding nothing else to exercise his fury upon, he was about to snatch up a knife, for the purpose, doubtless, of plunging it into his breast, when several of his friends dragged him away from the theatre of his vengeance.

And such are men! False, wicked, knaves, or gamesters; but what happiness is there in reflecting, that there are still some whose merit and virtue make amends for the vicious and immoral conduct of others!

WHAT IS LIFE BUT A ROMANCE!

"Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player
That frets and struts his hour upon a stage,
And then is heard no more. It is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing."..... SHAKESPEAR.

WHERE is the man, (I speak of him who from birth and education mixes with society,) who has not met with some of those extraordinary events, which nobody believes if found in a book, but which are given full credit to, when related by the hero himself?—Travel *in a diligence* or stage-coach: at first you look about

you, and say nothing; soon afterwards you get a little acquainted with your fellow travellers; and at length, after mutual observations and discoveries, in order to amuse one another, you tell, by turns, all the wonderful accidents that have happened to you through life.

This gentleman escaped being killed by a most miraculous interposition of Providence. The one opposite him has been shipwrecked at least half a dozen times; taken by corsairs, and carried to Tunis as a slave; from whence, after employing a thousand ingenious devices, he succeeded in regaining his freedom. His neighbour on the right hand, informs you with great modesty, that, when he was upon his travels, having to cross a desert, his horse and himself lived eight days without eating or drinking.

A lady then gives a circumstantial account of falling into a fish-pond when she was a child; that she had sunk twice, and was going down the third time, when she was rescued from a watery grave by a large Newfoundland dog of her father's, who leaped into the pond and brought her out in safety. A military gentleman seated next her, takes the opportunity of the discourse turning on highwaymen, to express his contempt of them; and assures the company, that he was once attacked on such a road by banditti; that he alone resisted the whole body, killed four with his own hand, and put the rest to flight.

The conversation at length turns upon the fair sex; and a dashing blade, of about two-and-twenty, asserts that, God forgive him, he has deceived ten women at a time, that the only one he ever really loved, was seduced by his rival; and that at last he had married one,

who had fully revenged her sex by her ill qualities, which had obliged him to live separate from her.

Doubtless the reader has sometimes passed his evening at one of those houses where there is not the amusement of cards, but where the mistress, who has for some time been *post-meridiem*, supported by large cushions, with her foot negligently placed on a damask stool, is surrounded by old courtiers, ruined speculators, antiquated coquettes, and others of both sexes, who know not how to drag on the burden of their existence.—If so, when politics, the news of the day, and slander have had their turn, and are exhausted, he has probably heard the amiable mistress, to entertain her guests, go into a history of her early adventures, paint emphatically the domination of the passions; and console herself for the present by the remembrance of the past; boast of the heroic deeds of those knights who were proud to wear her chains. Twenty of them were killed in duels; an officer of the dragoons set fire to a convent to procure her liberty, and carry her off to a foreign country; a burgomaster, in despair at her indifference, put an end to his life by poison; the emperor of Russia was deeply smitten with her—his ministers were no less struck with her beauty: a bashaw with three tails offered her all the gold and diamonds of the eastern world—she rejected every thing with noble disinterestedness. What attacks were not made on her virtue! An artist, a young Italian painter, became enamoured of her charms; the pencil of Apelles prevails over the treasures of Crœsus. But time flies, the days of pleasure pass rapidly away, the rose loses its fragrance, and the painter forsakes his new

Sophronima, in order to go and copy the ruins of ancient Greece.

The unfortunate damsel afterwards marries a rich financier, who dies in a state of insolvency, and the poor widow is at length reduced to talk of her former splendor in the midst of a circle of grey-beards, who in reply relate the battles they have fought, the sieges they have undertaken, the assaults they have sustained, the embassies which have been intrusted to them, the money they have squandered, and the success they still meet with, (alluding to the fair sex,) notwithstanding their grey hairs.

A person present, whose errand there is to make observations, listens attentively, collects all these circumstances, arranges the materials, and gives to the public, disguised as fabulous, the history of these ridiculous personages.—The vices, the faults, the virtues, the crimes, and the noble actions, all is huddled together: it resembles falsehood, it is called a NOVEL or ROMANCE, and yet every part is founded on reality.

A DASHING AUCTIONEER.

"Decipimur specie recti." HOR.

"Deluded by a seeming excellence." ROSCOMMON.

WHILE he was speaking with the auctioneer, a stranger came up to him, and pointing to a Madona which Aubrey had added to his collection about two years before, wished to know if he would part with it by private agreement. Aubrey said he had no objection,

provided he could get his price for it; on which Mr. Flourish, assuming his professional style, and addressing the stranger, said: "Sir, you could not have displayed finer taste, truer judgment, than in the choice of this piece. What a beautiful brunette! Raphael's most charming Madona. His earlier Madonas, Sir, those I mean of his middle style, are generally of a lighter and less taking complexion. I am fully persuaded, Sir, though some men's judgments are apt to be guided by particular attachments, that a complete brown beauty is really preferable to a perfect fair one: the bright brown gives a lustre to all the other colours, a vivacity to the eyes, and a richness to the whole look, which one seeks in vain in the whitest and most transparent skins. All the best artists in the noblest age of painting, about Leo the Tenth's time, used this deeper and richer kind of colouring: indeed, the glaring lights introduced by Guido went a great way toward the declension of the art; as the enfeebling of the colours by Carlo Marati has since almost completed the fall of it in Italy." Aubrey was delighted with the science displayed by the auctioneer; but, as he had heard him descant with wonderful rhetoric on the dyes on a china bowl, he had no doubt that his eloquence was chiefly indebted to his memory, and that he had learned much of it verbatim by heart. "I am willing," said the stranger, "to give a good price for it, though I am certain it is not an original." —"Not an original, Sir!" exclaimed Mr. Flourish; "I can only tell you, that it cost Mr. Aubrey seven hundred pounds." The stranger shook his head, smiled, *begged pardon*, and walked on. Aubrey went with

Mr. Flourish towards the door, when the latter heard his name called; but catching no eye, did not distinguish the person. "Flourish!" exclaimed Lord Tallboy, who spoke without removing his eyes from a Magdalen which he was scrutinizing with all the attention and gesture of a professed conoisseur, and whom a rapid glance on the surrounding taste-hunters had informed of the auctioneer's approach. "This is a —"——"A very fine Magdalen, my lord," added Flourish; who now perceived the young nobleman, from the continuance of his voice, and the discontinuance of his remark. "A very fine one, by G——d!" said Lord Tallboy, emphatically; "it is a Magdalen plain enough, by her tears."—"Nay, my lord, if there were no tears on the face," said Flourish, "you might see, by the humid redness of the skin, that she had been weeping extremely:—*Elle pleure jusqu'aux bouts des doigts;* it weeps all over."—"Clearly, by G—d!" returned his lordship; "Le Brun was a famous painter of Magdalens; this is a —"——"A Titian, my lord." —"I know; it is equal to his Venus, by G——d!" then pointing to the next picture, he continued: "What soft, silky skin has the artist given to that Madona next to it! What an exquisite complexion! that must be one of —"—"Guido's, my lord," added Flourish; "the colour of the complexion," continued the auctioneer, "is the most beautiful ever imagined; it is that which Apelles gave to his famous Venus, and which, though the picture itself be lost, Cicero has, in some degree, preserved to us in his excellent description of it. It was a fine red, beautifully intermixed and incorporated with white, and diffused in due proportion

through each part of the body. Such is often the colouring of Titian, particularly in the sleeping Venus; and such are the descriptions of a most beautiful skin in several of the Roman poets*.

"Accepit vocem lacrymus Latinia matis,
Flagrantus profuso genus; qui plurimus ignum
Subjacit rubor, et violaverit ostro
Alba rosa; tales virgo dabat ore colores†."

Aubrey endeavoured in vain to follow the sense of these lines; and was now fully convinced that Flourish spoke by rote, and that he had conned his lesson both for Raphael's bright brown, and the fine red and white of Apelles; but that his memory, as is natural, was truer to his mother tongue than to one which he did not understand.

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* Beaumont's Crito.

† "Accépit voce lacrymis Lavinia matris,
Flagrantes perfusa genas; cui plurimus ignem
Subjecit rubor, et calefacta per ora cucurrit:
Indum sanguineo veluti violaverit ostro
Siquis ebur, aut mixta rubent ubi lilia multa
Alba rosâ; tales dabat ore colores." ÆNEID.

"At this a flood of tears Lavinia shed;
A crimson blush her beauteous face o'erspread,
Varying her cheeks by turns with white and red.
The driving colours, never at a stay,
Run here and there; and flush, and fade away.
Delightful change; thus Indian ivory shows,
Which with the bordering paint of purple glows;
Or lilies damask'd by the neighbouring rose." DRYDEN.

A MODERN WRITER AND TOURIST.

A Dialogue between Dr. Scribble, a Book-maker, and Sir Edward H——, M.P.

..... "Ab ova
Usque ad mala....." Hor.

"From eggs which first are set upon the board,
To apples ripe, with which it last is stored."

Dr. Scribble. Sir Edward H—— I deem myself happy in the honour of your acquaintance, and should rejoice very much in an opportunity of rendering myself beneficial to a young gentleman, whom I think destined to be an orator and a statesman.

Sir Edward H. (ironically.) Sir, praise from Dr. Scribble must be always adequately valued by every one who has discernment to appreciate his character, which is too strongly marked not to be easily comprehended.

Dr. Scribble. Sir, you do me infinite honour: you have heard of me then before; you have, I presume, read my 'History of Jack the Giant-Killer.' History, however, is not my only fort; indeed I can write every thing: for instance, what a fuss there's about that fellow, 'Moore's Travels;' I can write travels better than he; I will show you a specimen of a new work I am bringing out for Mr. Nincompoop, the famous bookseller. Its title is, 'A curious and interesting Tour to Maidenhead; back by Windsor, Staines, Sunbury, Hampton-Court, Kingston, Twickenham, and home by Richmond.' I flatter myself you will find in it novelty, ingenuity, and humour.

Accordingly the baronet read.

Tuesday, June 24th, we set off on horseback from he Black Bear Inn, Piccadilly, before six; when we assed St. James's church, the clock wanted seven minutes; meet turnip carts coming to market; arrive efore the Duke of Queensberry's house;—fine prospect of St. James's Park and the Surrey hills.

Dr. Scribble, (interrupting Sir Edward H.) You ee I make observations as I go along, Sir.

Sir Edward H. (he continues reading.) Arrive at he turnpike—find it is exactly six; compare our vatches with the clocks;—we have taken seven minutes from St. James's church.

N.B. A wise man rides more slowly over the stones han on the road.

Proceed on our tour—arrive at Knightsbridge; to he left there turns off a new street, called Sloane Street, rom Sir Hans Sloane.

N.B. He was a great naturalist.

Dr. Scribble, (interrupting Sir Edward.) Biography, ou observe, Sir.

Sir Edward H. Oh, yes! *(He continues to read.)* Another road turns off to Fulham;—Latin pun on two oldiers who went to Putney: *Ibant tinctores animæ luo ponere juxta.* Explanation: *duo* two, *animæ* soul, *inctores* dyers, *ibant* went, *ponere* to put, *juxta* nigh! A little farther on is the pound.

Curiosities. Beyond Knightsbridge, Hyde Park wall;—crowd of strawberry-girls in the footpath;—meet long coaches.

N.B. That road a great thoroughfare; Kensington, *George II.* died here; I give my companion a sketch of

his history;—Holland House, not in the modern style of building;—dissertation upon architecture;—my companion observes I know every thing. Attending too earnestly to my subject, run against a carter—scoundrel hits me with his whip; I turn about and swear at him. He comes back;—I ride on.

Dipping into another page, the baronet found Brentford, said to be a royal city; entrance not remarkable for royal magnificence.

Dr. Scribble. You observe, *(looking with arch sarcasm,)* my friend advises me, as a great antiquarian, to write the history of the monarchs of Old and New Brentford. Sion-House, my remarks on the Percies, and the battle of Chevy Chace.

Approach Smallberry-Green; inform my companion of my extreme intimacy with Sir Joseph Banks; my comrade happens to know him a little. Observe a person before his house, whom he insists to be, I not to be, Sir Joseph; I ride on—my companion certainly mistaken.

The baronet, rather tired of this, turned over a good many pages, and found:

Chertsea, St. Ann's Hill; house of Charles James Fox—Fox no orator.

Dr. Scribble, (interrupting.) Original discovery!

Sir Edward H. I perfectly agree with you, Sir, it is.

Dr. Scribble. The world is totally mistaken in him.

Sir Edward continues to read the journal. Demonstrate to my companion that I surpass Fox in every thing;—comrade hard-headed, won't be convinced,—less agreeable than I thought him.

The baronet skipping again, dipped into Hampton

Fishery; they catch gudgeons here; I observe they also catch gudgeons in town.

Dr. Scribble. *Bon mot,* for you. I excel in wit as much as in philosophy.

Sir Edward H. That I can perceive; I see, Sir, this is just such a performance as I should have expected from Dr. Scribble.

Dr. Scribble. Since you do me the honour to entertain so very high an opinion of my abilities, how happy I should be in devoting them to your information and instruction. I should with much pleasure, Sir, on any important question, make such speeches as would astonish the senate, if you were to speak them. I am very happy in imitating Burke; that's not difficult; Burke is, after all, but shallow I could enliven a speech with better wit than Sheridan's.

Sir Edward H. But there comes Sir Joseph, shall we go and meet him?

Dr. Scribble. Not at present, being particularly engaged.

Sir Edward H. *(To Sir Joseph, after the common salutations.)* I have just parted with your friend, Dr. Scribble.

Sir Joseph. My friend! I have not the least acquaintance with the man.

POLITE BEHAVIOUR DEFINED AND COMMENDED.

"Reddere personæ scit convenientia cuique." Hor.

He knows what best befits each character.

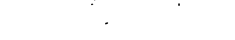
I will now, my dear nephew, say a few things to you upon a matter where you have surprisingly little to learn, considering you have seen nothing but Boconnock; I mean behaviour. Behaviour is of infinite advantage or prejudice to a man, as he happens to have formed it to a graceful, noble, engaging, and proper manner, or to a vulgar, coarse, ill-bred, or awkward and ungenteel one. Behaviour, though an external thing, which seems rather to belong to the body than to the mind, is certainly founded in considerable virtues: though I have known instances of good men, with something very revolting and offensive in their manner of behaviour, especially when they have the misfortune to be naturally very awkward and ungenteel, and which their mistaken friends have helped to confirm them in, by telling them, they were above such trifles, as being genteel, dancing, fencing, riding, and doing all manly exercises with grace and vigour. As if the body, because inferior, were not a part of the composition of man, and the proper, easy, ready, and graceful use of himself, both in mind and limb, did not go to make up the character of an accomplished man. You are in no danger of falling into this preposterous error: and I had a great pleasure in finding you, when I first saw you in London, so well disposed by nature, and so properly attentive to make yourself genteel in person, and well-bred in behaviour. I am very

glad you have taken a fencing-master: that exercise will give you some manly, firm, and graceful attitudes: open your chest, place your head upright, and plant you well upon your legs. As to the use of the sword, it is well to know it: but remember, my dearest nephew, it is a science of defence, and that a sword can never be employed by the hand of a man of virtue, in any other cause. As to the carriage of your person, be particularly careful, as you are tall and thin, not to get a habit of stooping; nothing has so poor a look: above all things avoid contracting any peculiar gesticulations of the body, or movements of the muscles of the face. It is rare to see in any one a graceful laughter; it is generally better to smile than laugh out, especially to contract a habit of laughing at small, or no jokes. Sometimes it would be affectation, or worse, mere moroseness, not to laugh heartily, when the truly ridiculous circumstances of an incident, or the true pleasantry or wit of a thing, call for, and justify it; but the trick of laughing frivolously is by all means to be avoided: "*Risu inepto, Res ineptior nulla est.*" Now as to POLITENESS; many have attempted definitions of it: I believe it is best to be known by description, definition not being able to comprise it. I would however venture to call it *benevolence in trifles*, or the preference of others to ourselves in little, daily, hourly, occurrences in the commerce of life. A better place, a more commodious seat, priority in being helped at table, &c. what is it but sacrificing ourselves in such trifles to the convenience and pleasure of others? And this constitutes true politeness. It is a *perpetual attention*, (by habit it grows easy and natural

to us), to the little wants of those we are with, by which we either prevent or remove them. Bowing, ceremonious formal compliments, stiff civilities, will never be politeness: that must be easy, natural, unstudied, manly, noble. And what will give this, but a mind benevolent, and perpetually attentive to exert that amiable disposition in trifles towards all you converse and live with? Benevolence in greater matters takes a higher name, and is the queen of virtues. Nothing is so incompatible with politeness as any trick of absence of mind. I would trouble you with a word or two more upon some branches of behaviour, which have a more serious moral obligation in them, than those of mere politeness! which are equally important in the eye of the world. I mean a proper behaviour, adapted to the respective relations we stand in, towards the different ranks of superiors, equals, and inferiors. Let your behaviour towards superiors, in dignity, age, learning, or any distinguished excellence, be full of respect, deference, and modesty. Towards equals, nothing becomes a man so well as well-bred ease, polite freedom, generous frankness, manly spirit, always tempered with gentleness and sweetness of manner, noble sincerity, candour, and openness of heart, qualified and restrained within the bounds of discretion and prudence, and ever limited by a sacred regard to secrecy, in all things intrusted to it, and an inviolable attachment to your word. To inferiors, gentleness, condescension, and affability, is the only dignity. Towards servants, never accustom yourself to rough and passionate language. When they are good, we should consider them as humiles amici, as fellow Christians, as

conservi; and when they are bad, pity, admonish, and part with them if incorrigible. On all occasions beware, my dear child, of Anger, that dæmon, that destroyer of our peace.

"Ira furor brevis est, animum rege qui nisi paret
Imperat, hunc frænis hunc tu compesce catenis."



IGNORANCE AND EDUCATION CONTRASTED.

"The vulgar, a scarce animated clod,
Ne'er pleased with ought above 'em, Prince or God."
DRYDEN.

In order to see, in the clearest light, the different effects of ignorance and of right education, on the lower classes of the people, we have only to recollect what passed during the late war in the two islands which constitute this united kingdom. In one of these, it is well known, that the ignorance and superstition of the peasants and the labourer are scarcely to be equalled in any other civilized country in Europe. It is a fact, ascertained by the most diligent and accurate enquiries, lately set on foot in that island, that even in the most enlightened part of it, not above one-third of the people receive any education at all; and throughout the rest of the island, not a twentieth part have even learnt their alphabet. This is a degree of ignorance which carries back our thoughts to the ages of Gothic barbarism, and was scarcely to be expected in what we call these enlightened days. It is Egyptian darkness that may be felt. And what has been the consequence of

it? Such scenes of wanton cruelty and savage ferocity as exceed all power of description, and ought, indeed, rather to be buried in everlasting oblivion. I shall only, therefore, say, in the words of the prophet, that the common people of that island were "destroyed for *lack of knowledge*." Their understandings were darkened, being alienated from the life of God, through the ignorance that was in them. Let us now turn our eyes to our own island, and see what was the conduct of the common people of this country, at the same period of time, and under the same incitements to disaffection and infidelity. They were at first, indeed, staggered, and for a while imposed upon by those bold, licentious principles which the partizans of the French revolution propagated with so much industry through the kingdom. But they soon recovered from this delirium; they saw through the wicked artifices of the abettors of anarchy and irreligion. They saw the frightful dangers that surrounded them: prepared to meet them with vigour, and actually repelled them with success. And what was the occasion of this happy change? It was, because the higher orders of the community could write, and the inferior orders could read. It was, because, for more than twenty years before, upwards of 300,000 children of the poor had been religiously educated in the various charity schools and sunday schools of this kingdom.

It has, I know, been sometimes asserted that ignorance is the mother of devotion. It is no such thing: it is the mother of superstition, of bigotry, of fanaticism, of disaffection, of cruelty, and of rebellion. These are its legitimate children. It has never yet produced

any other; and never will to the end of the world. And we may lay this down as an incontestible truth, that a well informed and intelligent people, more particularly a people well acquainted with the sacred writings, will always be more orderly, more decent, more humane, more virtuous, more religious, more obedient to their superiors than a people totally devoid of all instruction and all education.

BIOGRAPHICAL ACCOUNT OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

MARY STEWART, queen of Scots, born in the year 1542, daughter and heir of James V. king of Scotland, by Mary of Lorrain, his second queen, was scarce eight days old at his death, which was followed by great animosities among the nobility, who contested for the administration of public affairs, and the guardianship of the young queen was at last adjudged to the Earl of Arran, the next heir to the crown in legitimate descent, and the first peer of Scotland.

King Henry VIII. wished to obtain her for his son Edward, and at last it was agreed that she should be given in marriage to that prince; but he wished to have her educated in England, which the Scots would not comply with, which was the occasion of the famous battle of Musselburgh. Upon their defeat, she was conveyed by her mother into the isle of Inchemahom; where she first learned the rudiments of the Latin, French, Spanish, and Italian tongues: of all which she afterwards became a complete mistress.

By her means, when about six years old, Mary was conveyed to France, where she was with great care educated. Her study was chiefly directed to learning the modern languages; to these she added the Latin, in which she spoke an oration of her own composing, in the great guard-room at the Louvre, before the royal family and nobility of France. She was naturally inclined to poetry, and so great a proficient in the art, that her compositions were much valued by M. Ronsard, who was himself esteemed an eminent poet.

She had a good taste for music, and played well upon several instruments, was a fine dancer, and sat a horse gracefully; but her chief delight seemed to be, when she was employed among her women at needle-work*.

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* The furniture of some of the apartments, worked by Mary Queen of Scots, are still shown at Chatsworth, with a respect becoming her memory. She was removed from Bolton Castle to Chatsworth, under the care of the Countess of Shrewsbury, and she remained here upwards of seventeen years, when she was conveyed to Tutbury, and from thence to Fotheringay, where, we are assured, she was beheaded. But as every proceeding of Elizabeth, relative to this unfortunate princess, was private, dark, ambiguous, vindictive, and cruel, we can believe that any sinister methods were used by her to blind the public, who were partial to her royal prisoner on account of her misfortunes; for, when the British queen could propose to her secretary, Davison, to have her murdered privately, might she not also contrive to have her beheaded at Tutbury, and report it was at Fotheringay, and bury her at Peterborough, to elude and evade her friends, or to prevent visiters and their resentments. When the historians of her life were so ill informed as not to know her long imprisonment was at Chatsworth, might they not have been equally de-

In 1558, she was married to the Dauphin, afterwards Francis II. over whom her beauty and understanding

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luded by the report of her death at Fotheringay. "When I visited Tutbury," said a gentleman of our acquaintance, "they showed me, in the castle, the place of her execution; and I read her name on various parts of a wall, composed of a white marble, that formed the room; and what served more to strengthen this traditional opinion, there was living in the village one Robert Berkin, a taylor, aged 100 years, healthful, straight, fresh-coloured, and active; he said, when he was young, he knew a man of the same parish, that was aged 100 years, who remembered the plague at Tutbury Castle, and by him he understood, that the queen came there from Chatsworth, and was therein executed. Mr. Hardy, a pupil of Sir Joshua Reynolds, drew his portrait, at my request, and amazingly well and like. The ages of these two men came within twenty-six years of the period of her murder, and so bloody a tale must have been recent in all their memories, and strong upon all tongues."

Though we give these remarks, which have never been published, by way of illustration, we leave the reader to decide on the probability of the circumstance. But to return to Chatsworth, it was, beyond doubt, the place of her long imprisonment, though she here had the indulgence of walking and riding about the country. Here we learn of her visit to Buxton, and may read on a pane of glass a classical distich adapted by her to her misfortunes.

"Buxtona, quæ calidæ celebrare nomine lymphæ,
Forte mihi post hac non aduenda vale."

"Thy baths, bleak Buxton, shall thy fame renew,
To which, with grief, I sigh—a long adieu."

She also called that curious incrusted pillar in Poole's Hole by her name, which is now shown, and called the Queen of

gave her great influence. He dying in 1560, she returned to her native country; leaving the most refined and gay court in Europe, for the most turbulent and austere.

Soon after she was addressed with proposals of marriage from Charles, archduke of Austria. But Queen Elizabeth, hearing of it, desired she would not marry with any foreign prince, but chuse a husband out of her own nobility, and recommended to her the Earl of Leicester, threatening, upon refusal, to deprive her of the succession to the crown of England; the arms and title of which, the ambition of her uncles, the Guises, had made her imprudently assume while Queen

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Scot's Pillar; and which will remain, as long as nature lasts, a cold monument of her fame and misfortunes. Count Tallard, who was here a prisoner, said, when he returned to France, "he should not reckon the days he spent at Chatsworth in his captivity." Happy had it been for the royal Stuart to have been able to say the same.

Colley Cibber, on a visit to the Duke of Devonshire, left two remarkable memorandums behind him: "that though he was very near breaking his neck, by the badness of the roads, in getting to Chatsworth, yet he was much nearer breaking his heart to leave it;" which was a well-turned compliment to his Grace, and perhaps better than the subsequent verses, written in the Bowling-Green-House, to the miseries of this unfortunate queen.

"When Scotland's queen, her native realm expell'd,
In ancient Chatsworth was a captive held,
Had then the pile to such new charms arriv'd,
Happier the captive, than the queen, had liv'd.
What tears in pity of her fate could rise,
That found the fugitive a paradise!" B.

of France. Yet she now wished to obtain the good graces of Elizabeth, who did not in reality wish her to marry at all; which Mary at length discovering, and being much in love with her cousin Henry, Lord Darnley, married him in 1565. By this husband she had one son, who was afterwards James VI. of Scotland, and I. of England. This union proved most unfortunate: the beauty of Darnley was his only merit: he was weak and cruel, and by the most capricious and teasing conduct, made Mary bitterly repent the honour she had done him. Indifferent towards her, yet ambitious of power, he wished to extort from her the matrimonial crown, and was furiously jealous of the influence any other possessed. Bursting into her apartment, with some lords devoted to his purpose, he seized and murdered Rizzio, an Italian musician, whom he had himself first distinguished, and then in a few days openly declared he had no knowledge of the action. He threatened frequently to leave the kingdom, though it appears he had no serious intentions, but merely to distress Mary, who dreaded the censures of foreign courts, and the manner in which it might be misrepresented: and absented himself from her, till an illness which happened to him, being made known to Mary, whose feelings were warm and impetuous, she forgot her wrongs, and flew to his succour, nursing him herself with great tenderness, and in his promises of repentance and amendment, seemed to forget his faults. On his convalescence, he was removed to Kirkafield, a retired situation, which was recommended on account of quiet and good air. Here one night, in 1567, during the absence of the queen, who

was gone to be present at the marriage of one of her servants, he was murdered, by his apartment being blown up with gunpowder.

That Mary did not bring the conspirators to justice, has been alleged against her; but she had little power amidst the nobility; and it appears highly probable, if not an absolute fact, that the Lord Bothwell, who was first accused, had for his judges those who had instigated him to take part in the plot, the Earls of Murray and Morton, who suggested to him the seizure and marriage of the queen. He accordingly got her into his power, and the outcries of the people, against the indignities and injuries she suffered, as well as the sonnet attributed to her afterwards by the conspirators themselves, which the letters contradict, show that she was taken without her own consent; and the marriage, which took place on her return to Edinburgh, was not only necessary to her wounded honour; but, as she was yet in his power, and her nobles signed a paper to recommend it to her, she had no means to resist a step so fatal to her reputation and her future peace. Bothwell, who was a protestant by profession, would not permit the marriage to be solemnized according to her faith, which Mary was very tenacious of, but in her present humbled state could not insist on. Factions and different interests prevailing among the great, every thing ran into disorder and confusion, loyalty and obedience to the royal authority were no longer regarded, but despised and abused. The Earl of Bothwell was forced to fly into Denmark to save his life. The queen was reproached as his accomplice in the murder of Darnley, carried prisoner to Loch-

leven, and treated on the road with the utmost scorn and contempt. She was committed to the care of Murray's mother, who had been concubine to King James V. and whose insults added greatly to her afflictions.

Queen Elizabeth sent Sir Nicholas Throckmorton into Scotland, to expostulate with the conspirators about this barbarous treatment of their queen, and consult measures to restore her to liberty. But he returned without being able to obtain any satisfaction or relief for her.

After she had been imprisoned eleven months at Lochleven, and forced to comply with unreasonable terms, highly detrimental to her honour and interest, she made her escape from thence to Hamilton Castle, where there was drawn a sentence, declaratory that the grant extorted from her majesty in prison was actually void from the beginning. Whereupon such numbers of people came in to her assistance, that within two or three days she had got an army of at least 6000. Murray, on the other side, used the utmost expedition in preparing to attack the queen before she became too formidable: and when they joined in battle, her army, consisting chiefly of new-raised men, was defeated, and she obliged to save herself by flight; travelling 60 miles in one day to the house of Lord Harris. From thence she dispatched John Beton to Elizabeth, with a diamond which she had formerly received from her, as a pledge of mutual amity; intimating, that if her rebellious subjects should persecute her any further, she would come into England, and beg her assistance. Elizabeth returned her a kind answer. But before the

messenger came, she, against the advice of her friends, found means to convey herself, accompanied by Lord Harris, Fleming, and others, into England; and the same day wrote a letter to her in French, with her own hand, in which she gave her a long detail of her misfortunes, requesting her protection and aid against her rebellious subjects. Queen Elizabeth, in her answers, promised to protect her, according to the equity of her cause; and under pretence of greater security, ordered her to be conveyed to Carilisle.

Being denied access to Elizabeth, which her rebellious subjects were indulged in, and removed from one prison to another, for the space of about eighteen years, in which she had often struggled for liberty, and interested many in her cause; she was at length brought to a trial, condemned, and beheaded, for being concerned in a conspiracy against the life of Elizabeth; suffered with great equanimity, in the castle of Fotheringay, in 1586-7, and interred in the cathedral church of Peterborough: but her remains were afterwards removed by her son to a vault in Henry VIIth's chapel, where a most magnificent monument was erected to her memory.

Authors vary much in their sentiments concerning the character of this queen; but all agree, that she was most cruelly and unjustly treated. Mary was the great hope of the catholics, and Elizabeth's ministers aggravated the hate of their mistress, by a sort of crusading zeal, which has no pity or faith for a heretic. The letters pretended to be written by her to Bothwell, before the death of her husband, which Mr. Whitaker has shown to contain many internal evi-

dences of forgery, without seal or superscription, were never, even in copies, submitted to her perusal, or that of her friends, so that she had no opportunity of exposing their falsehood. With a height approaching to the majestic, with a beautiful and benevolent countenance, dark hair and eyes, Mary had a flexibility of mind which yielded to her feelings, even when her understanding should have taught her better. Prone to confidence and generosity, she seemed to expect it even where she had been frequently deceived; and before confinement had subdued her feelings, was hysterical under the impression of misfortune or unkindness. She wrote *Poems* on various occasions, in Latin, Italian, French, and Scotch; and *Advice to her son*, in two books: the Consolation of her long Imprisonment. A great number of her original letters were preserved in the King of France's library, and in the royal, Cottonian, and Ashmolean libraries.

CHARACTER OF JULIA AGRIPPINA.

JULIA AGRIPPINA was born in the city of Ubii, from her called Colonia Agrippina, at present Cologne, and educated by her grandmother Antonia, who saw, with sorrow, the children of Germanicus contaminated with the most odious and horrible vices. With all the pride and ambition of her mother, Julia Agrippina inherited none of her good qualities; but, unrestrained by any principle, she employed, without any shame or remorse, every charm of person and power of intellect, to the purpose of her own

aggrandizement. She was married, first to Domitius Œnobardus, by whom she was mother of Nero: and after his death, her irregular conduct was so notorious, that she suffered public penance, and was banished by her brother Caligula, to the island of Pontia, on a charge of treason. On the succession of Claudius, the sentence was repealed, and she returned to Rome to pursue again her intrigues and cabals. She married, secondly, Cripes Passineus, a patrician of great wealth, which was soon all her own, as he lived but a very short time after their union. One object only now remained for her ambition, the imperial crown; and she accordingly practised so successfully upon the weakness of the emperor, that, through his niece, he married her, and in his name she held the reigns of government. Claudius had a son; but Agrippina had one also, that she was determined should succeed him; and for this purpose she obtained every honour and advantage for Nero, while the other was kept back from any thing that might give him consequence, or gain him popularity. Claudius at length was made sensible of his situation, and of the more than profligacy of her character; but he had no power to free himself from her toils, and some words, which were spoken by him unguardedly, when heated with wine, being reported to the empress, she thought it unsafe to spare him any longer, and he was accordingly poisoned by her orders.

Agrippina had attained the point for which she had waded through seas of blood and dishonour; and she now played her part with much policy. The death of Claudius was kept secret, and the young prince retained within the palace, until Nero was proclaimed emperor. This darling son seated upon the throne, she still ex-

pected to govern with the same sway; but Nero, though at first het reated her with great respect, soon learned to consider the consequence she assumed as an encroachment upon his authority. Notwithstanding her artifice, her threats, and remonstrances, Agrippina felt her influence gone. Her son took away her guards, and assigned her, instead of her magnificent palace, a mean house in the suburbs, where people were placed to mortify and insult her. By the force of her natural eloquence, she, however, contrived again to rise into favour; but a reconciliation between hearts so depraved, who feared and knew each other, could not be lasting; and distrust soon created a wish in Nero to rid himself, by any means, of one whom he hated.

He began, by affecting a more than common tenderness, and invited her to his villa at Baiæ, by a very kind letter, expecting she would have gone by sea, as a galley was sent for the purpose, and so contrived, that the part appropriated to her accommodation might be separated from the other, and sunk at any given time. Some dark intimations of danger, however, had put Agrippina on her guard, and she went by land; but the honour he paid her, and the affection he showed during her visit, so lulled every suspicion, that she was persuaded, as it was a fine night, to return into the vessel prepared.

Sleeping in a bed on the poop, at a given signal, Agrippina, and a lady with her, began to sink gently into the waves, for the parts had not been adjusted nicely enough to perform their office properly: and many of the crew, not knowing the intentions of the

emperor, attempted to save them. Agrippina, whose presence of mind never deserted her, though dismayed, kept a profound silence; but the lady, from her crying out, was mistaken for the empress, and was killed by a blow from one of the creatures of Anicetus, the commander of the galley. In the mean time her mistress, receiving no other hurt than a slight wound on the shoulder, was taken up by a bark.

In the midst of these suspicions and dangers, Agrippina forgot not her interest: she dispatched a messenger to inform the emperor of her safety, though she was at no loss to divine whence her peril had proceeded, and took measures to secure the fortune of the lady who had perished to herself. Nero, alarmed at the failure of his project, saw no safety for him but in her immediate death, and dispatched Anicetus with a written order for that purpose. His mother, uneasy at the non-appearance of her messenger, who was imprisoned by Nero, was in bed when her house was surrounded by the creatures of Anicetus, who proceeded, with three men to her chamber, from whence her women fled, and she began to feel that her last hour was come. Yet still she thought it her interest to dissemble. "If you come," said she, "to learn the state of my health, you may tell my son that I am well; but, if it be to murder me, I will never believe that he commanded you to do so."

As she finished these words, the assassins came round the bed, and one of them gave her a blow on the head with a truncheon, when Agrippina, at length driven to despair, had no measures to keep—and looking fiercely

on Anicetus, who was preparing to destroy her with his sword, she cried "Strike this womb, and punish it for giving birth to thy master."

Thus fell a woman whose life was one continued crime; whom adversity did not either amend or terrify; and whose evil genius was never lulled to sleep, even by the attainment of its purposes.

LIVES AND MANNERS OF THE NATIONS OF EUROPE.

"Mores hominum mullorum Spectavit." HORACE.

"He looked into mankind."

The following is the picture of European nations, in miniature, sold in the streets of Paris on a sheet of paper, decorated with large wooden cuts. Curiosity will read with pleasure the quintessence of the judgment and prejudices of Frenchmen respecting themselves and their neighbours.

IN *religion*, the German is unbelieving; the Englishman devout; the Frenchman zealous; the Italian very ceremonious; the Spaniard a bigot.

In *keeping his word*, the German is faithful; the Englishman safe; the Frenchman giddy; the Italian cunning; the Spaniard a cheat.

In giving advice, the German is slow; the Englishman resolute; the Frenchman precipitate; the Italian nice; the Spaniard circumspect.

In *love*, the German does not understand it; the Englishman loves a little here and there; the Frenchman every where; the Italian knows how one ought to love; the Spaniard loves truly.

In *external appearance*, the German is tall; the Eng-

lishman well made; the Frenchman well looking; the Italian of the middle size; the Spaniard frightful.

In *dress*, the German is shabby; the Englishman superb; the Frenchman changing; the Italian a tatterdemalion; the Spaniard decent.

In *manners*, the German is clownish; the Englishman barbarous; the Frenchman easy; the Italian polite; the Spaniard proud.

In *keeping a secret*, the German forgets what he has been told; the Englishman conceals what he should divulge, and divulges what he should conceal; the Frenchman blabs every thing; the Italian does not utter a word; the Spaniard is very mysterious.

In *vanity*, the German boasts little; the Englishman despises all; the Frenchman praises every thing; the Italian values little what is of little value; the Spaniard is indifferent to all.

In *eating and drinking*, the German is a drunkard; the Englishman a lover of sweets; the Frenchman delicate; the Italian moderate; the Spaniard niggardly.

In *offending and doing good*, the German does neither good nor bad; the Englishman does both without reason; the Italian is prompt in beneficence, but vindictive; the Spaniard indifferent in both respects.

In *speaking*, the German speaks little and badly, but writes well; the Frenchman speaks and writes well; the Englishman speaks badly, but writes well also; the Italian speaks well, writes much and well; the Spaniard speaks little, writes little, but well.

In *address*, the German looks like a blockhead; the Englishman resembles neither a fool nor a wise man;

the Frenchman is airy; the Italian is prudent, but looks like a fool; the Spaniard is quite the reverse.

In *laws*, the German laws are indifferent; the Englishman has bad laws, but observes them well; the Frenchman has good laws, but observes them badly; the Italians and Spaniards have good laws; the former observes negligently, the latter rigidly.

Servants are companions in Germany; slaves in England; masters in France; respectful in Italy; and submissive in Spain.

Diseases, the Germans are particularly infected with fleas; the English with whitlows; the French with the small-pox; the Italians with the plague; and the Spaniards with wens.

The *women* are housewives in Germany; queens in England; ladies in France; captives in Italy; slaves in Spain.

In *courage*, the German resembles a bear; the Englishman a lion; the Frenchman an eagle; the Italian a Fox; and the Spaniard an elephant.

In *the sciences*, the German is a pedant; the Englishman a philosopher; the Frenchman has a smattering of every thing; the Italian is a professor; and the Spaniard a profound thinker.

Magnificence, in Germany the princes; in England the ships; in France the court; in Italy the churches; in Spain the armories are magnificent.

Husbands (make the conclusion), in Germany they are masters; in England servants; in France companions; in Italy schoolboys; and in Spain tyrants.

ALPHABETICAL LIST

OF THE

Principal Publications

FROM WHICH

THE PRESENT VOLUME HAS BEEN COMPOSED:

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

A FEW

BRIEF CRITICISMS

ON THEIR RESPECTIVE MERITS*.

A.

Account (An accurate) of the Fall of the Republic of Venice, and of the Circumſtances attending that Event; in which the French Syſtem of undermining and revolutioniſing States is expoſed, &c. Tranſlated from the Italian, by J. Hinckley, Eſq. F.S.A. 8vo. pp. 300. 5s. Hatchard. 1804.

This is a very intereſting publication, and has ſtrong claims to particular notice. It is tolerably well tranſlated.

Account of the native Africans in the Neighbourhood of Sierra Leone. By T. Winterbottom, M.D. 2 vols. 15s. Hatchard.

This work contains a good and intereſting deſcription of the country and its inhabitants; but we find little novelty in it, after having peruſed the excellent work of M. Golberry, of which it appears not unlike a copy.

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* As several of the notices which should have entered into this list have been unavoidably omitted, for want of room, we must request our readers to peruse the Introductory View, where they will observe our opinion of many new works, besides those which are specified alphabetically.

Account of the Cape of Good Hope, containing an hiſtorical View of its original Settlement by the Dutch, its Capture by the Britiſh in 1795, &c. By Captain R. Percival. 4to. pp. 340. £1. Baldwin. 1804.

This work, like the former production of Capt. P. noticed in our laſt volume, preſents ſuch a rapid ſucceſſion of facts, and ſuch a variety of new information, that the reader who could diſapprove of it muſt poſſeſs a very vitiated taſte.

Alfred's Letters, an Eſſay on the Conſtitution of England, and an Appeal to the People; with ſix Letters on the Subject of Invaſion. 8vo. pp. 36. 1s. 6d. Wellington, Hailſton. 1804.

Theſe letters are very well written; they expatiate with equal energy, wiſdom, and truth on the ſubject of invaſion; and give excellent admonitions to the Britiſh volunteers.

Animal Biography; or, authentic Anecdotes of the Lives, Manners, and Economy of the Animal Creation; arranged according to the Syſtem of Linnæus. By the Rev. W. Bingley, A.M. Second Edition, with conſiderable Additions. 8vo. 3 vols. about 500 pages each. Phillips. 1804.

Not having ſeen the firſt edition of this work, though we obſerved the high encomiums paſſed upon it in the different Reviews, we cannot ſay what additions may have been made in the preſent; but we have no doubt that they are conſiderable. The author tells us, his book "has no claim whatever to attention, except on the ſcore of utility;" we ſhall in juſtice add, that it is not only the moſt uſeful, but the moſt entertaining work of the kind which modern times have produced. The liſt of books at the end of the preface affords a good idea of the labour the author muſt have experienced in the production of this uncommon biography.

Annals of George III. from his Majeſty's Acceſſion to the Peace of 1801. By W. Green, A.B. Author of 'The Art of Living in London, &c. &c.' Hatchard. 1804.

This is a very neat and cheap publication of hiſtorical matter, of the greateſt intereſt to every deſcription of readers.

It is collected with fidelity, and written with ſound principles. It appears to be at preſent publiſhing in numbers, and will make two volumes in 12mo.

Art of Living in London: a Poem. By the Author of 'The Annals of George III.' and 'The Picture of England.' 38 pp. Price 1s. 6d. boards. Hatchard. 1804.

The ſubject of this poem becomes daily more intereſting: we hope the work will enjoy an extenſive circulation. The verſification is far above mediocrity.

Auguſtus and Mary; or, the Maid of Buttermere: a Tale. By W. Mudford. 1 vol. pp. 188. Jones. 1804.

A true and intereſting ſtory is here ridiculouſly mutilated, for the purpoſe of ſwelling the volume, by the introduction of fictitious and irrelevant traſh; and poor dame Virtue, whoſe advocate the author profeſſes to be, certainly never had a more miſerable defender. Some attacks are made, in this wretched publication, upon ſeveral literary characters of eminence, which muſt, of courſe, give the reader a very high opinion of the author's judgment.

B.

Buonaparte, and the French People under his Conſulate. From the German. 8vo. pp. 380. 7s. Tipper and Co. 1804.

The facts contained in this publication were of ſuch a galling nature, that, ſoon after its appearance on the Continent, the tyrant cauſed it to be ſuppreſſed.

C.

Calvary; or, the Death of Chriſt: a Poem, in eight Books. By Richard Cumberland, Eſq. A new Edition, in 2 vols. with Plates, ſmall 8vo. Lackington and Co.

If Mr. Cumberland's fame were not ſufficiently eſtabliſhed, this work would raiſe it to the higheſt pinnacle of eminence. We moſt decidedly declare, that, in OUR opinion, nothing equal to it has iſſued from the preſs ſince the time of Milton

Cliſton Grove: with other Poems. By H. K. White, of Nottingham. 1 vol. ſmall 8vo. Price 3s. 6d. Vernor and Hood.

Theſe poems, it appears, are the production of a young gentleman not more than ſeventeen years of age!—We can ſcarcely give credit to the aſſertion. Some of the Odes are excellent, and the whole is very far above mediocrity.

A Companion and uſeful Guide to the Beauties in the Weſtern Highlands of Scotland, and in the Hebrides. By the Hon. Mrs. Murray, of Kenſington. 8vo. pp. 440. 7s. 6d. boards. Nicol. 1803.

A deſcriptive work, replete with amuſing anecdotes, and highly creditable to the talents of the fair author.

Correſpondence (The original) of J. J. Rouſſeau with Madame de Franqueville and M. du Peyron. 3 vols. 10s. 6d. Dulau. 1804.

This correſpondence is indiſputably original; but it does not contain much information or amuſement.

Correſpondence of Samuel Richardſon, Author of Pamela, &c. &c. Selected from original Manuſcripts, with his Life, and Obſervations on his Writings. By Mrs. Barbauld. 6 vols. £2. 5s. Phillips. 1804.

It appears, from Mrs. B's introduction, that it was the favourite employment of Richardſon's declining years, to ſelect and arrange theſe letters. They have been purchaſed at a liberal price, and the curioſity of the public will doubtleſs be gratified by their peruſal; though, it muſt be admitted, that ſome of them are inſipid, and might have been paſſed over without detriment.

Correſpondence (The Political and Confidential) of Louis XVI. By H. M. Williams. 3 vols. 8vo. £1. 1s. Robinſons. 1803.

We have no reaſon to believe in the authenticity of theſe letters, which reſts upon the mere *ipſe dixit* of a ſelf-ſufficient editor, whoſe impertinence is diſguſting.

Coſtume of Hindoſtan. 1 vol. royal quarto. Price eight Guineas. Edward Orme, his Majeſty's Printſeller. 1804.

This is a ſplendid work, which exhibits all the figures of the different tribes, caſts, and occupations of the natives of India, taken from life, and coloured to repreſent the original drawings. Each plate is accompanied by deſcriptions in Engliſh and French.

D.

Decameron (The); or Ten Days Entertainment, of Boccacio. Tranſlated from the Italian. In 2 vols. The ſecond Edition improved, with Remarks on the Life and Writings of Boccacio. By the Author of 'Old Nick,' 'A Piece of Family Biography,' &c. 8vo. 2 vols. pp. 782. 16s. Vernor and Hood. 1804.

The tranſlator has carefully improved the language of the former edition of tales; he has expunged many of the paſſages that were offenſive, and furniſhed the beſt life extant of the original author, whoſe engraved head, from Titian, prefixed, is very well executed.

Dictionary of the celebrated Women of every Age and Country. By Matilda Betham. 1 vol. 852 pp. Price only 7s. or on royal Paper, 12s. boards. Croſby. 1804.

This is a work which no enlightened female ſhould be without; and which every mother of a family ſhould put into the hands of her daughters, as an incentive to great and virtuous actions. Its execution confers the higheſt credit upon its induſtrious editor.

E.

Eſſays on Subjects of Miſcellaneous Literature. By W. H. Turner, A.B. T.C.D. M.D. 12mo. pp. 166. 3s. 6d. Debrett. 1803.

Theſe eſſays are founded on the intereſting ſubjects of luxury, medical education, novel writing, empiriciſm, and the ſtage. They poſſeſs much of originality, though the au-

thor, learned as he is, frequently diſdains the rules of grammar.

Eſſays. By the Students of the College of Fort William, in Bengal. 8vo. pp. 228. Debrett. 1803.

Theſe eſſays are entitled to every praiſe which can be beſtowed on the moſt chaſte and elegant compoſitions, and are highly creditable to the talents of the juvenile candidates.

Excurſions in France, and other Parts of Europe, from 1801 to the end of 1803. By C. Maclean, M.D. 8vo. pp. 304. Longman and Co. 1804.

Doctor M. gives an animated picture of the atrocities of the French towards our countrymen, ſo infamouſly detained by order of the tyrant. There is alſo much miſcellaneous information in his work.

F.

Fables of Flora. By John Langhorne, LL.D. Rector of Blagdon, and Prebendary of Wells. To which is now firſt added a Life of the Author, with Criticiſms on his Works. By Francis William Blagdon, Eſq. 1 vol. 8vo. Price 5s. plain, and 7s. 6d. coloured. Croſby. 1804.

The merits of this work are ſufficiently known. In the preſent edition the paper, printing, and decorations are the beſt of their kind.

Farmer's Calendar, containing practical Explanations of the Buſineſs neceſſary to be performed on various Kinds of Farms during every Month of the Year; with the Principles of various new Improvements, and Inſtructions for executing them. A new Edition. By Arthur Young, Eſq. F. R. S. &c. 1 vol. 8vo. Price 10s. 6d. Phillips. 1804.

The plan of this work, and the fame of its reſpectable author, are already ſo well known to the public, that nothing we can ſay will be any recommendation to either. It is but juſtice, however, to obſerve, that the preſent volume contains many very intereſting improvements.

Faſhionable World Diſplayed. By Theoph. Chriſtian, Eſq. pp. 84. 3s. 6d. Hatchard. 1804.

One of the moſt excellent moral tracts which the preſent age has produced, and worthy of introduction into every family.

Five Promiſes (The); or, the Conduct of the Conſular Government towards France, Italy, Germany, and Switzerland. By Sir F. d'Ivernois. 8vo. pp. 276. 7s. Ginger. 1803.

The principal object of this publication is to refute certain poſitions of M. Neckar; and to ſhow that the French people feel a greater preſſure from the conſular, than from any monarchical government. This, as may be ſuppoſed, is completely and ably proved.

G.

Geography for the Uſe of Schools and young Perſons in general, illuſtrated with fifty Copperplates. By the Rev J. Goldſmith, Vicar of Dunnington. 1 vol. 12mo. pp. 560. Price 10s. 6d. bound. Phillips. 1804.

A book like this appears to have been much wanted; and we are particularly pleaſed with the arrangement of its contents, which is calculated to give a better idea of the ſituations of countries, and of their manners and cuſtoms than any ſimilar work that has fallen under our inſpection. We have alſo particularly obſerved, that the author has extracted much intereſting matter from various modern books of travels, which have never been tranſlated into Engliſh.

Good Tidings; or, News from the Farm. By R. Bloomfield, Author of 'The Farmer's Boy.' 4to. 2s. 6d. Vernor and Hood.

The ſubject of this poem is the vaccine inoculation; it contains many beautiful paſſages, and will not fail to increaſe the great reputation which the author has already attained.

Grammar of Geography (An eaſy); intended as a Companion and Introduction to the Geography for the

Uſe of Schools, with Maps, &c. By the Rev. J. Goldſmith. 1 vol. 18mo. Phillips. 1804.

This little manual will be found very uſeful for youth, who are not much acquainted with geography. It conſiſts of queſtions, anſwers, and definitions.

Guilty, or not Guilty: a Play, in five Acts. By T. Dibdin, Eſq. 1804.

This is an uncommonly humorous production: it excites inceſſant riſibility, with no ſmall portion of intereſt. We think it the beſt attempt of the ingenious author.

H.

Heliodora; or, the Grecian Minſtrel. From the German of Goëthe. 3 vols. 12mo. Dutton. 1804.

An intereſting and moral tale, from the pen of a writer formerly celebrated for the immorality and impiety of his productions.

Hiſtory of France, from 1790 to the Peace of Amiens. By J. Adolphus, Eſq. 2 vols 8vo. pp. 1380. £1. 4s. Kearſley. 1803.

A compilation, which, notwithſtanding its extent, compriſes only a brief ſketch of the events which have occurred in the above important interval. Mr. A. is a correct, but by no means an animated or elegant writer.

Hiſtory of Modern and Contemporary Voyages and Travels. Phillips. 1804.

This is a new monthly publication, which, from the ſpecimens already produced, promiſes to be very ſucceſsful, inaſmuch as it has ſome claims to the attention of the public, of which no ſimilar undertaking could boaſt. We have only room to obſerve, that it is divided into three parts. Part I. conſiſts of TRANSLATIONS from all foreign languages. Part II. original voyages and travels, never before publiſhed. And Part III. analyſes of all intereſting voyages and travels publiſhed in London. It is of courſe evident, that ſeveral perſons are concerned in the literary department; but the editor of the whole is a gentleman well known to OUR readers, and who, at a future time, will doubtleſs be induced to avow himſelf.

Hiſtory (A brief) of Ancient and Modern India, from the earlieſt periods of Antiquity to the Concluſion of the late Mahratta War. By Francis William Blagdon, Eſq. 1 vol. folio, with ſixty-ſix ſuperb coloured Engravings. Price TWENTY GUINEAS. Edward Orme, his Majeſty's Printſeller.

From the above title it will be evident, that this work is ot calculated for general peruſal, but it may be conſidered s a ſplendid monument of the ſtate of the graphic and ty-ographic arts at the commencement of the nineteenth century. t is honoured with the names, as ſubſcribers, of all the moſt iſtinguiſhed characters in the kingdom. His majeſty is at he head of the liſt; then follow the royal dukes and prin-eſſes, the principal nobility, the court of directors, &c. &c. uch patronage confers an enviable honour upon the pub-iſher as well as upon the author. See alſo *Views* and *Coſtume*.

Hiſtory of the Powder Plot, with ſeveral hiſtorical Circumſtances relative to that Event. By J. Caulfield. With Portraits of the Conſpirators. 1 vol. pp. 94. Vernor and Hood. 1804.

The portraits in this volume are intereſting; but we can ay no means ſay as much of the text, which is far too rief to anſwer either the purpoſe of entertainment or infor-nation. The deſcriptions of ſome of the characters are ontained in a few lines. The printing and paper are mongſt the beſt we ever met with.

Hiſtory of a Dog, written by himſelf, and publiſhed by a Gentleman of his acquaintance. Tranſlated from the French of Pigault Le Brun. Minerva Preſs. 1804.

This is a novel which rivals 'Pompey the Little;' the tranſlator deſerves much praiſe, for having given ſuch an animated copy of its entertaining original.

I.

Invalid (The), with the obvious Means of enjoying Health and long Life. By a Nonagenarian, Editor of 'The Spiritual Quixote,' 'Columella,' 'Re-

veries of Solitude,' &c. 1 vol. crown 8vo. Phillips. 1804.

The reſpectable author of this uſeful little tract, the Rev. W. Graves, in the 90th year of his age, has juſt paid the debt of nature, and we will venture to ſay, that the majority of our readers, by following ſuch inſtructions as he has laid down, would alſo have a great chance of arriving at their grand climacteric.

Invaſion: a Deſcriptive and Satyrical Poem. By J. Amphlett, Author of 'The War Offering,' &c. 1 vol. ſmall 8vo. pp. 80. Longman and Co. 1804.

A very ſpirited effuſion, to which we ſhould have done ample juſtice, by quotation, had it been received in time.

L.

La Valliere (Ducheſs of): a hiſtorical Romance. By Mad. de Genlis. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 480. Murray. 1804.

A work of much ability, but not very recommendable, conſidering that it is the hiſtory of a proſtitute. Such a romance cannot be advantageous to modeſt readers.

Letters written by the late Earl of Chatham to his Nephew, the late Lord Camelford. 8vo. pp. 133. 5s. Payne. 1804.

Any thing from the pen of Lord Chatham cannot fail to excite the greateſt intereſt. The letters are valuable, inaſmuch as they diſcloſe the temper and feelings of that eminent man, and his judgment of riſing genius.

Letters written during a Tour through South Wales, in 1803, &c. &c. By the Rev. J. Evans, B.A. 8vo. pp. 450. 8s. Baldwins. 1804.

Mr. Evans's former tour contained conſiderable information; but the preſent is, in many reſpects, ſuperior. It is peculiarly intereſting to the antiquarian.

Letters of Advice from a Mother to her Son. 8vo. pp. 464. 8s. Cadell and Davies. 1803.

This highly uſeful book of morality is very creditable to the author's principles, as well as to her underſtanding; ſhe laudably endeavours to inſtil into the mind of her ſon religious and virtuous ſentiments.

Letters of a Mameluke; or, a Picture of the Manners of Paris. By Joſ. Lavallée. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 576. 9s. 1804. Murray.

Theſe letters diſplay much vivacity and penetration, and are written in a light and very agreeable ſtyle.

Letters on Sileſia, written during a Tour through that Country, in 1800 and 1801. By J. Q. Adams, Miniſter from the United States to Berlin. 8vo. pp. 387. 8s. 1804. Budd.

This production is not remarkable for the ability with which it is written, but it contains many pleaſant and intereſting deſcriptions.

Life (The) of General de Zieten, Colonel of the Pruſſian Life Guards, &c. &c. By Madame de Blumenthal. Tranſlated from the German, by the Rev. B. Beresford, P.D. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 771. London. Phillips.

In our opinion, there is no claſs of biography more intereſting than that which relates to heroes who have made a diſtinguiſhed figure in the defence of their country; and, amongſt theſe, the character of De Zieten will always hold a diſtinguiſhed ſituation. The above-mentioned volumes, from the nature of their contents, cannot fail to excite both curioſity and gratification, as they contain many important particulars and anecdotes never before publiſhed; including his private correſpondence with his patron, Frederick the Great. We received them too late to admit of the inſertion of any paſſages in our preſent volume; but we ſhall attend to this point in our next.

Life (The) of George Waſhington, Commander in Chief of the American Forces, and firſt Preſident of the United States. Compiled under the Inſpection of the Hon. Buſhrod Waſhington, from the original Papers bequeathed to him by his deceaſed Re-

lative; with an Introduction, containing a compendious View of the Colonies planted by the Engliſh on the Continent of North America. By John Marſhall, Chief Juſtice of the United States. Phillips. 1804.

This work is publiſhed in quarto and octavo, and is to make about four volumes of the latter ſize, two of which have only yet appeared. When we have inſpected the remainder, we ſhall give a decided opinion as to its nature and merits.

Life of Geoffrey Chaucer, the early Engliſh Poet, with Memoirs of John of Gaunt, and Sketches of the Manners, &c. of England, of the fourteenth Century. By W. Godwin. 2 vols. 4to. pp. 1200. £3 13s. 6d. Phillips.

Mr. G. has, by this work, raiſed himſelf to an eminent rank as a writer, and has proved the advantage of giving his diſtinguiſhed talents a proper direction.

Life and Poſthumous Writings of W. Cowper, Eſq. with an Introductory Letter to Earl Cowper. By W. Hayley, Eſq. Vol. III. 4to. pp. 416. £1 1s. Johnſon. 1804.

This additional volume of "laſt words" contains all the genius and ſpirit of thoſe which have preceded it, together with much new and intereſting correſpondence between the bard and his friends.

M.

Materials for Thinking. By W. Burdon, A.M. 8vo. pp. 413. 6s. Oſtell. 1803.

Mr. B. diſplays a great portion of critical judgment, combined with taſte; though he ſeems to poſſeſs a haſty and poſitive manner of writing, that ſometimes obſcures his impartiality.

Memoirs of the Life and Writings of the Rev. Alex. Geddes, LL.D. By John Maſon Good. 8vo. pp. 560. 10s. 6d. boards. Kearſley. 1803.

Mr. Good is a moſt able biographer, and his memoir may be conſidered as the picture of a great and ingenuous mind.

Military Memoirs: relating to Campaigns, Battles, &c. with occaſional Remarks. By the Author of 'The War in Aſia,' &c. pp. 558. 10s. 6d. Johnſon. 1804.

A compilation of very intereſting anecdotic fragments, but put together in ſo clumſy a manner, as to leave the reader often in doubt as to the inference to be drawn from them.

Modern Geography: a Deſcription of the Empires, Kingdoms, States, and Colonies, with the Oceans, Seas, and Iſles, in all Parts of the World; including the moſt recent Diſcoveries and political Alterations. Digeſted on a new Plan. By John Pinkerton. The Aſtronomical Introduction by the Rev. S. Vince, A.M. F.R.S. With numerous Maps drawn under the Direction, and with the lateſt Improvements, of Arrowſmith, and engraved by Lowry. To the whole are added, a Catalogue of the beſt Maps and Books of Travels and Voyages in all Languages, and an ample Index. 2 vols. 4to. pp. 1600. £4 4s. Cadell and Davies.

This is a work of ſuperior merit, and will long continue to be regarded as a book of ſtandard authority. A ſtrict adherence to regularity and order characteriſes theſe volumes, which are accompanied with maps remarkably accurate and beautiful. There is alſo a uſeful abridgment of it in octavo.

N.

Night (The firſt) of my Wedding. Tranſlated from the French of Pigault Le Brun. 2 vols. 12mo. 7s. Lane.

A humorous and very amuſing novel of a writer already celebrated; tranſlated with a ſpirited correctneſs very uncommon in our days.

P.

Patriotiſm; or, the Love of our Country: an Eſſay, illuſtrated by Examples from Ancient and Modern Hiſtory. By W. Frend. 8vo. 7s. Mawman.

The object of this book, which is addreſſed to the Volunteers, ſeems to be to lay before them a variety of inſtances of patriotiſm, from ancient and modern hiſtory. Its ſtyle is pompous, and rather affected.

Pic Nic (The). 12mo. 2 vols. pp. 521. 10s. Hughes.

Theſe intereſting volumes are the contents of twelve numbers of a weekly publication, which appeared under the ſame name; they contain many able eſſays, both in proſe and in verſe.

Poems on Various Subjects, ſelected to enforce the Practice of Virtue, and to compriſe in one Volume the Beauties of Engliſh Poetry. By E. Tomkins. Croſby. 1804.

The reader will find, in this little collection, the flower of moral pieces in Engliſh Poetry; he will, therefore, feel the moſt exquiſite pleaſure, while he is at the ſame time learning the duties of life; and, while he courts only entertainment, be deceived into wiſdom. It is neceſſary to ſtate, that this is an elegant new edition of a well-known volume, which now has the advantage of ſeveral beautiful engravings.

Poems, from the Portugueſe of Luis de Camoens. By Lord Strangford. 12mo.

Lord S. is peculiarly happy in his tranſlations; and his attachment to the Muſes confers a greater luſtre upon him than his coronet.

Perſons, Anecdotes of eminent; compriſing alſo many intereſting literary Fragments, biographical Sketches, Dialogues, Letters, Characters, &c. In Proſe and Verſe. 8vo. 2 vols. pp. 808. Lackington and Croſby. 1804.

The articles of this collection are both numerous and ſelected with judgment; they afford, in a ſmall compaſs,

much amuſement, and thus are calculated to pleaſe the generality of readers in this indolent and ſuperficial age.

Popular Tales. By Maria Edgeworth. 3 vols. 12mo. 15s. Johnſon.

This lady, already well known by her moral publications, will acquire additional fame by her preſent production, which is more acceſſible to the middling claſs of readers.

Preſs (The): a Poem. Publiſhed as a Specimen of Typography, by J. M'Creery. 4to. 12s. boards. Cadell and Davies. 1803.

A poem which reflects much credit upon the talents of its author. He traces, in a very intereſting manner, the art of printing from its moſt remote origin.

Pride of Anceſtry; or, Who is She? A Novel. In 4 vols. By Mrs. Thompſon. 1804. Parſons.

A very entertaining work, which cannot fail to increaſe the reputation which the fair author has already acquired.

R.

Refutation of the Libel on the Memory of the late King of France, by Helen Maria Williams, under the Title of 'Political and Confidential Correſpondence of Louis XVI.' 8vo. pp. 102. 2s. 6d. Cadell and Davies. 1804.

Such a woman as Helen Williams, it will be admitted, can deſerve little quarter on the ſcore of her principles; and, it is evident, that M. Bertrand has ſhown her none.

Reginald (Syr); or, the Black Tower: a Romance of the twelfth Century; with Tales and other Poems. By Edward Wedlake Brayley and William Herbert. 12mo. pp. 168. Plates. 5s. Vernor and Hood.

Some of theſe poems are ſerious, and others ludicrous. They vary alſo in their degrees of merit. Many exhibit marks of genius and taſte. The plates are very well executed.

Revolutionary Plutarch (The); exhibiting the moſt diſtinguiſhed Characters, Literary, Military, and Political, in the recent Annals of the French Republic; the greateſt Part from the original Information of a Gentleman reſident at Paris. To which, as an Appendix, is reprinted, entire, the celebrated Pamphlet of 'Killing no Murder.' 12mo. 2 vols. pp. 844. 12s. Murray. 1804.

It were much to be wiſhed, that theſe volumes could find their way into every houſe, and into every cottage, in the United Kingdom, to excite univerſal abhorrence of the wretches who now threaten to convert our country into a ſcene of deſolation, blood, and vice. They diſplay a ſeries of more monſtrous crimes, a picture of more complicated profligacy, than ſtand recorded in any annals of paſt or preſent times.

S.

Sailor's Daughter (The): a Comedy, in five Acts. By R. Cumberland, Eſq. 2s. 6d. 1804. Lackington.

This piece did not meet with the ſucceſs which its merit deſerves. The greateſt objection to it, however, is the ſuddenneſs of the incidents.

Secret Memoirs of the Court of Peterſburgh, particularly towards the Cloſe of the Reign of Catharine II. and the Commencement of that of Paul I. &c. Vol. III. 8vo. 7s. boards. Longman and Rees.

The firſt two volumes of this work having been for ſome time before the public, we have only to ſay, that the preſent will be found equal in point of intereſt. A fourth has ſince been publiſhed at Amſterdam.

Society: a Poem. By J. Kenney. pp. 180. 4s. Longman and Co. 1803.

A poem which contains a few beauties, but a great number of blemiſhes.

Spectator (The) in Miniature; being a Collection of the principal Eſſays in that celebrated Publication, compreſſed into two Volumes; with Lives, Notes, Portraits, and Engravings. By the Rev. F. Prevoſt and F. W. Blagdon, Eſq. 2 vols. 600 pp. Price only 5s. the two Volumes. Suttaby. 1804.

This little publication forms a moſt admirable preſent for youth of both ſexes; as the greateſt attention has been paid to exclude every thing improper for the juvenile mind, while all the famous papers of Addiſon, and others, of a moral and religious tendency, have been ſcrupulouſly preſerved. The plates are beautiful; and it is to us incomprehenſible, how ſuch a book can be ſold at ſuch a price.

Sporting Tour through the northern Parts of England and Part of Scotland, with Remarks on Engliſh and Scottiſh Landſcape, &c. By Colonel Thornton. 4to. £. 1 11s. 6d. Vernor and Hood.

This work is too eccentric to excite much regard: ſome perſons, more ill-natured than ourſelves, would be inclined to call it a maſs of egotiſm; we, however, can do juſtice to the motives of the liberal-minded author, and think of his production in a more favourable light.

St. Clair; or, the Heireſs of Deſmond. By S. O. 12mo. pp. 248. 4s. 1803. Highley.

This is a very attractive little volume, full of the fineſt ſentiments of friendſhip and ſenſibility, though liable to the charge of inconſiſtency.

T.

Tales (Ruſſian). By Nicolai Karamſin. 8vo. pp. 274. 10s. 6d. Printed by G. Sidney. No Bookſeller's Name.

Theſe are, for the moſt, love tales, which have much merit, though often alloyed by the tinſel of ſentimentality, and the droſs of declamation.

Temple of the Fairies. From the French of various Authors. Vol. I. 6s. Vernor and Hood.

We are no advocates for the introduction of extravagant fictions, as a means of inſtruction: there are many other objections to this publication, conſidering it as a book for children.

Temple (The) of Nature; or, the Origin of Society: a Poem, with philoſophical Notes. By Eraſmus Darwin, M.D. F.R.S. Author of 'The Botanic Garden,' &c. 4to. pp. 298. £1 5s. Johnſon.

This poem, written in a monotonous flow of ſmooth verſification, ſometimes unintelligible, but which contains alſo ſtriking paſſages, is dangerous on account of its total denial of any interference of the Deity in the creation and preſervation of every thing; and of its adherence to a ſyſtem of materialiſm, degrading to human nature. Parents, or inſtructors, ſhould beware of letting it fall into the hands of their offspring, and of their pupils.

Tour (A Pedeſtrian) through the Highlands of Scotland. By J. Briſted. 2 vols. 8vo. £1 1s. 1803. Wallis.

Mr. B. in his ſeverity againſt the Scotch, endeavours, though feebly, to imitate Dr. Johnſon. He abounds at preſent too much in cenſure, which we hope he will abandon when time and reflection ſhall have matured his thoughts.

Travels of Rolando. From the French of Jauffret, by Miſs E. Aikin. 4 vols. 12mo. 10s. Phillips.

The object of this book is to convey inſtruction on ſubjects of geography, manners, and cuſtoms, under the deſcription of imaginary travels. As a ſchool-book it is excellent and unexceptionable.

Travels from Berlin to Paris, through Swiſſerland, &c. By A. Von Kotzebue. 3 vols. 12mo. 13s. 6d. Phillips.

We never met with ſo much intereſting matter in ſo ſmall a compaſs. It is the beſt deſcription of Paris that we have

ſeen, and we ſhould have been more copious in our extracts, but for the lateneſs of the period at which it fell into our hands.

Travels in China; containing Deſcriptions, Obſervations, and Compariſons, collected during a ſhort Reſidence at the imperial Palace of Yuen-min-yuen, &c. &c. By J. Barrow, Eſq. 4to. pp. 640. £2 12s. 6d. Cadell and Davies.

Having yet had little opportunity of inſpecting this work, and judging of its intereſt from the already eſtabliſhed fame of its author, we muſt defer our opinion till our next publication.

Travels into the Interior of Southern Africa, &c. By J. Barrow, Eſq. Vol. II. 4to. pp. 452. Cadell and Davies. £1 10s.

From the eſtimation in which the author's firſt volume was held, he was encouraged to complete the work; and he has thereby made a conſiderable addition to his well-earned reputation.

Travels through Weſtphalia to Paris. By T. Holcroft, Eſq. With numerous ſuperb Engravings. 2 vols. 4to. £5 5s. Phillips.

Mr. H. enters at great length into a deſcription of the manners and cuſtoms of the French; and though, as might be expected, many parts of his work are liable to objections, yet the errors are eclipſed in the general intereſt of ſo ſplendid a publication.

Travels in Turkey, Aſia Minor, Syria, and acroſs the Deſert into Egypt, during the Years 1799, 1800, and 1801, in company with the Turkiſh Army, and the Britiſh Military Miſſion. To which are annexed Obſervations on the Plague, and on the Diſeaſes prevalent in Turkey; and a Meterological Journal. By W. Wittman, M.D. 4to. pp. 559. £2 12s. 6d. Phillips.

This journal affords an accurate and uſeful deſcription of the countries through which the author has paſſed, and curious pictures of the manners and cuſtoms of the natives.

Travels from Moſcow, through Pruſſia, Germany, Swiſſerland, France, and England. By Nicolai Karamſin: from the German. 12mo. pp. 864. 3 vols. 15s. Badcock.

Theſe letters, written without previous reflection or ſtudy, exhibiting ſentiments flowing warm from the heart, will be read with intereſt and pleaſure, as they abound in light adventures and intereſting anecdotes, natural paintings and notices of eminent characters. The tranſlation, the work of a foreigner, a Dane, is as ſuch, ſurpriſingly correct.

U.

Unexpected Legacy: a Novel. By Mrs. Hunter, of Norwich. 2 vols. 12mo. 9s. Longman and Co.

The characters of this novel are ſuch as occur in ordinary life; and they are ſo well delineated, that the work riſes far above the majority of ſimilar productions.

V.

View (A) of the moral State of Society at the Cloſe of the eighteenth Century, much enlarged, and continued to the Commencement of the Year 1804; with a Preface, addreſſed particularly to the higher Orders. By John Bowles, Eſq. 8vo. pp. 144. 2s. 6d. Rivington. 1804.

This awfully-inſtructive pamphlet, written with the greateſt ability and energetic candour, on a ſubject of the utmoſt importance to ſociety, ſhows to the rational and pious mind the growing depravity of the preſent times; and inculcates the neceſſity of immediate and general reform, as the only ſure means of national ſalvation.

Village Anecdotes; or, the Journal of a Year: from Sophia to Edward, with original Poems. By Mrs. Le Noir. 3 vols. Vernor and Hood.

We wiſh that the pleaſure derived by the reader of this volume may equal what we have ourſelves received; it will then not be inconſiderable.

Village Scenes, and other Poems. By T. Batchelor. 4s. Vernor and Hood.

Very intereſting pieces, chiefly on rural ſubjects.

Virtuous Poverty: a Novel. In 4 vols. By Henry Siddons, Eſq. 1804. Phillips.

This novel ſeems to be a tribute of filial affection to an excellent parent. The language is chaſte and elegant, and the incidents numerous and rational.

W.

War Offering (The), a ſmall Collection of original Songs, adapted to familiar Tunes, for the Uſe of the lower claſſes. Dedicated to Buonaparte. By J. Amphlett. Price 6d. Longman and Co.

Mr. Amphlett is already known by a variety of poetical effuſions, and the preſent collection will by no means detract from his reputation. Indeed, we think many of the ſongs will long outlive the temporary occaſion which gave riſe to them.

Women, their Condition and Influence in Society. By J. A. Segur: from the French. 3 vols. pp. 1012. Longman and Rees. 1803.

The author has adopted a moſt important ſubject, and handled it with temperance and diſcretion. His deſign is to demonſtrate the equality of the two ſexes, and his remarks are very intereſting.

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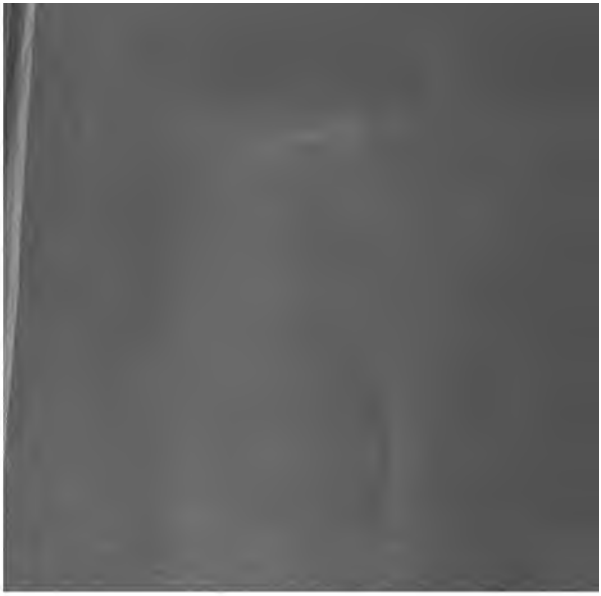

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